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[LOLLY BRETTE'S OPINION.]

## MRS. LARKALL'S BOARDING SCHOOL.

By the Author of "Man and His Idol."

### CHAPTER XXII

#### CONSEQUENCES OF THE ELOPEMENT.

How many minutes torn from needful sleep!  
How many customary wants denied!  
How many throbs of doubting—sighs of care,  
Laid out for nothing through thy waywardness!

*Sheridan Knowles.*

Two days had elapsed—two days of torturing anxiety to Mrs. Larkall.

During that interval nothing was heard of Gertrude Norman.

At first a feeble attempt was made to account for her absence. But it is not easy to deceive an establishment of boarding-school girls.

It was all very well for Mahala to say—as she had been instructed by Mrs. Larkall—that "there were reasons for her young mistress's abrupt departure, which would be explained in time."

They were not to be blinded by any verbal dust of that kind.

"But," they urged, "Mrs. Larkall was as much surprised and 'put out' as anybody. And Mahala was inconsolable. And that dear, darling Mr. Heronshaw left the house with a face as long as his arm. There must be something in it."

This conclusion was come to very soon. But it was on the evening of the second day that the real state of the case was agreed upon, and that at a solemn assembly held for the discussion of the subject.

That assembly was held over the fire in the boarders' parlour during the last half-hour before bedtime. In most cases the schoolgirls' favourite resort is the bedroom. There confidences are given, scandals talked over, forbidden books read, grievances discussed, plots hatched, treason against the ruling powers vented, and the seeds of mischief forced as in a hot-house.

Oh, that delicious "undressing" period of freedom from control or restraint!

And that still more enticing twenty minutes when the lights are out, and the heads are pillowed, and amidst hushed whispers one by one drop off to sleep.

But in Mrs. Larkall's boarding-school there could be no bedroom conferences, as each young lady had her separate apartment. So the boarders' parlour was their place of meeting—and the favourite hour was that during which the ladies partially "did" their hair, and, snuggling round the expiring embers, shuddered over the prospect of cold beds.

In these conferences Lolly Brettie took the lead, especially since that affair with Dick, the midshipman. That had rendered her immensely popular. She became from that moment "captain" of the school. And well she maintained the honour. Lolly had few equals in many popular school accomplishments. She was a very imp of mischief—clever in inventing fun and daring to recklessness in leading it.

It was she who at an "indignation" meeting, over the summary dismissal of an Italian pianist, with a title, and black eyes, and a sweet figure, and a deliciously seductive voice, had proposed to "bar out" the heads of the establishment, including Mrs. Larkall herself, and keep the house in a state of siege, as Dick had told her boys sometimes did.

She, too, had set on foot the secret subscription to the French library, so that they might be supplied with the "naughty" novels of Balzac, Paul de Kock, and Dumas the younger. She had carried it out, too, and it might still have been in existence, had not somebody by mistake handed Mrs. Larkall herself "The Lady of the Camelias" instead of a volume of Thiers' "History."

Many similar facts had aided Lolly's popularity, in addition to which she had accomplishments sure to tell with her companions. She knew more comic songs and sang them better than any girl in any of the four hundred schools of Brighton. She could whistle "like a man," as she phrased it. She could dance a hornpipe, a nigger "break-down," and do the double-shuffle to perfection. She played on the bones, the banjo, a comb, or a pea-shooter, better than

any street-boy. Add to this, that she was full of anecdotes and conundrums, and could tell a story in first-class style.

And, perhaps, of all her tales there was no one that was listened to with so keen a relish as that of Midshipman Dick's perplexities when he found himself obliged to cut and run in Lolly's clothes. How he went to an hotel, and was tempted into having a "lark" with the girls there—was detected—was locked in while a policeman was sent for—made his escape from the window—caught his crinoline in the area spikes—got off by train to Portsmouth—was accosted in the street by the drunken captain of his own ship—escaped to the shop of a Jew slop-seller, who stared aghast at the young lady's demand for the loan of a "rig out"—all this was narrated with a minuteness of detail and a power of mimicry that convulsed the auditors, who rapturously demanded it "all over again."

Who could question this young lady's capabilities as a leader?

She had her rivals, of course.

That is the penalty of popularity.

Rose Merry, the budding Vestris, would have endured freckles on her round, white shoulders to have outshone her, but did not succeed.

Blue-eyed, rosy-lipped Dora Wimple had an itching for the reins, but was too indolent to seize them.

The most formidable rival was caustic little Louie Cuttle, who was familiarly known as "Cuttle Fish," because when attacked she was apt to cover her retreat under the fiercest sarcasms, just as the cuttle ejects an inky fluid, which not only clouds the water, but renders it so bitter as to drive off all enemies.

Half-a-dozen others contested the palm with the charming Lolly; but she remained triumphant.

On this evening all gathered round her, she occupying the only luxurious chair in the room, and, as usual, she led the conversation.

"I tell you what," she said, interrupting a momentary pause, "it's an elopement."

"An elopement!" echoed Dora.

"An elopement!" cried Rose; "oh, how nice! But it's impossible! Who should she elope with?"

"Well, that's what I can't quite make out; but its twenty times more likely that somebody should have run off with her than that she should have flown by herself."

"But she loved Roland—oh, I'm sure she loved him!" exclaimed Dora Wimple. "It made one sick to see her at the ball with him."

"Sick with envy?" inquired the Cuttle Fish, with a sneer.

"No, miss;" retorted Dora; "I have no occasion to envy any girl a lover."

"Indeed! Yet I wasn't aware that any girl had the chance of envying you!" retorted Lolly.

"Spiteful thing!" cried Dora, her sweet face flushing half-angrily.

"Gertrude did seem spoony on Roland," said Lolly, returning to the subject in hand; "but there was something about it that I couldn't make out. Praps she only shammed loving him."

"But what for?"

"To please Mrs. Larkall, and to throw her off the right scent."

"Did she want her to have him, then?"

"She wanted to get rid of her, no doubt. Orphans don't pay, as a rule, and I should say Gertrude was a jolly unprofitable orphan. She didn't seem to have relatives. Nobody sent her baskets of anything, or came and "tipped" her guineas, and she hadn't a place to go to at Christmas till Amy Robart asked her down to join the ghosts at the Towers. I called her Mrs. Larkall's pauper once."

"And what did she say?" asked Rose Merry.

"Oh, turned all sorts of colours like a dying dolphin and foamed at the mouth, and would have strangled me any time that fortnight—it was near to the end of the Midsummer half. Then I knew it was true, you know, because people never mind names that don't hit home. So it's pretty clear why Mrs. Larkall encouraged Mr. Hershaw here."

"He's a darling! I like him!" cried the blue-eyed Dora.

"Oh, you'd like anything that called himself a man," answered Lolly Brettie.

"Yes. She even admired Midshipman Dick," sneered the Cuttle Fish.

"How do you know?" asked Lolly, so petulantly as to leave no doubt where her affections were placed.

"Oh, I only guess. He kissed her till she was as red as a peony, and she liked it. So—"

"Don't believe her, Lolly," interposed the blushing girl. "I wouldn't have let him touch me, only I thought it was you."

"And was delighted to find it wasn't," retorted the Cuttle Fish.

Hereupon, everybody laughed except Lolly Brettie, who protested that she couldn't see the joke, whereupon everybody laughed a great deal more. But the fun was speedily silenced in the desire to satisfy the curiosity which Lolly had excited.

The very word "elopement" has such a fascinating, bewitching sound in the ears of a boarding-school girl.

It is so delicious to think of being loved in secret—loved to the extent of a coach and pair round the corner, loved to the audacity of a rope ladder, loved to the frenzy of a fifty-guinea special license, loved to recklessness of consequences, to Gretna-green, to distraction or destruction as the case may be.

Throughout that admirably conducted establishment, presided over by Mrs. Larkall, there wasn't a girl worth speaking of who wouldn't have given her ears to have been the heroine of such an adventure.

Hence, the eagerness with which they crowded round Lolly Brettie and listened to her reasons for the awfully delicious notion she had set on foot.

"What makes you think, dear, that there was somebody else that Gertrude liked and corresponded with?" asked Rose Merry of Lolly.

"Oh, many reasons," she returned. "There was a mystery she always kept up about Roland. She never told us what he said to her, and what she said to him, as other girls would. And then Mahala was so close, and went about in such a secret manner, that I believe she's at the bottom of it and has been all along. You know how she loves her."

"Loves her?" sneered Love Cuttle.

"Yes, loves her."

"Stuff! hates her you mean."

"Oh, how can you be so wicked?" demanded half-a-dozen girls in a breath. "Why, she's cried her eyes out since Gertrude went."

"Has she? I haven't seen 'em lying about, anywhere. It takes a good deal of crying to wash a nigger's eyes out."

"But she isn't a nigger," protested Rose Merry.

"Oh, indeed! I thank you, I'm sure, for the information. At any rate, she is black enough, and deceitful enough for twenty niggers. But some people are not shocked at those qualities—nay find 'em congenial."

Nobody resented this sally. They were all used to

the Cuttle Fish. So Lolly went on and assigned her reasons for believing that this was "a real elopement, and no mistake."

The hurried manner in which Gertrude's drawers had been ransacked—the secrecy of her disappearance, which still remained a puzzle to everybody—above all the certainty she could not have gone off with Roland Hershaw, inasmuch as he was in the house after she was gone, and actually undertook to search for her, all this was dwelt upon long and minutely, and the conclusion was inevitable.

Nobody, therefore, doubted but that Gertrude had another lover, and that she had fled with him to escape from Roland Hershaw whom Mrs. Larkall was anxious to unite her to, but whom she did not love.

And, it must be admitted, this suspicion was not confined to the boarders' parlour.

While her pupils discussed the question in their parlour, Mrs. Larkall sat over the fire in her own room in the utmost distress of mind.

"Two days gone," she murmured, "and no tidings! Gertrude does not return, and this man, Roland, does not write. There is treachery somewhere. Gertrude has deceived me, with or without his concurrence. Which is it? Strange! He has admitted to me the impression she has made upon his mind—he has asked permission to visit her—yet he has never spoken of marriage. Why? Is his position a false one? Will not his affairs bear investigation? Has he only some vicious motive in gaining access to the child? It is in vain that I ask myself this question. No tidings! And time flies. Already the servants and the girls whisper about this as an elopement. Goodness! Should the story reach the town and be discussed there, loaded as it is sure to be by a thousand extravagances, the reputation of my school is gone!"

Unhappy woman!

What she so dreaded was already occurring.

The story had leaked out: the scandal was at that very moment being discussed, still as a secret, at fifty firesides.

And, as she had surmised, at each of these it took a different form. Some gossips dropped mysterious hint of a page—a singularly daring and prepossessing page—who had usurped his proper functions, and having "a soul above buttons," had won the heart of a too susceptible marquis's daughter and entreated her to fly with him. This "page" story was very romantic and attractive, and it fled from mouth to mouth like wildfire. But it had its rivals for popular favour. 'Twas reported by some that Mrs. Larkall had herself discovered a fascinating hairdresser of the town at the feet, instead of the head, of one of her pupils, and had turned both summarily out of doors, dinging the young lady's jewels after her, with which jewels both had fled to Paris. But then this story defeated itself, as Brighton abounds in *peruquiers* of elegant appearance and attractive manners, and no two persons could agree on the name of the delinquent—those who said it was B. were at once met by the assertion that it was R. And then H. and P. and W. had their place in other versions, and so it was given up.

It was given up in favour of a clergyman, a pianoforte-tuner, a ladies' shoemaker, a music-master, a longshore boatman and back again, through all the social grades to the page. "Buttons" was the favourite.

Hourly the rumour spread and took new forms, each more startling than the other, and all the while Mrs. Larkall, to whose ears these scandals came by side-winds, trembled for the safety of her establishment.

People said that twenty, fifty, seventy pupils had been summarily removed.

"And if that or only the half of that were true," groaned the poor woman, "what would become of me?"

Things went on in this way for several days.

No news.

Nothing but the widening circle of rumour that seemed without limit.

At last the climax came.

One morning Mahala, terrified beyond expression, placed in Mrs. Larkall's hands a copy of a paper; not one of the local journals, which had scarcely ventured to put into words the idle gossip of the town, but a London paper. And in that paper the affrighted mistress of the boarding-school read a leader of the storm-in-the-cup order, the breaking-a-fly-upon-the-wheel class, for which it had long enjoyed an unenviable notoriety.

Imagine Mrs. Larkall's face as she read of "certain shocking occurrences that had recently created almost a social panic in Brighton"—as the paper cautioned parents to beware that "their children are not transplanted from motherly fire-sides into hot-beds of vice, where the atmosphere of schoolroom and dormitory is tainted with abominable gossip, where vanity has its seed-plot, and immodesty its stimulant." Or again, when it was asked, "Is all the ignominy to be heaped on some unhappy 'buttons,' who has been made the

nominal scapegoat of crimes which should, in justice, entail upon their perpetrators a penalty next to that of the assassin?"

"Thank Heaven!" Mrs. Larkall murmured, "there is no mention of the name of this house, and the writer, in his furious ignorance, has served to destroy the clue rather than to point to it. Still, the moment is of the utmost peril. Malice will point the barb and ruin, utter ruin will follow. The facts once known, and I must fly, or the school must be broken up. Oh, Gertrude, Gertrude! what misery your wickedness has entailed on me!"

It was alone that Mrs. Larkall read the words which terrified her so much.

The shades of evening were rapidly closing in.

The short twilight was soon over, darkness stole on, and only the fitful glimmer of the twilight lit up the apartment.

Still Mrs. Larkall did not ring for lights.

By-and-by this circumstance began to attract attention below. The servants mentioned it to Mahala, and she, accompanied by the parlour-maid, went to the door of the room, and tapped.

There was no response.

When at length they ventured in with lights, they found Mrs. Larkall stretched insensible upon the hearth-rug, upon which she had evidently sunk from the easy chair upon which she had been sitting.

While they looked on in astonishment, Mr. Snaggs entered.

"Whatever does this mean?" he demanded. "What has happened? Who's to blame?"

"I'm afraid, sir, there was something unpleasant in the paper," suggested Mahala.

"I know—I know. That dreadful article! No wonder she should sink under it, strong-minded as she is! No wonder!"

Clever Snaggs!

He was satisfied, quite satisfied, at his own sagacity.

Yet he was wrong.

The last words Mrs. Larkall had read in the *Times*, which lay crumpled before her, were these:

"Died, at Chamouni, October 20th, Arnold Roydon Protheroe, late of Calcutta, aged 60."

It was that announcement which had caused Mrs. Larkall to yield to the overpowering weakness, the effects of which so startled the attendants.

## CHAPTER XXIII

### SWEET ONWARD.

I am in blood,  
Stept in so far that should I wade no more,  
Returning were as tedious as go o'er.

Shakespeare.

I passed the porter, ere I was aware  
I stood upon the landing of the stair,  
And listened.

Othello.

THE young man with the odd-coloured hair, the dark complexion, and the blue eyes, was a frequent visitor at the office in Walbrook.

The name of Leveson was familiar to all the clerks.

And the modest card on which it was inscribed—simply "Mr. Leveson"—never failed to gain a speedy audience with Mr. Walmsley Dyott, for the client who always arrived in a cab—was always in a hurry—and had a nervous dislike to waiting, preferring to call a second time.

Old Dyott found him a good man of business. Only a little impatient—a little too eager to get over the work. The nature of that work he was quite up in. Had the young man acted as executor to fifty people he could not have got on better, making allowance, of course, as the lawyer often remarked, for the fact that he was a stranger to England.

A man brought up in a house of business in Calcutta would be likely to make blunders. But they were very few, very few indeed.

When he erred, it was generally on the side of over-caution.

"The estate is large," he would say, "and we ought to be very careful, especially as Protheroe died under peculiar circumstances—such as 'would give a handle to the evil-disposed—and I only act in consequence of my father's death.'"

What could Dyott say?

The matter was clear enough and straightforward enough in his mind. The evidence of the identity of Protheroe with the man who perished on the Alps would be declared satisfactory by any jury in the world. Still, nothing could be lost by caution, and it was better to let young Leveson have his own way.

Thus he had it in the simple matter of advertising the old gentleman's death.

Dyott would have done it at once.

"No," said Leveson. "Better wait. I've written to Oldridge, the other executor, and have put the question to him whether he is satisfied with the proofs of identity. Better wait for his answer."

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So it was settled. And not a word appeared in the papers at that time.

In other matters Leveson was equally cautious. Still he did not lose time. He did not suffer the grass to grow under his feet. All that could be done—safely—toward the business of proving the will was got forward with.

At last one morning—it was a few days after the evening on which Mrs. Larkall had incidentally mentioned to Roland Hershaw that young Martin Leveson was, she had heard, on his way to England—the young man presented himself at the lawyer's office in an unusual state of excitement.

He was more in a hurry than ever. He bounded up the dark staircase three steps at a time, and fairly gasped as he inquired if Mr. Walmsley Dyott was within?

"Yes; come in!" cried that gentleman himself from his inner office, where he was engaged, as usual, warning his back before the fire.

"Ah, my dear sir!" cried Leveson, bursting in upon him; "now we can set to work! Indian Mail in this morning. A whole heap of letters for me. One from Oldridge, enclosing the will!"

"Indeed! The will itself? That's capital!" interrupted Dyott.

"Yes; and with it a letter in which he expresses himself perfectly satisfied with the proofs of identity I furnished him with, and authorizes me to act on his behalf."

"Then we can set to work at once?"

"Exactly. And it's very necessary we should, for I've no time to lose. The mail also brings me letters urging my return as speedily as possible, as matters have occurred which demand my immediate presence out in Calcutta."

"Is it possible? Sorry for that. However, we must make the best of our time."

"That we must, and we shan't have a moment to spare either," returned the other.

Then he drew from his pocket a large parcel and threw it carelessly down upon the table at his side.

"That's the will," he said, "and Oldridge's letter. You'd better keep both, perhaps. They'll be safe in your hands, and you know the proper thing to do."

By the way, you'll see that Oldridge encloses a list, in Protheroe's own hand, of the sums he was possessed of, and the various banks in which they were placed at the time of his coming to Europe. That'll be very handy. He would appear to have invested largely also in the Three per Cents. But there a difficulty arises."

"How?"

"We have no means of knowing the amount, or who acted as his agent in the investment."

Dyott smiled.

"That difficulty is soon removed," he said, complacently. "It was through us that the stock was purchased: we have a record of the transaction in the office."

On hearing this the eyes of the young man sparkled, and his face glowed with a smile of intense satisfaction.

"That removes a load of difficulty," he said.

"Yes; but there still remain two obstacles, past which I hardly see our way," was Dyott's rejoinder.

"What are they?"

The face that had a moment before glowed so brightly, fell at the ominous words of the lawyer.

Before he replied, Dyott coolly turned and made up the fire, throwing on ponderous heaps of coal, as if the communication was only secondary in importance to the prime business of life—that of warming one's back.

"One," said the lawyer, when he at length spoke, "is the necessity of proving Palmer's death. It is all very well to administer to the will, and, of course, that must be done at once; but the property cannot be dealt with until that is settled. Nothing goes to Gertrude Norman, the daughter—or natural daughter, or whatever she is—till the nephew is no longer in a position to claim it. Now, you've only heard that, I think you said, he enlisted abroad, and was shot as a deserter. Hearsay isn't enough."

The emotion of the man who heard this was obvious, but he strove to master it, and successfully.

"The best of evidence shall be procured," he said; "leave that to me. What next?"

"Why, it will be necessary to obtain from the different continental banks accounts of the sums remaining in their hands at the present time, so that the value of the estate may be sworn to. And that reminds me in the will there is this singular line: 'Also my diamonds and other jewels to the value of—' Then follows a blank. What are these jewels, and where are they?"

"It is impossible to say," replied Leveson.

"Did you ever see them?"

"I—I ever see them!" cried the other, with an involuntary start; "no! You forget that Protheroe was

my father's friend. I don't remember ever seeing him, much less his jewels."

"True; yet they must be traced out."

"Impossible! We have no clue to them."

"But some one has, surely!"

"Isn't it likely that he turned them into money?" suggested the young man.

"Just possible—we must see about it."

"But all this will take time—and my return is imperative. What is to be done?"

"Well, I don't see, unless you can delay your return, and make another voyage to England!"

"Impossible!"

The lawyer shrugged his shoulders: the client sat perturbed and ill at ease, drumming upon the table.

"Well," said Dyott at last, "we must expedite matters as much as possible. The various branches shall be communicated with. Something may turn up about the diamonds. Meantime we must advertise the death; that'll bring Palmer along, may be—"

A strange smile broke over the face of the listener at those words.

"And I'll write down to Mrs. Larkall and get her to break the event to Miss Norman. I'd better not say too much about the property, p'raps."

"Much better," returned the other drily.

"Very well, then. This is Tuesday; call if you can on Friday. Something may have turned up by that time. Shouldn't be surprised if Palmer himself were to walk into the office before then."

"Shouldn't you?"

"No. Those scampish fellows never die."

"You mean—"

"That they've as many lives as a cat, and are sure to turn up some time or other."

Thereupon, Martin Leveson took his leave.

But it was by no means with that hopeful glance and elastic step with which we have once seen him quit the dingy street in Walbrook.

He was greatly perturbed.

"I've been a fool," he muttered, "I've had the game in my hand, and I've played the wrong cards. Shall I ever be able to win now? Wolff and I could have done it easily; but alone, without an accomplice, how am I to work it? But then again, if Wolff was Palmer—and Heaven knows he might have been—what chance had I? Was it likely that he would let me finger his fortune? No, I've acted boldly, rashly some would say, but it's my nature to do it. I must carry things off with a high hand; and, by Jove, this business demands nerves of iron. Well, well I'm in for it now, and cost what it may I must go forward."

He had arrived at this conclusion by the time the cab reached Spring Gardens.

That night when Roland Hershaw returned home he found a letter from Dr. Amphlett.

It was both short and mysterious; but it comprised two pieces of information. "Wolff is dead," wrote the doctor; "but I have managed capitally. Discovery is impossible, with discretion and courage. Unfortunately I have not succeeded in gaining any clue to my lady patient."

Thus, sweet and bitter together, as usual!

It was a relief to know that since it was now impossible to make use of him, Wolff or Palmer, or whatever his name was, was fairly out of the way, and not liable to start up at any moment to denounce him. But then Amy, poor lost Amy! His heart bled as he thought of her—as he reflected what misery, what neglect she might endure—as he saw that she might be hurried to a premature grave.

"That one ray extinguished, and what is life worth to me!" he cried in bitterness of soul. "Nothing—nothing! The more cause, then, that I should have wealth, power, excitement, to make me forget its nothingness."

In consequence of the letter he had received, Roland called on Dr. Amphlett, and a long, secret conference took place between them.

During this the doctor referred more than once to the amulet which had been shown him on a previous occasion, and though it was only casually that he did so, Roland was keen enough to perceive that it had occupied his attention not a little.

"You think it of value?" he asked, abruptly.

"With the companion half, yes; without it, the thing is useless."

"But it is hopeless to think of finding the counterpart."

"Is it?"

The doctor's eyes were sharp and keen as he asked this.

"Yes."

"Well," said the doctor, "come, now; I'll make a bargain with you. You want a certificate of Palmer's death. I will procure it for you, and you shall give me that scrap of vellum. To you it is useless, but it will add to my collection. I shall, of course, never get the diamonds—"

"Diamonds are specially named in it?" asked Roland, eagerly.

"Yes; why?"

The young man thought of that line in Protheroe's will, but did not feel it necessary to say anything about it.

"Merely curiosity," he replied, in an off-hand way.

"I'm obliged to you for your offer, but must decline to part with what may turn out a valuable security on those terms. Get me the certificate I ask for, and I will pay you well, but not in that fashion."

The doctor laughed, and his steel-grey eyes gleamed with an odd twinkle.

"I will do my best," he said. "But remember you owe me something for the danger you have already brought upon me. To any other man, the death of Wolff would have been utter ruin."

"Pshaw! 'Twas but an accident," returned Hershaw.

"Indeed!"

"What do you mean by that, 'indeed?'"

"Why, that the accident had a strong look of design about it."

"Nonsense! You don't mean to insinuate—"

"That it was you who loaded the pistol—who knew that the man lurked at the door—and who contrived the direction in which I was to fire? Yes, I insinuate all that."

Roland laughed a low, scornful laugh.

"At any rate you fired," he said.

"Yes; but to all intents and purposes you were the murderer."

Roland gazed sternly at the man who dared to make this accusation. He did not like his looks, or the tone of his voice, or the earnestness with which he made a statement that had something very like a threat in it.

However, they got on better together after a time, and before Roland left they had come to arrangements of a mutually satisfactory nature.

The next day Leveson—for so we will designate the disguised client—called at the office in Walbrook. It was about one o'clock, and most of the clerks were out at dinner. Only a lad occupied the highest stool in the outer office, and he was particularly engaged in eating a large apple and reading a novel in penny numbers under the lid of the desk.

In answer to the inquiry whether Mr. Dyott was within, this young gentleman replied, with his mouth full of apple and his mind full of the adventures of his hero, something which sounded very like "all right."

Thereupon Roland opened the green-baize door of the inner office, expecting to encounter the lawyer engaged as usual warming his back; but to his surprise he perceived that a second door obstructed his view.

Voices sounded from within, and Roland would have withdrawn as hastily as he had advanced, but, while he was in the very act, a word caught his ear which made him retain his position, and suffer the baize door to close upon him.

Between the two doors he could hear all that passed in the inner office.

"Martin Leveson in England?"

It was Mrs. Larkall's voice which uttered these words.

"Yes, I assure you. He has paid me several visits!"

"But I have seen no account of the ship's arrival. He was to have come over in the *Theclia*."

"Really! 'Tis at least a fortnight since he first called upon me. See, I have his card here, stuck in the glass."

"Strange!"

"It was in consequence of the steps he is taking as executor in place of his father, that I inserted the advertisement in the paper which has induced you to honour me with this call."

"There cannot be any mistake, then. Yet little Martin—surely he could not be in England all this time without seeking me out or writing to me. Such old friends as we were! But, perhaps—"

"Perhaps," said the shrewd lawyer, "he had read the will, found that it contained no mention of you, and did not see his interest in keeping up the acquaintance. Oh, 'tis the way of the world, madam, 'tis the way of the world."

"No; I will not believe it of him. He was so simple, so innocent, so good-hearted!"

"Yet so business-like," chimed in the lawyer.

"You surprise me!"

"I may have an opportunity of convincing you. It was about this time that he was to have given me a call. I will see—"

Roland Hershaw heard the lawyer's chair pushed back as he rose and he heard no more. In a second he had slipped from his hiding-place and was beating a retreat.

He dared not confront Mrs. Larkall.

It would have been ruin.

And what a simple accident saved him from it!

## CHAPTER XXIV.

## A NOBLE SACRIFICE.

A sacrifice indeed! She did not give wealth, life alone; but what outmeasured both—She gave heart's life—heart's wealth: she sacrificed Her love through love. *Westall.*

PETER WOLFF's bitter prophecy came true. The "gentleman's son," as he had snarlingly called Edward Bruce, was discharged by the order of the magistrates, who, while they blamed his rash act, pitied him for the motive which had prompted it, and forgave him.

Would his proud, upright, rigid father do the same? That was the question which throbbed in his heart as he sought, depressed and dispirited, the familiar homestead.

The face of Roderick Bruce was very stern, as his boy sought his presence. And Carla, who hung upon him, trembled as she saw him pale—with anger or with pity?

It is probable that the old man was prepared to accord anything but the prodigal's welcome to the delinquent; but he was a father—his boy was the darling of his heart—and at the first glance pride melted to pity.

What a change a week's sorrow had wrought in him!

Those livid cheeks, those dark-rimmed, sunken eyes, that stoop in the shoulders, might have been the work of years. The parent's heart bled at the sight.

"What a wreck!" he mentally exclaimed; "what he must have suffered!"

The young man's frank, open, unsophisticated manner did not forsake him in that trying moment.

"Father," he said, in a voice choked with tears, "I have done wrong. I have disgraced you. Can you forgive your son?"

His head bowed with shame as he spoke, and the eyes that used to look the world in the face so proudly were veiled and dim with irrepressible emotion.

"Edward," cried the father, struggling to master his feelings, "is it true that you—that you have—"

"Lied, father!"

The head was erect now, the cheeks burning, the eyes flashing.

There was no need of further words. The indignant emphasis upon that one syllable was enough. The next instant the curly head was pillowed on the father's shoulder.

And that foolish, gentle, meek-hearted Carla had dropped into a chair, and sat weeping as if her heart would break. Not tears of unalloyed happiness. Those she could only have shed on that generous breast from which she was banished as hopelessly as the Peri from Paradise. But still tears of deep, heart-felt joy. The very idea of estrangement between the father and the idolized son had given her inexpressible torture, and the relief of finding that they were reconciled was akin to positive happiness.

As soon as the emotion of the moment had a little subsided, Edward Bruce described the temptation that Wolff had offered him in the prison, and though he did not attempt to defend his own conduct, he pleaded eloquently his love for Amy Robart in extenuation.

Poor boy! He did not know that every word he uttered sent a dagger to Carla's heart.

All the intensity of his idolatry of Amy she felt for him—more, ten times more, she believed—yet he sat there looking into her face and did not suspect it.

And her lips were closed.

The very intensity of her love for Edward must, she felt, keep her dumb for ever.

In fiercer natures all this intensity of passion would have turned to jealousy. But in the gentle Carla it took another form. Resignation, self-sacrifice, unconfessed devotion, even unto death—these were the qualities which the passion awoke and strengthened in her.

"The worst misfortune of all is," said Edward, as he concluded the story of his voluntary imprisonment, "that the ruffian has deceived me. He has disappeared, and I am as far from Amy as ever."

"You have sought him at the address he gave?" asked Roderick.

"Yes."

"And found no clue to him?"

"Not the slightest. And Amy—what perils may not beset her!"

"No, my boy, she lives—she is well."

"You know this?" demanded Edward, with intense surprise. "Ah, then you have seen her! You can take me to her!"

Roderick Bruce shook his head.

"I have only Wolff's assurance for it," he said, "but he would not lie to me; of that I am confident."

"And you have met since his escape?"

"Yes! he has been here. He has confessed the name of the person in whose behalf he carried off Sir Sydney's daughter."

"And his name—you will tell me?"

With flashing eyes, with distended nostrils, with hands fiercely clutched, the impetuous boy thus demanded the name of his mortal foe.

The father could but smile at his impetuosity.

"No," he answered, "I cannot tell it you. It would be unfair to any man to denounce him on the simple word of such a man as Wolff."

"Yet you believe his word?"

"I may do so, but I have no right to inflict on others the consequences of my credulity."

"You are so hard—so cold! If you were young as I am, loved as I love—oh, father, you would pity, you would try to help me!"

It was only the passionate outburst of an impetuous boy, and the man who listened to it knew that. And as his son turned from him in his anguish, and sat hiding his face in his thin hands, he saw, as in a dream, his own boy-self, when he, too, was alike fierce in love and hate, eager for action, impatient of control, hot to defend a friend, or avenge himself upon a foe.

And then the thought of the harvest he was even now reaping, of the seeds scattered broadcast in his hot youth came upon him, and he trembled for his self and for his son.

It was apprehension perhaps that kept him silent, in spite of the lad's passionate appeal to his love and pity. He feared to expose him to the chances of a contest with Roland Herushaw.

Carla listened to the pleading of the son, to the obstinate refusal of the father, with a strange feeling.

As it proceeded, a strong purpose formed itself in her gentle breast.

"I will do it!" she gasped, half-aloud.

And again and again her lips formed those words as she sat an apparently unconcerned spectator, listening to the pleading voice that was such music in her ears, and to the sterner tones which had no awe for her.

Silent, rigid, possessed of one idea, she sat until Roderick Bruce departed to the little study up in the house-top, where he would sit far into the night, Edward looking towards him and raised his hands towards him imploringly to the last.

"He is adamant!" cried the youth, reproachfully, as the door closed; "and you, Carla—you had not a word to urge for me!"

"It would have been in vain," she replied.

"You did not try," he said, bitterly.

"Oh, Edward! I would do any anything in the world for you!—that is, anything a cousin dare do; but there is a reason why no pleading of yours or mine could avail."

"What reason?"

"That is your father's secret."

"A pretty secret, indeed!" burst out the young man, "that makes him mistrust his own son and sacrifice the daughter of his oldest friend. Does he think it the part of an honourable man to shield the villain who hires ruffians to carry off an innocent girl and to secrete her Heaven knows where?"

"Shield him? ah!—no, no!" cried Carla, a shudder convulsing her delicate frame.

"Well, that's my name for it; call it what you please," said Edward, angrily.

Carla caught his arm as he was about to turn away in contempt.

"Edward!" she said, "I cannot tell you more than I have told. It may be I have gone too far already. But let me beg of you to trust your father still. His path is thorny—his duty hard—but he will do it, for he is a just, an upright man. And in the course of that duty, Amy Robart will be avenged."

"What does this mean?" asked the young man, all amazement.

"Pray, do not ask me. I cannot tell you more," was the reply.

"You have told me nothing. You see me worn out, distracted, desperate, and you are cold and stony as my father is. Like him, too, you deal in hints and mysteries, and bid me wait. Wait! I can die first. Oh, Carla—Carla! you have never loved!"

Why did her cheek blanch at those words? Why did she totter back a pace or two as if about to fall?

Edward, sitting with his face in his hands, his fingers clutching in his fair locks, did not notice her.

"Not as I love," he went on passionately; "not with your whole heart and soul and being; not with a force that makes life nothing, danger nothing, death nothing. Oh, no, no! 'tis not in woman to love thus. And I'm a fool to hope that you could understand me."

Something like a groan made him look up with a start.

Before him stood Carla so wan, ghastly, and spectral-like, that he rose up frightened.

"Why, you're not well," he said.

"Yes—yes—quite well." Her white lips shaped those words.

"Give me your hand. It's like a corpse. What was I saying? Why, nothing surely to frighten you, or make you thus?"

"No, nothing," she faintly murmured.

"I talked of love, and you —"

She pressed his hand as if to bid him stop.

"By Jove!" he said, suddenly looking into her face, "I've been a fool to run on in this way. You're in love, too, Carla, and I never dreamt of it! But I see—I see it all now. You love this man you seek to shield. Love him in secret? 'Tis so—'isn't it? Oh, my poor, darling Carla, never fear. Though he'd done me ten times the wrong he has, I'd spare him for your sake, I would, indeed I would."

For an instant Carla hesitated.

It was the hesitation of a brave heart struggling with emotions almost too poignant for endurance. In that instant she weighed in debate the question whether it would not further his peace to let him live and die in that belief? And she decided that it would.

"Thank you—thank you, Edward," she murmured, very faintly.

"But," pleaded the young lover, seeking fresh hope in this supposed discovery, "though I spare him, what need is there that I should suffer at his hands? Surely you do not love him so blindly that you are indifferent to the wrongs he does you? Surely —"

Carla put up her hands imploringly.

"Edward," she said, "trust in me. I am prepared to brave everything—even death —"

"Death, Carla?"

"Aye, it may come to that. I cannot tell. But 'tis possible, I will save Amy Robart—for your sake!"

He did not understand those last words, but he had heard enough. His joy, his gratitude knew no bounds. In his impetuosity he would have embraced and kissed his pretty cousin with a boyish ardour. And if Carla drew back, if she repulsed him with apparent coldness, it was not prudery that dictated the act. It was because she did not dare to trust the impulse of her own heart. It was because she was yet uncertain of her strength. Because she trembled on the threshold of a noble sacrifice.

Thus that night, as they parted, Edward Bruce thought his cousin, his half-sister as he sometimes called her, strangely cold.

But he did not see what the moonbeams revealed. He could not look into her chamber as she sat alone in the chill night, or paced to and fro with heaving bosom and distorted face.

He could not hear her as she broke out in the agony of her heart.

"Oh, mother, mother! look down on me and give me strength to bear, and do, and live! I am so weak, and this love that I cast out of my heart—this love for my dear, dear Edward leaves me so desolate. But 'tis done; my own words have done it. I am dead to him, and with my dead hands I will lead him to Amy. I will do it, mother; but, oh, God, 'twill kill me!"

The house was sleeping. No one heard her fall.

(To be continued.)

A SINGULAR VERDICT.—A child, aged four, died, last week, in St. Bartholomew's Hospital, from drinking boiling water out of a kettle. The jury having long deliberated over their verdict, the foreman declared it to be the following:—"That the deceased destroyed her own life by drinking out of a certain kettle of boiling water, and that her death was not accidental, but that the deceased was of such tender age that she was not aware of the consequences of her act." The coroner said that, up to the present time, the verdicts in such cases were always to the effect that the death was accidental. This was the first case in which a jury had decided otherwise. The jury said that the occurrence was not accidental, as the child intentionally drank the water. Ignorance of the fact that the result would be fatal did not constitute the occurrence accidental. The coroner said that, when the act could not be said to be wilful, it was generally held to be of an accidental nature.

THE DANSEWERK.—Sir Emerson Tennent gives in the current number of *Notes and Queries* some learned and interesting antiquarian and historical notices of this ancient Danish defence:—"Torfaus says the name is not Dana-verk, 'Danorum opus,' but Danavirk, 'Danorum vallum,' or the 'Danish entrenchment.' Mr. Laing, in his version of the 'Heimskringla,' says in a note at p. 390, vol. I., that it was raised by Harald Blaatand to resist the incursions of Charlemagne. But whatever the date of its original formation, this remarkable work was in complete preservation and efficiency in the time of the King Olaf Tryggvesson, who reigned in Norway between A.D. 995 and 1000; and his Saga recounts the two expeditions conducted by the Emperor Otho, to compel the Danes by the force of arms to conform to Christianity. History (remarks Sir Emerson Tennent)



it is said, repeats itself; and the result of the assault of the Emperor Otho has a parallel in the present war between the Prussians and the Danes; when the former, instead of persevering in the attack on the Danne-verke, turned the flank of the defenders by a movement across the Schlei, by which they succeeded in landing their troops in the rear of the great embankment. Precisely the same strategy is stated, in the Saga, to have been resorted to by the German Emperor nearly a thousand years before. Earl Hakon, who commanded on the side of the Danes, so successfully repulsed every assault of the enemy, that Otho fell back towards the south, collected his ships of war at the mouth of the Schlei, landed them to the north of the Danne-verke, and eventually achieved a victory."

## THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

It was towards the close of a sultry day in August that I drew up my tired horse before the door of the Black Bear—where entertainment was to be obtained for man and beast, as the laboriously creaking sign voluntarily informed the passer-by.

Having seen Pluto well cared for, and in a clean stall, I sauntered into the coffee-room, and, having nothing better to do, sat down to listen to the conversation of the half-dozen loungers there congregated.

I looked over the books on the table, but they were all dry essays on agriculture and cookery, and I let them pass. I was young then—just twenty-three—and was travelling solely to pass away the time of my summer vacation (I was a member of a university), and from the love of adventure.

As yet, however, very little in the way of adventures had befallen me. Life had gone on rather monotonously; and I had strayed away here in the forlorn hope that I might meet with something strikingly out of the usual way.

Evidently, my entrance had interrupted the conversation of the gentlemen; for there followed a pause, broken, at last, by a tall, military-looking man, with rough coat and top-boots.

"There was a daughter, wasn't there, landlord?" he asked.

"Yes," replied that individual, so shortly that I scrutinized him more closely than I had before done. The scrutiny threw little light on his character. His physiognomy was perfectly unreadable. He might, or might not, be a bad man. He was short, thick-set, with a red face, bushy eyebrows, and coldly-glittering steel-blue eyes.

"Well, it was a startling affair for this one-horse place," continued he of the top-boots, removing his cigar. "It happened four years ago, you say, and the daughter has not been heard of since? Strange!"

"Yes, it was four years last Christmas," said a white-haired old man who had not before spoken. "A terrible night, sir, freezing cold—and the snow falling so thick it would have blinded you. And that night old Roger Hampton and his wife were murdered; and from that day to this, no human eye, so far as we know, has ever looked on Margaret Hampton."

"What do you think became of her, Granger?" asked one of the company, addressing the old man.

"What do I think? I know not what to think. It was currently reported that she dealt the death-wounds, and then fled to save herself from suspicion; but I believe nothing of the kind. I remember her as a lovely and affectionate girl, and of that murder she is pure as the angels in heaven."

"Of what were you speaking, gentlemen, if I may inquire?" I asked, drawing up to the table where they were sitting.

The circle courteously widened to admit me; people always like to tell what they know, if properly requested to do so.

"We were talking over a tragedy that occurred near here, some four years ago, in an old mansion now known as Hampton's Death," replied he of the top-boots. "Mr. Hampton and his wife were murdered; and their only daughter, Margaret—a girl of eighteen, or thereabouts—has never been seen since!"

"Indeed," I said, "but that is very singular! Who resides at Hampton's Death now?"

"Bless you, young man," cried the landlord, "you couldn't get anybody to enter the doors of a sunshiny day; and as for living there—why, the place is haunted; and one foolhardy young fellow who went there to pass the night, for a wager, lost his reason before morning. He's been crazy ever since, but no one knows what he saw there."

"Humph! And so the place is a ruin?"

"Getting to be, sir. You can just see it from the window there."

He pointed out, and I saw at the distance of half a

mile, perhaps, the chimneys of a large house, clearly defined against the red sunset sky.

"Did Mr. Hampton possess any property?" I asked.

"It was generally supposed that he had a large sum of gold by him," said the landlord; "but nothing was proved after the murder. There were some thousands of pounds' worth of real estate."

"And who was the heir to that?"

"My wife, sir," said the landlord. "She was the next of kin after Margaret—the niece of Mr. Hampton. But the old house and its immediate grounds are a dead weight on our hands: we could not give them away."

I made a few more inquiries, and then the conversation turned to other topics.

At the supper-table, I saw the landlady, a tall, handsome woman in the prime of life, with a bold, black eye, and an air of arrogance particularly insufferable in one by duty bound to be respectably entertaining.

I was shown to my room soon after supper; an airy apartment exactly over the coffee-room. My curiosity was thoroughly aroused.

The story I had heard about "Hampton's Death" was romantic enough to excite the interest of almost any young man of three-and-twenty, and perhaps I had a full share of romance in my composition.

I threw up the west window, and looked out. The evening was beautiful. There was a slight breeze blowing, and the pale moon had just risen.

The grey old front of Hampton's Death was distinctly visible, looming gloomily forth from a mass of evergreens. It was a singular feature in the landscape, this old mansion, built in a rude though not inelegant style of architecture. I fell to speculating about it.

The man who had planned that building was superior to his neighbours. He had both taste and love of the beautiful. There was a pleasing harmony between the stone gables of the house, and the dark pine forest stretching away for miles behind it. But this distant view did not satisfy me. I wanted to see the inside, to tread the long-closed chambers, and stand, perhaps, in the very spot where, on that boisterous Christmas night, two souls had been so suddenly launched into eternity.

But I did not care to have these below know of my foolhardiness, as the landlord would probably term it. I would wait till they were all in bed. I sat there quietly, the stillness growing around me, and even the light breeze folding its wings and sinking to sleep in the leaves.

All was quiet; the house was wrapped in slumber. I examined my pistols, put on fresh caps, and then softly let myself down to the ground by means of the strong tendrils of a grape-vine that had climbed up to my window. It was only a little walk to the old ruin—not more than half-a-mile, across the fields, to the dilapidated board fence that separated the grounds from the adjacent lots. I sprang over into the lonesome garden, now choked with rank weeds and grass, and stood in the shadow of the pile of buildings.

Very massive and gloomy it looked, with its weather-stained walls, and high, narrow windows gleaming white in the cold moonlight. The quaint gables and carved dormer windows flung a black shade over the front; the path to the hall-door was obstructed with wild vines and brambles, and a thorn-bush had grown up upon the very threshold.

Everything about the place was dead and silent as a tomb. No wonder people said it was haunted, with that old tale of crime and death hanging around it.

I tried the door, but it was fast. So were the windows. I went round to the back part, but there seemed no mode of entrance. Every avenue was closely secured. I forced off a cornice with a knife, after some difficulty, and by that means removed a window-sash, leaving the aperture free.

Looking in I saw a large apartment, evidently the kitchen. Everything had been left just as it was before the blight had fallen: the tin pans still gleamed on the dresser, and the kettle still stood on the deserted hearth.

I sprang in, and passed to the interior of the building, through a dark corridor, to what must have been the parlour. Part of the furniture still remained; the green carpet was grey with dust, and the chairs and sofas had put on the sackcloth of mould and moth.

A bat flapped against the window as I entered, escaping through a broken pane; and somewhere not far distant I heard the shrill scream of the night hawk. A distant door slammed to in the draught of air I had admitted, all striking with startling distinctness on the dead air of that unhappy place. But I was not frightened; it was all very novel and delightful to me. If I could see the ghost, I thought, I should have something to tell my grandchildren.

From thence I passed through two smaller rooms to a large hall, in the middle of which rose a broad staircase. This I ascended, the long unused stairs creaking weirdly beneath my tread, as if astonished at their unwonted burden. A door at the head of the

landing stood slightly ajar. I pushed it open, and entered a long, narrow chamber, dimly lit up by the moonlight struggling through the dusky glass. One glance showed me that "this was the ghostly chamber."

There were dark red stains on the counterpane of the bed, and near the centre of the floor the delicate carpet was discoloured with what had once been a pool of blood.

Here, then, the deed was committed. If these silent walls could speak, what a tale of violence and crime they might reveal! While I stood there, thinking how once the death-shrieks of that hapless old man and his wife had resounded through the room, wondering where the guilty murderer was hiding—wondering what tragic fate had overtaken the fair Margaret, I heard the faint sound of a human footstep. Convinced that I was not mistaken, I listened intently. It was repeated. No; there was no mistake.

I looked at my pistols once more, to make sure that all was right. If I were to meet flesh and blood, those trusty weapons might prove my best friend; if only ghosts, I might save myself the trouble of trusting to gunpowder.

There was a door on the opposite side of the chamber leading through several rooms to a second hall, smaller than the first, and from this hall another flight of stairs ascended, leading, probably, to the attic. I hurried through, and paused at the foot of these stairs. I could hear the step very distinctly now; it seemed to be almost over my head—soft, light, and hurried, pacing backward and forward.

I even thought I could distinguish the faint rustle of garments; and as I stood, breathless, a low moan stole to my ear—so thrillingly low that I felt the blood around my heart shrink and grow cold.

"Clinton Earle! are you a coward?" I said to myself, and the bare insinuation was enough to send me forward. I went up the stairs, two at a bound, but was stopped by a strong oak door. I tried to break it down, but it resisted all my efforts. I went back to one of the chambers below, and wrenched off the great post of a mahogany bedstead, and returning, used this as a sort of battering-ram. No mere wooden door could long withstand such an attack as I made on that one, and ere long I had the satisfaction of seeing it fall inwards. I leaped over the ruins into the apartment thus opened before me, but it was bare and unfurnished. Not a thing, animate or inanimate, to disturb the ghostly desolation.

I glanced quickly over the walls in search of some secret passage, and in the farther corner I perceived a sliding door, fastened with massive bolts on the outside. I drew back the bars, and paused a moment before I sought to penetrate the mysteries that door concealed. My heart beat so loudly that I could hear it, but I laid my hand on it and found its pulses calm and strong.

A vague, nameless something thrilled through my soul as I stood there. It seemed to me as if I were about to enter on a new and sweeter existence. The hand of Destiny itself was upon me.

I opened the door slowly, and stood on the threshold. What did I see?

The moon was shining brightly into the chamber, flooding every remote corner with its silvery brilliance. I could distinguish everything with the greatest minuteness.

In the centre of the room stood a slight figure, spectral in its slenderness, with a face white as marble, and masses of black hair flowing down over sable garments. The shadowy hands were locked together; the great, mild, dark eyes were fixed upon my face with an expression of terrified wonder.

I advanced to the side of this phantom form. Whether it was ghost or living woman, I knew not; but I was resolved to take no step backward now.

The sweetest, saddest voice I had ever heard addressed me.

"Who are you? Why are you here?"

"Why I am here depends on circumstances."

I paused, for I was uncertain whether I was speaking to a being of flesh or spirit.

"Oh!" she cried, springing towards me, and taking my hand in both of hers, so soft and warm, "only say that you have come to take me away from here—only release me, and I will be your slave for ever!"

The suspicion that had been all along forming in my mind, broke out in the abrupt question:

"Are you Margaret Hampton?"

"Years ago I was called so."

"Good God! and where have you been since—since that Christmas night?"

"Here, always. Oh, sir, if you knew the half I have suffered, you would take me away!"

I replied by lifting her in my arms and bearing her down over the stairs to life and freedom once more. It was the happiest moment of my existence when I stood with her on the green sward in front of Hamp-

ton's Death, with the silver sheen of the unobstructed moonlight falling over us.

She shivered at the contact of the night-air. How very long it had been since she had felt the free, fresh air! I took off my coat and buttoned it around her, placing her in the shadow of a tall fir-tree, that she might have the support afforded by its rugged trunk.

"You will not be afraid to stay here while I get my horse?" I asked.

"Where is it?"

"At the Black Bear."

I thought she shuddered at the name—my suspicions were fast taking a tangible form.

"Yes, I will stay—but oh! you will not desert me?"

"Desert you! No!" I exclaimed, and flew off over the fields to the hestery.

I was young and enthusiastic then. My plan was all formed, Pluto was strong and willing, he could carry us both easily, and I got on his back, feeling for the noble fellow an affection strong as that of a man for his brother.

He seemed no urging, he seemed wild to get away from the vicinity of the Black Bear, and it was hardly five minutes before I had Margaret Hampton up before me.

With one hand I guided the horse, the other arm held the slight form close to my side. I was afraid I should lose her if I did not hold her fast.

Half-an-hour's brisk gallop, brought us to the town of Ludlow, and soon after, I had the landlord of the Globe House out of bed, and very much at my service.

I took Margaret into the parlour, and made her tell me her story in as few words as possible, whilst I took down her statement in writing.

Two hours afterwards, I was on my way to the Black Bear, with four constables, and a warrant for the arrest of the landlord Charles Johnson on the charge of murder.

We entered the hotel without ceremony, and took the guilty wretch in bed by the side of his equally guilty wife.

He was lodged in the county gaol, and the next afternoon a judicial examination took place. Margaret's testimony was amply sufficient to convict him, and he was taken back to the place of confinement to await his trial at a higher court.

Three days afterwards he was found dead in his cell. He had died from the effects of poison brought him by his wife; and the same day she, too, was seized with a fatal illness that in five hours ended her life. Justice was thus defrauded of its dues.

Johnson left a written confession in full. He entered upon all the horrible particulars with flendish minuteness; and dwelt long and eloquently on the skill with which he had avoided detection.

It was as I had expected.

Mrs. Johnson being the next heir after Margaret to the Hampton wealth, the wretched couple had formed the plan of murdering the whole family, in order to secure the property, and the deed was done; only Johnson could not find it in his heart to sacrifice Margaret. There was a tender spot in the villain's nature after all. Long ago, in his early manhood, he had loved a woman of whose face Margaret's was the counterpart. This woman had died, in her young innocence, in her lover's arms, and for the sake of that tender memory, the girl who resembled her, was spared. But she had been kept a close prisoner; every one believed her dead, and so she was, to all intents and purposes. Johnson had carried her food at stated intervals, and encouraged the prevailing belief that the old house was haunted, to the best of his ability. The young man who had gone there to pass the night, had been frightened by some diabolical contrivance of Johnson's; and I only escaped a similar fate by keeping my intended visit a profound secret.

I took Margaret at once to my mother, and then, as the associations of her early home were so painful to her, I sold out the property, and placed the proceeds to her credit. When I gave the certificates of stock into her hands, I said:

"There, Margaret, the old life is buried. Now you can begin the new."

She did not reply, but sat there in the mellow sunshine, her beautiful face troubled, her beautiful eyes cast down.

"You are an heiress, Miss Hampton; you will go into society, and be a great belle."

"No," she said, softly; "I do not wish to be a belle, Clinton."

"What would you be, if you could, Margaret?"

She lifted her sweet face to mine. I caught her to my breast, and held her there.

"Would you be my wife, Margaret?"

And she answered:

"Yes."

So she was—so she is now, and has been these

many happy years. And every day my heart is full of eloquent gratitude to an inscrutable Providence, for sending me, in a fit of romantic curiosity, to spend a night at "Hampton's Death."

C. A.

#### SPEAK IN TONES OF KINDNESS.

EVER speak in tones of kindness  
To the sad and weary heart;  
Never let an unkind answer  
Cause the bitter tear to start.  
For how many spirits broken,  
Crushed beneath a world of care,  
Have been cheered by kind words spoken,  
Giving strength the lead to bear!  
None the human soul can fathom!  
None its mysteries explore!  
'Tis a wonderful creation,  
Launched on time's eventful shore;  
And while earth its wings shall trammel,  
Few the pages we may read;  
But in glory may we view it,  
When from mortal vesture freed.

Like an instrument of music,  
It is delicately strung;  
Then never let a note of sorrow  
From its tender strings be wrung.  
But my gentle words awaken  
Sounds of joy, and peace and love,  
Such as angel-choirs are breathing  
In the courts of light above.

Then ever speak in tones of kindness  
To the sorrow-stricken heart,  
And never let a word, or action,  
Cause the bitter tear to start;  
For how many spirits broken,  
Bowed beneath a load of care,  
Have been cheered by kind words spoken,  
Cheered their daily cross to bear!

W. S. L.

#### SELF-MADE;

OR

#### "OUT OF THE DEPTHS."

By MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH.

Author of "The Hidden Hand," "The Lost Heiress," &c., &c.

#### CHAPTER CL

##### THE RESCUE.

The tide has ebbed away;  
No more wild surging 'gainst the adamant rocks,  
No swaying of the sea-weed false, that mocks  
The hues of gardens gay;  
No laugh of little wavelets at their play;  
No lucid pools, reflecting heaven's brow—  
Both storm and cloud alike are ended now.

The grey, bare rocks sit lone;  
The shifting sand lies so smooth and dry,  
That not a wave might ever have swept by  
To vex it with loud moan;  
Only some weedy fragments blackening thrown  
To dry beneath the sky tell what has been.  
Ev'n desolation's self has grown serene.

ANON.

We must now relate what happened to Ishmael and his companions after they were deserted by the lifeboats.

When they were out of sight, he dropped his eyes and bent his head in prayer for himself and his fellow-sufferers, and calmly awaited his fate.

But, oh! heaven of heavens! what is this? Is it death, or—life?

The wreck that had been whirling violently around at the mercy of the furious sea, was now lifted high upon the crest of a wave, and cast further up on the reef, where she rested in comparative safety.

So suddenly and easily had this been done that it was some minutes before the shipwrecked men could understand that they were, for the present, respited from death.

It was Ishmael who now inspired and confirmed their hopes.

"Friends!" he exclaimed, in a deep, earnest, solemn voice, as he looked around upon them: "let us return thanks to heaven—for we are saved!"

"Yes! saved from immediate death by drowning, but perhaps not saved from a slow death of starvation," observed a "doubting Thomas" of their number.

"Heaven will not mock us with false hopes! We are saved!" repeated Ishmael, emphatically.

For some hours longer the wind raved and the sea roared around the wreck; but even the highest waves could not now wash over it.

As the sun arose the mist cleared away; about noon the sea began to subside; and at sunset all was calm and clear.

Ishmael and his companions now suffered from only two causes—hunger and cold—the sharpest hunger and the most intense cold; for every single atom and article that could possibly be used for food or covering

had been washed out of the wreck and swept off to sea. All day long they had been fasting and exposed to the inclemency of that severe season and climate; and during the ensuing night they were in danger of death from starvation or freezing. But they huddled closely together and tried to keep life within them by their mutual animal heat; while Ishmael, himself confident of timely rescue, kept up their hopes.

It was a long and trying night. But it ended at last. Day dawned; the sun arose.

Then Ishmael saw some fragments of the wreck that had been tossed upon the rocks and left there by the retreating waves. Among them was a long spar. This he directed the men to drag up on the deck. Weak from hunger and numb from cold, they could scarcely find power to obey this order. But when they did, Ishmael took off his shirt and fastened it to the end of the spar, which he immediately set up as a flag-staff. They had no glass, and therefore could not sweep the horizon in search of a sail. But Ishmael had an eagle's piercing glance, and his eyes gazed continually over the vast expanse of waters in the hope of approaching rescue.

At last he cried:

"A sail! a sail! friends, we are saved!"

"Hurrah! but are you sure, sir?" broke from half-a-dozen lips, as they all, forgetting cold and hunger, and weakness, sprang upon their feet.

"Are you quite certain, sir?" some one anxiously inquired.

"Quite! I see her very plainly!"

"But if she should not see our signal!" groaned "doubting Thomas."

"She sees it! She is bearing rapidly down upon us!" exclaimed Ishmael.

"I see her!" cried one of the men.

"And so do I!" said another.

"And so do I!" added a third.

"She is a steamer!" said a fourth, as the ship came rapidly towards the wreck.

"I can almost make out her name," said Ishmael, as she steamed on and came within hailing distance.

Then she stopped, blew off her steam and sent out a boat. While it was cleaving the distance between the ship and the rocks, a man on the deck of the former shouted through his trumpet:

"Wreck ahoy!"

"Ay, ay!" responded Ishmael, with all the strength of his powerful lungs.

"All safe with you?"

"All safe!"

As the boat was pushed up as near as it could with safety be brought to the wreck, the frozen and famished men began to climb down and drop into it. When they were all in, even to the professor, Ishmael stepped down and took his place among them with a smile of joy, and a deep throb of gratitude to God. For, ah! the young strong man had keenly loved that life which he had been so prompt to offer up on the shrine of duty; and he was glad and thankful to return to work, to fame, to love—to existence!

The sailors laid themselves to their oars and pulled vigorously for the steamer. They were soon alongside.

The men made a rush for her decks. They wanted to be warmed and fed.

Ishmael let them all go before him, then he stepped on board the steamer.

And the next moment he found himself seized and clasped in the embrace of—Mr. Brudnell!

"Oh, my son—my brave and noble son—you are saved! God is kinder to me than I deserve!" he cried.

"One moment, Brudnell! Oh, Ishmael! thank heaven, you are safe!" fervently exclaimed another voice—that of Judge Merlin, who now came forward, and warmly shook his hand.

"Ant dere ish—von more—drue shentlemans—in te vorlt!" sobbed the honest German Jew, seizing and pressing one of Ishmael's hands.

Captain Mountz, Doctor Kerr, and in fact all Ishmael's, late fellow-passengers, now crowded around him with earnest and even tearful congratulations.

Meanwhile dry clothes and warm food and drink were prepared for the shipwrecked passengers; but it was not until Ishmael had changed his raiment and eaten a comfortable breakfast that he was permitted to hear an explanation of the unexpected appearance of his friends upon the deck of the steamer.

It happened that the passengers in the lifeboats, after suffering severely with cold, and with the dread of a slow death from exposure, for twelve hours, were at last picked up by the Santiago, a Spanish steamer, bound for Havana. That after their wants had been relieved by the captain of the Santiago, they had told him of the imminently perilous condition in which they had left the remnant of the crew and passengers; and the captain had altered the course of the ship in the forlorn hope of yet rescuing them.

Such was the story told by Mr. Brudnell and Judge Merlin to Ishmael.



"But, oh! my dear boy! what a fatal delay! Just think of it! This steamer is bound for Havana! And this very day, when we ought to be landing in Scotland, we find ourselves steaming for the West India Islands!" said Judge Merlin.

"Oh, sir, trust still in heaven!" answered Ishmael. "Think how marvellously we have been delivered from danger and death! This very delay, that seems so fatal, may be absolutely necessary to our final success."

The words of Ishmael proved prophetic. For, had it not been for their shipwreck, and the consequent alteration in their course, their voyage would have been taken in vain.

The Santiago, in due course of time, without the least misadventure, reached the port of Havana.

It was Sunday, the first of January, when they arrived.

"We shall have no trouble with the Custom House officers here," laughed Ishmael, as he gave his arm to Judge Merlin, and went on shore, leaving all the passengers who had not been shipwrecked and lost their luggage, to pass the ordeal he and his friends had escaped.

They went at once to the hotel which had been recommended to them by the captain of the Santiago.

And as this was Sunday, they passed the day quietly within doors.

On Monday, Judge Merlin's first care was to go to the English Consul, and get the latter to accompany him to a banker, from whom he procured the funds he required in exchange for drafts upon his bankers.

While Judge Merlin was gone upon this errand, Ishmael went down to the harbour to make inquiries as to what ships were to sail in the course of the week for Europe.

He found that he had a choice between two. The "Mary," an English sailing ship, would leave on Wednesday for London. And the "Cadiz," a screw-steamer, would sail on Saturday for the port the name of which she bore.

Ishmael mentally gave the preference to the swift steamer rather than the uncertain sailing packet; but he felt bound to refer the matter to Judge Merlin before finally deciding upon it.

With this purpose he left the harbour and entered the city. He was passing up one of the narrow granite paved streets in the neighbourhood of the grand cathedral where lie the ashes of Columbus, when he was startled by hearing quick and heavy footsteps behind him, and a panting, eager voice exclaiming:

"Ishmael! Ishmael! Worth! Oh, is it you, sir, dropped from the clouds to save me? Oh, stop, sir! Oh, for heaven's sake, stop!"

Ishmael started and turned around, and to his inexpressible amazement, stood face to face with—old Katy!

"Oh, sir, is it you? Is it indeed you?" she cried, panting for breath as she grasped him, like the drowning grasp a saving plank.

"Katy!" exclaimed Ishmael, in immeasurable astonishment.

"Yes, it's Katy! But oh, sir!—oh, Mr. Ishmael!—is you really you?"

"Katy!" repeated Ishmael, as if unable to realize the fact of her presence, "Katy!" he reiterated, "how on earth came you here?"

"I didn't come on earth at all! I come by the sea! Oh, Mr. Ishmael!—oh, sir, I believe I've died, and been down into the grave, since I saw you last, and come to life again on a ship at sea."

"Who brought you here, Katy?" questioned Ishmael, thoroughly perplexed.

"Oh, sir, I cannot tell you! I know nothing, except that I've been surely dead, and have come to life in a strange land! Oh, sir, do not leave me—don't!"

"I will not leave you, Katy. I have not the least intention of doing so. But all this is quite incomprehensible. Where is your mistress? She is not here?" said Ishmael.

"I don't know. I don't know nothing about my poor, dear ladyship. My head is so confused. Oh, don't go away from me, don't, Mr. Ishmael!"

"I will not desert you, Katy; be assured that I will not; but try to compose yourself. Don't you see that you are collecting a crowd around us?" expostulated Ishmael.

But Katy clung to him, talking and ejaculating with almost frantic incoherence; and his astonishment and wonder became intensified when he saw that Katy could not give a lucid explanation of her presence on the island, or, at least, not until her excitement should have had time to subside.

And as the crowd who had gathered around them, with open eyes and mouth, was still increasing, he said:

"Katy, come with me to the hotel. You will find your old master there."

"Who? My old —" began Katy, opening her

mouth, which remained open, as if incapable of closing again, much less of uttering another syllable.

"Yes, Judge Merlin is here."

"My old —! If ever I heard the like! What in the name of sense is he doing here? And what are you doing here yourself, Mr. Ishmael?"

"Katy, it is a long story, and I fancy we both, you and I, have much to tell. Will you come with me to my hotel!"

"Will I come? Surely, sir; oh, surely I'll come!"

"Come on, my good woman," said Ishmael, who felt extremely anxious to get from her, as soon as they should reach the hotel, some explanation of her presence on the island, and some news of her unfortunate mistress.

They walked on as rapidly as the strength of the old woman would allow, for Ishmael would not permit her to put herself out of breath.

When they reached the hotel, Ishmael told Katy to follow him, and so led her to her master's apartments.

They stopped outside the door.

"You must remain here until I go in and see if the judge has returned from his ride to the bank. And if he has, I must prepare him for your arrival here; for your master has aged very much since you saw him last, Katy, and the surprise might hurt him," whispered Ishmael, as he opened the door and went in.

"The judge had just returned. He was seated at the table, counting out money."

"Ha! Ishmael, my boy, have you got back?" he asked, looking up.

"Yes, sir; and I have good news for you. The brig Mary sails for London on Wednesday; the steamer Cadiz sails for the port of Cadiz on Saturday. The choice remains with you," said Ishmael, putting down his hat and seating himself.

"Oh! then we will go by the Cadiz; though she sails at a later day, and for a farther port, we shall reach our destination sooner, going by her, than we should by going in a sailing packet bound direct for London."

"I think so too, sir; there is no certainty in the sailing packets. I hope you succeeded at the bank?"

"Perfectly; our consul went with me, to identify me, and vouch for my solvency, and I got accommodation without any difficulty whatever. And now I must insist upon being banker for our whole party, until we reach England."

"I thank you, sir, in behalf of my father as well as myself," said Ishmael.

"Now, let me see—nine hundred and seventy, eighty, ninety, a hundred—that is one thousand. I will lay that by itself," muttered the judge, still counting his money.

"I met an old acquaintance," said Ishmael, gradually feeling his way towards the announcement of Katy.

"Ah!" said the judge, indifferently, and going on with his counting.

"An old friend indeed, I may say," added Ishmael, emphatically.

"Yes?" replied the judge, absently, and continuing to count.

"Judge Merlin," inquired Ishmael, in a meaning tone, "have you no curiosity to know who it was that I met near the quays?"

"No," said the old man, counting diligently; "some fellow you knew in England, I suppose, my boy. Why, bless you, I stumbled over half-a-dozen friends and acquaintances on my way to the consulate and the bank."

"Sir, it was no casual acquaintance or ordinary friend that I met," said Ishmael, in so grave a voice that the judge looked up and stared in wonder, not at the words but at the manner of his speech.

"It was no man but a woman, sir," continued Ishmael, fixing his eyes wistfully upon the face of the old man.

"It was Claudia!" cried the judge, in an ear-piercing voice, jumping at once at the most improbable conclusion, as he started up, pale as death, and gazed with breathless anxiety upon the grave face of Ishmael.

"No, Judge Merlin," answered the young man, as he gently replaced him in his seat; "no, it was not Lady Vincent; but it is one who I hope can give us later news of her."

"Who—who was it then?" gasped the old man, trembling violently.

Ishmael poured out a glass of water and handed it to the judge, saying calmly:

"It was old Katy whom I met."

"Katy!" cried the judge, in astonishment, and holding the glass of water suspended in his hand.

"Katy. But drink, Judge Merlin; the water will refresh you."

"Katy! but where is her mistress?" demanded the old man, in burning anxiety.

"I do not know, sir; Katy was too much excited

by the shock of her meeting with me and hearing that you were on the island, to give any coherent account of herself."

"But—how came she here if not in attendance upon her mistress? And—what should have brought Claudia here?"

"Drink the water, sir, let me beg of you!"

"I will—I will Ishmael!" said the judge, tottering to his feet and going to a beaufet upon which stood a flask of Jamaica rum.

He mixed a strong glass, drank it, and returned to his seat, saying, as he sank into it with a deep sigh of refreshment—

"Where is Katy? And how in the world came she here? And what news does she bring of her mistress?"

"Katy is outside that door, sir, waiting for you to receive her."

"Let her come in, then, Ishmael."

## CHAPTER CIII.

### A FATHER'S VENGEANCE.

Haste me to know it; that I, with wings as swift  
As meditation or the thoughts of love  
May sweep to my revenge! *Shakespeare.*

ISHMAEL went to the door and admitted Katy.

The old woman made an impulsive rush towards her master, but stopped and burst into a passion of tears so violent that she was scarcely able to stand.

"Sit down, Katy. Sit down and compose yourself. Your master will not take it amiss that you sit in his presence," said Ishmael, pushing a low soft chair towards the woman, while he glanced inquiringly towards the judge.

"Certainly not; let her rest; sit down, Katy! how do you do?" said the judge, going towards his old servant, and holding out his hands.

"Oh, master! Oh, master!" sobbed Katy, sinking into a seat and clinging to his hands, upon which her tears fell like rain.

The judge gently withdrew his hands, but it was only that he might use them for Katy's relief.

He poured out a glass of the same restorative that he had found so effectual in his own case, and he made her drink it.

"Where did you leave your lady?" inquired the judge, who had been almost dying of anxiety to ask this question, but had refrained on account of Katy's excessive agitation. "Where did you leave your mistress?"

"Let me see! Where did I leave her? Oh, I remember exactly now! Indeed I got good reasons to remember that night if I never remember another day nor night of my life!"

"Tell us, Katy," said Ishmael.

"Well, then, I left her on the grand staircase of the castle agoing down to dinner, and she looking so beautiful, just like a lamb dressed for the sacrifice, and unsuspecting of anything, and me dying to tell her, only she wouldn't stop to listen to me."

"To tell her what, Katy?"

"Why, about the cruel plot as his lordship and that foreign lady and his valley plotted against her dear ladyship."

"There was a plot, then?" inquired Ishmael, with forced calmness, for he wished quietly to draw out the woman's story without agitating and confusing her. "There was a plot, then?"

"Oh, wasn't there? The blackest plot against her ladyship as ever could have got into anybody's head. And I heard it all!—I heard it all!"

"What was it, Katy? Can you not tell us?" inquired Ishmael, while the judge bent his pale, careworn, and anxious face near the speaker.

"Well, you knew how solemn you cautioned me to watch over her ladyship; don't you, sir?"

"Yes, Katy; yes."

"Well, I heard what you said in mind. And it seems as if you was a prophet, and knew how she was going to be situated."

"Never mind, Katy! Go on and tell us of the plot," said Ishmael, while Judge Merlin's face grew sharp and peaked in his silent anguish of suspense. But both knew that it was best to let Katy tell her story in her own way.

"Well, sir, I laid to heart what you told me so solemn, and I did watch over her ladyship! And she didn't know it, nor likewise nobody else. And very soon I saw as her ladyship was surrounded by enemies, and that the fine foreign lady was a tryin' to take her husband away from her. And then again I saw plain enough that his lordship was willing enough to be took away, for that matter. So I watched him and her too."

"But who is it that you call the foreign lady, Katy?" demanded the judge.

"Why, who but his sister-in-law! his sister-in-law that lived with him, long before ever my poor, dear, deceived ladyship saw him!"

"But who was this lady, and what was her name?" asked the judge.

"She wasn't no real lady! She was an opera-singer, as was no better than she should be, and had married away his lordship's younger brother, who married her, and died—and serve him right, the fool! And ever since he died, she's lived along with his lordship at the castle! And her name is Mrs. Dugald, which is false! But his lordship, whenever he's talking to her, calls her Faustina."

"And this woman, you say, was my daughter's enemy?"

"Well, I think you would call her such, if you heard the plot she and his lordship and his valley made up agin' her ladyship!"

"Yes; but, Katy, you have not yet told us the plot," said Ishmael.

"Well, you see, I kept on watching of them, till one day it happened as one of the housemaids was found with her throat cut just outside the castle!"

At this announcement Judge Merlin started and looked at Ishmael, but the young man made a sign that the judge should say nothing that might interrupt the thread of Katy's narrative.

Katy continued:

"And the officers of the law came to the castle to inquire into who was the murderer. But the more they inquired into it, the more they couldn't find it out. And after all they sent in a verdict that the girl was found with her throat cut and nobody knewed who did it. And so the poor girl was buried. And I happened to be in the hall and to catch my eye on his lordship as he said to his valet:

"'Frisbie, I shall want you in my room presently; so don't be out of the way.'"

"And I caught my eye on Mr. Frisbie, too; and saw how he turned white as he said:

"'I'll be at hand, my lord.'"

"And so will I be at hand, my lord," says I.

"So I stole into his lordship's dressing-room, unbeknown to anybody, and hid myself behind one of the thick curtains. And presently sure enough his lordship comes in and rings for Mr. Frisbie."

"Mr. Frisbie answers his lordship's bell, and when he comes in his lordship accuses him of being the murderer! and tells him how his lordship seen him do the deed! Then Frisbie fell on his two knees and begged for mercy; and his lordship promised to hide his crime on conditions! Such conditions, Mr. Ishmael!"

"What were they, Katy?" inquired Judge Merlin, in a choking voice, for a suspicion of something like the truth flashed into his mind.

"His lordship promised he would save him from the gallows if he would help him to get rid of Lady Vincent."

There was an irrepressible exclamation of horror from Ishmael and a low cry of anguish from Judge Merlin. But neither ventured to speak, lest by doing so he should confuse Katy, who continued her story.

"And so his lordship plotted with him, how Frisbie was to seem to be found of her ladyship, and follow her, and do sly things to draw the eyes of the household on her, to make them suspect her and talk about her—"

"What! my daughter! Claudia Merlin!" exclaimed the judge, in a voice of thunder, as he started to his feet and stood staring at the speaker. "His wretched lacquey! By all the fiends! I'll shoot that scoundrel Vincent with less remorse than I would a mad dog!"

"Pray compose yourself, sir! Do you not see how important it is that we should have a clear statement of facts from this eye and ear witness of the conspiracy against Lady Vincent's honour. Try to listen coolly, sir! as coolly as if you were on the bench! Be—not the father, but the judge," earnestly remonstrated Ishmael, as he gently constrained his old friend to sit down again.

"Don't you know that I will kill that man?" exclaimed the judge, as he sank into his seat.

"I know that you will do just what a Christian gentleman should do in the premises," gravely replied Ishmael.

"Go on! what next?" demanded the judge, in a voice that utterly upset Katy, who had to recover her composure before she could continue her statement. At last she said:

"Well, after they had arranged their plot they left the room. And I come out and waylaid her ladyship to tell her all about it and put her on her guard. And I met her on the stairs as I told you before, and she looking like an angel of beauty; but she wouldn't stop to listen to me. She told me to go to her dressing-room and wait for her there. And she walked downstairs like any queen; and that was the last I ever saw of her ladyship."

Here Katy paused for breath. Ishmael made a sign to Judge Merlin not to speak. Then Katy went on:

"I went to the dressing-room; and waited and waited hour after hour, but her ladyship never came! But while I was watching for her, comes Mrs. Dugald and goes into her apartments. And soon

after comes his lordship and goes into her rooms after her."

Katy paused, drew a long breath, and went on: "You may be sure I knew he was agoing in there to talk over his plot with her! So I just took a leaf out of her lordship's own book, and stole in, and hides myself in the folds of the curtain drawn up on one side of the door. Sure enough, he was telling of her about the plot against her ladyship, and how they would contrive, through the valley, to make her appear guilty, so he could get a divorce from her, and keep her fortune, and marry Faustina!"

With a burst of ungovernable fury, the judge started to his feet; but Ishmael firmly, though gently, put him down again, and made an imploring sign that he should control himself, and listen in calmness.

It took Katy some little time to get over this last startling shock before she could continue her story.

"Go on, Katy—go on!" commanded Ishmael, as he stood by Judge Merlin's chair, and kept his arm over the old man's shoulders.

"Well, Mrs. Dugald, or Faustina—oh, but she's deep!—approved of the plot, and improved on it, too! for she planned out how they should all make a party to go to the play, and pretend to invite her ladyship to go too, which they knewed she wouldn't do! And how they should go without her; and how Frisbie should hide himself in her ladyship's room (unbeknown to her); and how they should all come back and burst open the door, and find him there; and how he should confess a lie that her ladyship invited him there, and was in the habit of so doing—"

Here Ishmael had hard work to keep Judge Merlin down in his seat, and restrain the old man's demonstrations of rage.

Katy meanwhile continued:

"Well, just when I had heard that much, I sneezed by accident; and the next minute his lordship had me by the throat, and when they found out I had heard everything, and meant to inform on them, his lordship asked Mrs. Dugald what was to be done. And she said how I mustn't be let to leave the room alive. When I heard that I opened my mouth to scream. But he squeezed my throat till I lost my breath, as well as my voice. But I heard him ask her again what was to be done, and couldn't she help him. And she rushed about the room and fetched something, and he put it to my nose and—*I went dead!*"

"It must have been chloroform," suggested Ishmael.

"What next, Katy?" inquired Ishmael.

"Well, the next thing when I come to life again, I found myself in a dark, narrow place, on a wet, hard, stony floor, and afraid to draw my breath. Then a voice said:

"'Finish her here, and that was Mrs. Dugald's voice. And then another voice answered and said:

"'She's done for already.' And that was his lordship's voice."

"And then I knew they had taken me down into some deep vault to kill me! So I thought the best thing I could do was to sham dead. But somehow I don't think I deceived his lordship. I think I only deceived her. Anyway, he locked the door on me, and then they both went away."

Here Katy paused, and remained silent so long that Ishmael felt obliged again to stimulate her by saying:

"Well, Katy, what followed?"

"Why, nothing but darkness! blackness of darkness, so thick that I could almost feel it with my hands! I did get up on my feet and feel all around; and there was nothing below, or around, or over me but wet stone walls."

"That was horrible, Katy," said Ishmael, in a tone of sympathy.

"So it was; but for all that, somehow I never thought of nothing but my poor, dear, desolate ladyship."

"Yes; I can easily understand that, Katy. Lady Vincent's situation was perhaps much worse than your own," said Ishmael.

"Oh, the scoundrel! I'll kill him! I'll shoot him like a dog, if I have to follow him all over the world, and spend my life in the pursuit!" broke forth Judge Merlin.

There ensued a short pause in the conversation, and then Ishmael, speaking in a low, calm tone, inquired:

"How long did you remain in that dungeon, Katy?"

"Indeed, sir, I don't know."

"Then you have really no idea of how long you remained there?"

"Not a bit. But judging by my feelings, I must have stayed there years. But I don't suppose I staid very long neither, because I know I had nothing to eat nor drink all the time I was there."

"How did you get out at last, Katy?"

"Well, now, begging your pardon, that was the

most curious thing of all! I don't know no more how I came out'n that dark den, nor the man in the room!"

"Tell us what you do know, however," said Ishmael.

"Well, all I know is this: I had to keep my eyes open day and night to drive the rats away! And tired and sleepy as I was, I darn't go to sleep, for fear they would devour me alive! At last, however, I was so dead tired, and sleepy, that I couldn't keep awake no longer, and so I fell fast asleep. And now, sir, listen! Sure as I'm a living woman, standing here before your eyes, when I dropped asleep I was in that dark den, underground, and when I waked up, I was in a ship sailing on the sea! There! you may believe me or not, as you choose, but that is the truth!"

Judge Merlin and Ishmael exchanged glances, and then the latter said:

"The case is a perfectly clear one to me, sir! While she slept, she was made to inhale chloroform; and while under its influence she was conveyed from her prison to the ship, very likely a smuggler; and so brought to this island."

"But hadn't your a tongue in your head? Couldn't you have told the people here all about it?" demanded Judge Merlin impatiently.

"Didn't I do it? Didn't I talk till my throat was sore? And didn't poor Jim and Sally talk till their throats were sore? But it was of no use, for you see, the people here could not understand one word of all our talk."

"And if they had understood you, Katy, as some of them probably did, it would not have served you; your unsupported words would never have been taken. As you are aware, my dear judge, if you will take time to reflect," added Ishmael, turning to Judge Merlin.

"Certainly, certainly," replied the latter.

"But, Katy, you mentioned Sally and Jim. Is it possible that they also were kidnapped?" inquired Ishmael.

"Both of them, and I'll tell you all about it. One of the first things I did when I woked up and stared around to find myself aboard that vessel, was to go on deck, and sure enough, as soon as ever I got on deck, the first person I saw was Jim. When he saw me, he ran, the poor boy, and caught me round the neck, and hugged and kissed me."

"Why, how did you come here?" says I.

"And says he:

"'I only know I went to sleep in my bed, and when I waked up I was here.'"

"Well, while we were talking I heard a man say:

"'Go along with you. There are your friends!'"

"And I looked up and there he was pushing Sally along towards us."

"And, oh, Sally," says I, 'are you here, too?'

"Yes, Katy, I'm stole!" she said, crying as if her heart would break."

"Sally," says I, 'do you know how you came here?'

"I know how I came here well enough. I was stole out'n my bed and brought here. And his lordship helped the thieves to steal me. I saw him!"

"Sally," I said, 'tell us what happened to you!'"

"So Sally told us how she hadn't been able to sleep the night before; and how, towards morning, she thought she would get up and dress herself. And just as she was putting on her shoes, all of a sudden the door opens and in walks two men! She was so astonished she could do nothing but stare, till his lordship sprang at her throat and put something to her nose that made her faint away. Which, of course, must have been chloroform, as you said, sir."

"Chloroform, of course," said Ishmael; "but go on with your statement."

"Well, Sally told me how, when she came to herself, she was on this vessel. But she says she wasn't deceived one bit. She remembered everything. And she could swear to the men who stole her; and they were his lordship—and a pretty lordship he is!—and the captain of the vessel and the first mate."

"Sally will be a most invaluable witness against those felons, Judge Merlin, if she can be found and taken to England," whispered Ishmael.

The old man signified assent.

"And now, Judge Merlin," said Ishmael, "that we have heard her story, we must take very prompt measures."

"What would you do, Ishmael?"

For all answer, Ishmael rang the bell, and ordered a carriage to be brought to the door immediately. That done, he turned to the judge, and said:

"We must take Katy with us, ask Mr. Brudnell to accompany us, and drive first to the office of our consul. We shall require his official assistance in the recovery of these servants. We must be quick, for we must get all this business settled in time for the sailing of the *Gadiz*, in which we must return to England, taking these persons with us. We must get them, at any cost, for, you see, their testimony is all we re-



quire to overthrow Lord Vincent, and vindicate his wife."

"Oh, the villain! Do you think, Ishmael, that I shall be contented with simply overthrowing him in the divorce court? No! By all that is most sacred, I will kill him!" thundered the judge.

"We will not have any divorce trial," said Ishmael, firmly. "We will not have your daughter's pure name dragged through the mire of a divorce court; we will have Lord Vincent and his accomplices arrested and tried: the valet for murder, and the viscount and the opera-singer for conspiracy and kidnapping. We have proof enough to convict them all. The valet will be hanged, and the viscount and the opera-singer sentenced to penal servitude for many years. Will not that be sufficient punishment for the conspirators? And is it not better that the law should deal out retributive justice to them, than you should execute unlawful vengeance?" inquired the young man.

"But my daughter—my daughter!"

"Your daughter shall be restored to you, her dower recovered, her name preserved, and her honour perfectly, triumphantly vindicated!"

(To be continued.)

**MORE STEAMERS FOR THE CONFEDERATES.**—The *South-Eastern Gazette* states that two steam-vessels, the *Garland* and the *Jupiter*, lately belonging to the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway Company, have been purchased for the service of the Confederate States of America.

**EXCELLENT ADVICE.**—Peter the Great, when at Stardam, wished to hear a rather famous preacher. The latter consented to preach before the czar. Having ascended the pulpit, he said, with solemnity and dignity: "Think well; speak well; act well. Amen." Luther's counsel to a candidate was contained in these words: "Go boldly into the pulpit, open your mouth like a man, and be brief."

**BICENTENARY OF THE FINE ARTS ACADEMY, ANTWERP.**—The city of Antwerp will have its festival in the course of the year; for it is going to celebrate the two hundred years' anniversary of the foundation of its Academy of Fine Arts. David Teniers, the Antwerp painter, was the founder of this institution, in 1664. It is planned that a museum, containing works of living artists, is to be connected with the Academy, and opened on the occasion of this festival.

**BEES SWARMING EXTRAORDINARY.**—It is not always either agreeable or safe to have a swarm of bees almost inside your house; in such cases efforts to remove or even get rid of them may be deemed excusable. On Friday, January 22nd, a swarm, which for years past has taken possession of the space between the drawing-room floor and the dining-room ceiling of the residence of Mr. Buchanan, at Poulton-cum-Seacombe, Wallasey, came out in vast numbers from their winter quarters, and disported themselves in front of the house as if it had been midsummer. The annual movements of this swarm have long been a source of interest and curiosity in the neighbourhood. On one occasion the entrance to their cells was closed up during the winter; but in the following spring the bees made their way out into the light through the same aperture which had been barred against them. And on another occasion, when it was thought they had been effectually destroyed by the action of burnt brimstone, great numbers of them were, nevertheless, untouched, and forced their way into the air in the following spring, and the swarm has never since been disturbed.

**THE SUCCESSION TO THE THRONE OF ENGLAND.**—Three hundred and one years ago, there passed a thrill of anguish through our land; men's looks were anxious; men's words were sad; and why? Because Elizabeth, the Queen, had for four days lain nearly dead; and she had no child, no lineal heir. Men knew that, if God had then seen fit to take her to Himself, an enemy to the reformed religion would have stepped into her throne: and their liberty of conscience have been lost. Knowing this they were sad, anxious, full of trouble, for they had already seen what such a change entailed. They had seen the misery, pain and agony, the deaths by fire and sword which had been caused by pious Edward's dying without a lineal heir. They knew the extent of the danger and they trembled, till God in his mercy averted the ill. Their case was exactly the converse of ours. The depth of their anxiety may serve to show us how deep should be our thankfulness to-day. If we look on little more than a century further we are again reminded, that a succession of righteous rulers is not a matter of course, but a mercy vouchsafed by God. We see how greatly our pure faith was jeopardized, how nearly liberty of conscience was lost, through the death without lineal heirs of our second Charles. Again did the same cause bring strife and trouble a century and a half ago. Strife and trouble, which continued to distress our land for

more than twenty years. And though, in God's mercy, pure religion and freedom triumphed in the end, it was not until the lack of direct heirs to the sovereign last on the throne had cost the nation much treasure and very many precious lives. From these memories of the past, then, we may surely learn how personal an interest we each of us have in heartily thanking God to-day for the mercy he has vouchsafed to us, by adding a fresh link to the chain of Royal succession. And although we cannot, individually, count on the morrow; though we know not what a day may bring forth; yet to us, as a church and nation, this new link is an additional security for our continuing to enjoy peace and happiness and the comforts of pure religion in our land.—*Rev. W. A. Scott Robertson.*

## A NIGHT OF HORROR.

### CHAPTER I.

NIGHT, dark and starless, had settled down upon the earth, and the keen, cutting northerly blast swept moaning over the frozen earth like the spirit of desolation; seeking rest, but finding none. The doors and windows were all firmly closed against its entrance, and in vain it sobbed and rattled at the casement; no one would admit it, and it was obliged to go from street to street, telling its plaintive tale of sorrow, but found no sympathizing heart to listen to its bitter cry. Then, like an outcast, driven from every dwelling, it wandered, whooping by the black and muddy stream that would like a huge snake through the city's troubled, crime-smitten heart.

Although all was dark and cheerless out beneath the black canopy of night, yet within the houses of Brompton all was bright and joyful. The fires burned brightly on the hearths, and the faces of young and old shone with happy smiles in the firelight's ruddy glare—a striking contrast to the black and frightful night out of doors.

It was Christmas eve, that glad season of festivity, when the careworn sons of toil forget their sorrows for a time, in the sweet communion of hearts which takes place at that joyous season.

On such a night, and by such a fire, sat the hero of our story, Mark Stevenson. He was lost in thought, gazing fixedly at the red embers. He was thinking of the happy morrow that he was to spend with his lovely Mary Lee.

They had loved each other long and tenderly, but adverse fortune, that great barrier to human happiness, had frowned upon them, and prevented their union.

Mary Lee was an orphan; her father had gone abroad when she was but a child, and for a number of years they lost all trace of him. But at length news came that he was dead, and had found a stranger's grave in a far-off land.

It was not long after this when her mother died, leaving her sweet little child to the care of a kind-hearted uncle, by whom she had been brought up as one of his own family. He was in no way opposed to the match between his niece and Mark Stevenson. He had indeed encouraged them in their attachment; although he had no means of helping them to make a fair start in the world.

But they were both young, and their hearts were full of glowing hopes.

Such were the thoughts that filled the mind of Mark, as he sat in his room alone, looking earnestly into the fire. He had remained in the same position for some hours, and at length he fell asleep in his chair, when he became the cruel sport of the wicked Queen Mab, who drives her fantastic steeds by night

Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love.

He thought the morn was breaking, and he arose in great haste to prepare for the journey that lay between him and his beloved.

We will not detain the reader by giving the full detail of his preparations, and the feelings that filled his heart during the journey.

The house where Mary dwelt was a neat little cottage off the main road. And although it was winter, and everything bore the marks of its desolating reign, yet by the well-trimmed hedges, and neatly-arranged borders of the small garden before the house, the most casual observer could discern that the inmates, although not rich, were possessed of taste, and a desire to make the most of the world's comforts which lay within their reach.

The dark shadows of the short-lived wintry day were closing around the sun before Mark arrived at the cottage of his beloved.

As he laid his hand upon the door-latch, he was arrested from opening it by hearing a loud burst of mirth from within, and above all the other voices rang the clear, musical voice of Mary.

A painful feeling of jealousy flashed across his mind.

He had little to awaken it, but it is sometimes the case that those who love the most, and have the least cause, become the readiest prey of "the green-eyed monster."

He hesitated whether to go in or not; at length he mustered courage, and lifting the latch he walked into the kitchen where the family were all assembled; but there was one with them, whom he had never seen before.

He was an elderly man, and beside him sat Mary, her hand firmly locked in his. She did not rise as was her wont, to bid her lover welcome, but there she sat, smiling fondly on that old, withered man. She never as much as introduced him, but sat as if her whole being was wrapt in her new-found friend.

It was after a fearful struggle with himself that Mark commanded his feelings so far as to sit down, as if nothing had happened. He felt that he was not at home; there was a cold indifference shown toward him by every member of the family; and he felt how bitter it was for a warm, sanguine heart like his to be plunged into such a freezing atmosphere.

But the worst of it was to come, for the old man declared that he felt the fire of youth returning to his heart; so that he would like to sing a song in praise of his darling little sweetheart.

The idea was hailed with shouts of mirth, and he was requested by all, save one, to let them have it.

Need we say that that one was Mark Stevenson. There he sat, speechless, while his whole frame quivered with suppressed passion; but heedless of his agony, the old man began the following lively words to a well-known Scottish air:

Though loudly blows the wintry blast,  
And nature a' be dreary O'  
Though sleet and rain be falling fast,  
I'll gang and see my deary O!  
For love's sweet th' has bound my heart,  
For ever to my deary O!  
And a' life's ills can never part  
My thoughts frae my kind deary O!

This was too much for Mark's feelings: he arose hastily, and rushed from the house.

What a revolution had taken place in his feelings within half-an-hour! Then he had been full of confidence and with bright anticipations for the future; and now he was full of jealousy and despair. Then she had hung as an angel's shadow over his heart; now the remembrance of her stirred his heart into a wild storm of fury.

In a few minutes his soul was filled with the two extremes of human passion—Love and Hate; and the bliss, the other the bane of man's existence.

But great as the change was which had been wrought in the mind of Mark during that brief interval, it was no greater than the one which had taken place out of doors, for a heavy fall of snow had begun to throw its white mantle over the dark bosom of the torpid earth.

Heedless of this circumstance, Mark rushed madly forward, without once thinking or caring whither he was going; he cared little where, so that it would lead him from the hateful presence of the one that had destroyed his hopes, and made a wreck of all his happiness for ever. His blood seemed boiling, and his brain on fire—he could not think; all he wished was to fly from himself.

At length his excitement began to abate; and now, for the first time since he had started on his wild race, he began to reflect, and he saw that he had run, he knew not where.

He found himself out in a wild moorland country; the road, at the best of times, was not very well defined, but now all traces of it were lost under the fast-falling snow, which seemed to fall thicker and thicker, destroying every trace of landmark which might have guided him to some human habitation.

In vain he searched for a track that would lead him to a house, or even to the public road. Down it came faster, faster yet, wrapping the dead earth in a shroud of virgin purity, which every moment was getting deeper and deeper.

Good heavens! what if it should become his shroud also! What if he should perish in the snow, and perhaps lie out on that moorland waste till the warmth of spring would dissolve his wintry raiment and disclose his decaying body to some chance wanderer.

The thought was maddening, and he cursed his own folly for allowing his passion to get the better of him. He shouted till he was hoarse, but received no answer, save from the echo of his own voice, which seemed to mock at his despair; and, to add to his horror, a sharp, cutting wind arose, which carried the powdered snow in dense clouds, making banks in some places which were almost impassable.

At length exhausted nature could hold out no longer, and he sat down on a snow-wreath to rest himself. He knew his danger and dreaded falling asleep, lest he should never awaken again upon the earth; but vainly

he strove against it. He felt a drowsy languor stealing over him, which was soon succeeded by a feeling of easy comfort, such as one might feel in a dream after some great exertion.

At length sleep overpowered him, and he sank insensible on the ground. And still the snow fell thicker and thicker, and the sharp wind was drifting it faster and faster, as if the Spirit of Mercy sought to hide this sin-spotted, crime-darkened world with her own bright robe of purity and peace from the angry face of frowning heaven.

#### CHAPTER II.

THE cries of Mark Stevenson had attracted the attention of two travellers, who were fortunate enough to discover him before he was buried in the drifting snow. He was conveyed to a farmhouse, where, after much difficulty, he was restored to animation. With returning life his jealous hatred returned once more, and with such force that he almost cursed the individuals who had been the means of his restoration.

He lay awake all night, brooding on some plan of revenge against his hated rival; but no sooner was one plan formed than it was put aside for another.

His mind was like a troubled sea; he was agitated by a thousand doubts and fears that kept him tossing to and fro during the whole of that night, and when morning broke it found him in a raging fever, which confined him for several weeks to his bed, during which his life was despaired of.

Through the strength of a good constitution and careful attention, he rallied once more and overcame the malady; but his complete recovery was much retarded by the state of his mind, and it was early spring before he became convalescent.

He had neither seen nor heard of Mary Lee or her aged lover since that fearful night, for whenever he commenced to speak or make inquiries about them, those who were in attendance declared that they knew nothing about them, except that his former sweetheart was about to get married to a man who was older than her father.

He had not long to wait for the full confirmation of the report, for, in a few days after, they were married by the pastor of the village.

Mr. Leaster, Mary's husband, was said to be very wealthy, having spent the most of his life abroad, where he had amassed a large fortune, and now he had returned to spend the evening of his life in domestic quiet and retirement.

Previous to their marriage he had bought a beautiful cottage about a mile out of the village; and after having furnished it in the most sumptuous style, he led home his blooming little wife, that she might gladden his heart and home with her sunny smiles.

Mark Stevenson felt deeply grieved that one he had trusted and thought so much of should have deceived him so far. He could not for a moment let himself believe that she loved the old man, and that consequently she must have a meaner motive.

It must have been for his gold that she had sacrificed her own and his happiness. She had led him to believe that he was almost necessary to her existence.

And now it stung him to the inmost soul to find that all the love that he had lavished on her was lost, and that she had proved such an ungrateful creature.

Where were the bright and happy dreams which he had pictured for the future? Where were the bright buds of hope, wherewith, in imagination, he had bordered his future pathway through life? All, all had perished and left him standing, alone, amidst the shattered idols of his heart.

At one time he would walk up and down his little room, wringing his hands; anon he would eat himself on the floor, his hands firmly clenching in his hair, and looking so wild that reason seemed tottering on her throne.

For a moment the thought flashed across his mind that he might get rid of all his troubles by putting an end to his existence; but immediately the thought occurred to him that this would only be wreaking vengeance on himself, and leaving his enemy to enjoy uninterrupted happiness with the object of his love.

More than once the thought arose in his mind to destroy the destroyer of his peace.

The first time that this idea entered his brain, it made his blood run cold and the flesh creep on his bones.

To imbrue his hands in the blood of a fellow-creature was too fearful a crime for one like him to plunge into all at once. The bare thought of it made him tremble.

One lonely Sabbath morning, about the latter end of April, he rose at an early hour, and went forth into the fields to have a quiet ramble, and to see if the

cool morning breeze would mitigate the fever which seemed burning in his brain, and which had deprived him of sleep during the night.

The morning sun was shining in all his unclouded splendour. There was not a cloud to dim the blue of heaven, and warbling skylarks were charming the ear of morn with their thrilling gush of silvery song.

The hedges and woods were clad in the rich green livery of budding spring, while every leaf and blade of grass was adorned

With trembling tears by nature shed,

that sparkled like jewels in the golden sunshine. The fields were teeming with hares, that frisked and gambolled as if mad with pleasure, while every thicket seemed alive with tuneful throats, pouring forth their morning songs.

As Mark passed under the dim arcade of a high arching wood, he listened to the cooing of the wood-pigeon, mingled with the rich and mellow songs of the thrush and blackbird, blending with the whispering of the forest leaves; and as his eye and ear caught these various sights and sounds, which bespoke the universal happiness of nature, both animate and inanimate, he could not but reflect on the great contrast which his own case presented, for he, instead of being filled with a grateful thankfulness for the countless blessings which had fallen on him through all his life, was filled with madness and despair because one of the objects on which his heart had been set, was taken from him.

As he emerged from the woods he entered a wild dingle, through which flowed a crystal brook that went tripping past to its own music, now darting through between the rocks which lay in its course, then curving quietly round the larger stones, anon brawling in angry eddies as it dashed over the smaller pebbles, reminding him of the character of man, who often bears with calm heroism the greatest afflictions in life, but who is often chafed to death with the trifling impediments that rise upon his way.

Mark sat down in a lovely nook, on a shelving piece of rock, and brooded silently on the happy scene.

The remembrance of the past joined to the sweet tranquillity of the scene, melted his stubborn heart, and he wept bitterly. All the feelings of his better nature rushed back upon his heart, and his soul once more trembled at the fearful deed which he had contemplated, and sinking on his knees in that sequestered spot, he prayed for pardon.

At length he arose to return home, and as he neared the village, the bells began to summon the people to the house of prayer, and

Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest with his hyssop  
Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters the blessings upon them.

How soft and soothing to his passion-tossed soul came their silver tinkle on his ear!—his heart was already softened, but their sweet sounds perfectly subdued it for the time.

As he wended his way homeward, Mark, by evil chance, met Mr. and Mrs. Leaster amongst the throng. The former seemed to smile contemptuously, while his wife tossed her pretty head, as much as to say, "See how much better I have done than if I had married you!"

This encounter brought the blood to Mark Stevenson's cheek, and his former hatred to his heart. All his good resolutions vanished in the air. Indeed, the momentary check which his passion had received seemed only to have lent it greater force, for it now burned within his soul like a volcano.

When he reached home, he locked himself up in his room, where he remained feeding his evil passions with the dark thoughts of his own wicked heart. There was a demon's spell upon him; his heart was on fire; and nothing but blood—the blood of the man who had destroyed his peace—could quench it!

The day began to close, and night threw her dark mantle over the earth.

The weather had been remarkably fine, but as the evening set in, the heavens became overcast with huge masses of black, drifting clouds, and the wind began to moan and fret itself into complete fury.

By midnight the rain fell in torrents, and between the wild gusts of wind the thunder could be heard rumbling in the distance, like some mighty monster growling over its prey.

The night was dark and tempestuous without; but it was light and peace itself compared to the criminal gloom and fearful storm of passion that raged within the breast of Mark Stevenson, as he paced up and down his little room.

The night was dark and dismal, but the light of morn would arise and scatter all the gloom, and fill the heavens with its golden glory. The tempest would soon subside, and leave the face of nature brighter for its visit. But the gloomy clouds that darkened the mind of Mark were never to be dispelled, and that

seething sea of hate that raged in his bosom could never more be stilled.

When the storm was at its height, he might have been seen stealing quietly from his own dwelling; he looked carefully around to see that no one was watching him—although there was no great danger of that, for the night was such that no one would be abroad who had a home to go to.

He took his way through a neighbouring field, and in a quarter of an hour afterward he stood listening at one of the windows of Mr. Leaster's cottage. After having satisfied himself that all was quiet, he tried the sash, and found that it was not fastened; he lifted it gently, and put a small wedge between the casement and the frame, then crept into the room on his hands and knees.

Having taken off his shoes, he stole softly to another apartment. Again he bent his ear and listened earnestly; but no sound met his ear, save the shrieking of the tempest without and the deep-drawn breath of the persons sleeping within.

Noislessly he turned the handle of the door and entered the room, and in a moment more he stood beside the bed of his victim. The darkness was lit up for a moment by a bright flash of lightning, that revealed everything in the apartment as plain as if it had been noonday.

There stood the assassin, with the gleaming knife in his trembling hand; his cheeks and lips were ghastly pale, and his eyeballs were starting from their sockets, as with a look of fiendish hatred, he gazed on his unconscious victims, while they, in thoughtless security, lay locked in each other's arms.

Oh, how it stung his inmost soul, as he saw her dæmonic cheek resting on the withered breast of him whom she called her husband!

As he bent over them, the heavens were again lit up by a bright sheet of flame, that for a moment made everything appear clear and distinct. At that instant Mrs. Leaster awoke with a wild scream. She recognized the face, and exclaimed:

"Mark Stevenson!"

Again all was dark;—night had swallowed up the lightning's brand, the thunder had drowned Mr. Leaster's fearful cry, and death had drunk up the life-blood of him who was called her husband, while the demons of darkness shrieked with triumph that another fiend had been added to their number.

#### CHAPTER III.

AS soon as the murderer had accomplished the deed, he fled from the house, as if he had been pursued by all the furies. But where could he fly for safety? Mrs. Leaster had recognized him, and before another hour the whole village would be in pursuit of him.

Fear seemed to have lent him wings, so great was his speed, as he left the place of his birth far behind. As he fled from the scene of his guilt, the storm still raged wildly, and his heated imagination construed the shrieking of the blast into peals of dæmonic laughter from the fallen spirits, who were exulting over the awful deed which linked his soul with theirs.

And he thought the gleaming lightning was the messenger of vengeance, about to strike him dead, while the deep-voiced thunder seemed like a voice calling to him as it did to Cain:

"Where is thy brother?"

This was a new spur to his fear, and although he was ready to drop with exhaustion, he still kept on his wild career; until at length, exhausted nature could hold out no longer, and, completely overcome with his superhuman efforts, he sank almost senseless on the cold, wet ground.

Look at that pale and guilty wretch, as he sits alone in the fearful darkness, and communes with his own gloomy thoughts. His soul is shaken to its very depths by the agony of vain remorse and an appalling dread of the future. The slightest sound makes him start and stare wildly around him, while his guilty conscience makes him look with suspicion on every object that meets his gaze.

Mark felt that from henceforward he must be a fugitive and vagabond on the face of the earth; the mark of Cain was upon him, and he thought, with his blood-stained precursor:

"Every one that findeth me shall slay me," and he groaned in bitterness of soul. His body shook convulsively with a cold tremor, and his heart seemed as if it would have rent with hysterical sobs, and with a flood of bitter tears, he sought to wash away the red stain from his guilty soul.

But all in vain;  
An ocean-shed in tears could never wash  
Away that crimson stain!

He felt that there was no more peace for him in life; that he would be followed by a shadow, that would never leave him day nor night; in the peopled city or the lonely wilderness, that ghastly form would haunt



him still. Whatever was beautiful on earth, he felt he could not assume the aspect of his murdered foe, or at least the grim visage would thrust its horrid face between him and all that he beheld, so that life would become a curse that scarcely could be borne, were it not for the fear of a more dreadful one in the unborn future. And even

When they would meet at compt,  
That look of his would hurl his soul from heaven,  
And fiends would snatch at it

The storm had expended all its fury, and the day began to break in the east, but how cold and cheerless was it for this hapless wretch!

The sun rose in all his glorious majesty, scattering with his golden beams the mists of night, and smiling as bright as if neither death nor sorrow had ever stained the page of human life.

In other days Mark Stevenson would have rejoiced in the unclouded beauty that met his gaze on this lovely morn, but now it filled him with unmitigated pain, for it formed a striking contrast to his own guilty, troubled heart.

He felt completely exhausted, both in body and mind. He felt that it would be impossible for him to proceed any further on his journey till he had rest and refreshment. So he waited till the morning had advanced a little, when he saw the blue smoke curling up from the chimneys of some cottages which lay a little distance from him. As he approached, his heart sank within him. He thought that every one who looked upon him would be able to read his crime in his face.

After having waited a short time, in expectation of some one moving about, but seeing none, he at length ventured to knock at one of the doors.

It was answered by a lovely little girl, who seemed to be greatly frightened by his appearance. And well she might; for he looked wild and uncouth, with his pale, haggard countenance, and wet clothes all covered with mud—the very picture of wretchedness.

When he saw the child shrinking from him, his guilty conscience told him that this was the first fruits of his crime, and he could scarcely find strength to ask the girl:

"Is your mother in?"

"Yes," answered the child.

Then she ran to inform her mother that a stranger wished to see her.

When the mother came he told her that he had lost his way, and that he had been out all night in the storm, and he wished to know if she would give him some refreshment, and let him rest a little.

As it was a wild, untravelled country, the woman believed his story, and told him to walk into the kitchen, where there was a good fire burning, and preparations making for an early breakfast.

Mark sat down, but as he was readily supposed, he could not eat much. While they were seated at breakfast, a neighbour farmer, who had spent the night at the market town, called in, as he was passing on his way homeward, and asked them if they had heard the news.

"What news?" inquired Mrs. Howard.

"The news about the dreadful murder which has taken place near P—," replied the man; and he gave a full account of the fearful transaction, and terminated with the wish that he might soon see the villain in the hands of justice.

The convulsive twitchings of Mark's face had not passed unnoticed; the farmer had observed them, and fearful suspicions flashed across his mind, and he left the house in great haste.

In about an hour, Mark thought his garments were dry enough, so, after thanking the woman for her kindness, and bestowing a present on the child, he proceeded on his way.

#### CHAPTER IV.

MARK STEVENSON continued on his journey for about an hour, when he sat down on an old moss-covered stone, to consider what he should do, and how best elude the pursuit which he knew would be made after him.

As he sat brooding over his miserable condition, he was aroused by the sound of approaching footsteps. He looked up with a hurried, questioning glance, when he recognized the face of the farmer and two constables from P—.

He saw at a glance that flight was impossible; so making a virtue of necessity, he surrendered, and was marched back to the village between the two officers. As he passed through the streets, and felt the eyes of those who had known him from childhood looking down upon him, he wished the earth would open and swallow him up.

We will pass over the scene of the trial and conviction, when he was consigned to the condemned cell. Here he would sit for hours at a stretch, rocking his

body to and fro, weeping bitterly, and cursing the folly which had led him to commit such an act.

At length the hour arrived when he was obliged to go forth to meet his doom. He did so with a firm but steady step. He cast his eyes on the ground; nor did he raise them till he stood on the scaffold. When he did look up and saw so many faces gazing on him, he felt a sickening sensation creeping over his heart, and if it had not been for the clergyman he would have fallen.

At length he was launched forth. He felt himself falling. What a flood of feelings swept across his mind during that short space of time!

What could this mean? Had the rope broken, or what could it be? He felt certain that he had fallen to the earth, for an aching pain in the head assured him of the fact that it had come in contact with something hard.

By degrees he recovered his senses, and looking around him, he discovered that he had been labouring under a delusion—that it had been all a dream; for he was sitting on his own floor, where he had fallen from the chair where he had been asleep.

In due time he reached the abode of his beloved Mary; but what was his consternation when he entered the house and found the old man of his dream sitting with Mary.

He gazed at them for a moment with speechless astonishment, not knowing whether to leave the house at once or wait for an explanation. And in that moment all the horrors of his dream rushed across his memory. Could it be possible that the vision was a lifting up of the curtain of futurity and a revelation of his future fate? Heaven forbid! but he trembled to think of it.

He was not left long in suspense, for Mary, with all the light-hearted joyousness of her nature, sprang towards him with a glad smile playing round her pretty little mouth, and her dark eyes radiant with love and happiness. As she laid her hand on his shoulder and looked into his face, her own lit up with a welcoming smile; and her dark eyes, tremulous with a flood of sunny love, banished all his fears.

Then throwing his arms around her girlish form he pressed her to his bosom and imprinted a kiss on her rich scarlet lips, and murmured softly:

"I feel that Mary still is mine."

She looked into his face with an arch smile, while a crimson flush overspread her cheeks, and laying her small white hand on his mouth, she whispered:

"Never mind your love just now. Come and I'll introduce you to my father."

Mr. Lee, Mary's father, had returned from India, where he had amassed a large fortune. He purchased a small estate in the neighbourhood of P—, and which he presented to the young couple on the day of their marriage.

We have little more to say. In time there was quite a number of representatives gathered round the hearth, to whom Mary often related this dream, and warned them to beware of evil passions, for even in dreams guilt brings its own reward.

W. A. D.

**THE SOUTH WALES MEMORIAL TO THE LATE PRINCE CONSORT.**—This mark of respect for the illustrious Consort of her Majesty by the inhabitants of South Wales generally is making good progress in the principality. The design selected by the committee of management is an exact counterpart of the memorials which have been erected at Aberdeen and in the new Horticultural Gardens at Kensington, as it was considered it would be more acceptable to her Majesty than any other design. The site chosen for the placing of the memorial is Tudor-square, Tenby, which has now become, from the many improvements that have been made in it, the most fashionable and picturesque watering-place in South Wales. The artist to whom the work is confided has promised its completion in the early part of the autumn, when it is confidently expected that his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales will take part in the ceremony which will take place on the occasion. Too much praise cannot be given to the Mayor of Tenby, Mr. George White (who, singular to state, is a lineal descendant of Jasper White, of Tenby, who protected and saved the life of Henry VII., when Earl of Richmond), for the indefatigable exertions he has made in conducting the business of the undertaking. The movement has received the cordial support of the principal inhabitants of Wales.

**THE LATE DUKE OF CLEVELAND.**—Notwithstanding his Grace came to the title, on the death of his father, so poor that he had to borrow £20,000 from his duchess's nephew, Colonel, then Captain Paulet Somerset, whom, however, he paid off within the first year, and notwithstanding his extraordinary munificence, he has died, after living in a princely yet prudent style, leaving behind him a colossal fortune. It is understood that by his will the

housekeeper is pensioned with £100 a year; the valet and butler have each an annuity of £50. All the servants according to their service are remembered, those there three years with one year's wages; five years' service two years' wages; and ten years five years' wages. Mr. Searth, the steward of the vast estates, has a legacy of £6,000, and the comptroller, Mr. Lipscombe, £4,000. Mr. Sussex and Mr. Henry Milbanke, £1,000 each; Mr. Forrester, the husband of the late Lady Louisa, the duke's eldest sister, £20,000; Lady Alvanly, £10,000; Lady Augusta Milbanke, £10,000; her eldest daughter, the duke's niece, £10,000, and each of her five children, the same amount. Col. Paulet Somerset, £40,000; the Lady Augusta Paulet, £100,000, £2,000 worth of plate, the pictures and objects of art his grace purchased, and the choice of any carriages and horses; but with regard to this bequest, except that of money, her ladyship has relinquished all claim. The residue goes to Mr. Morgan Vane, upon whom eventually will devolve the title of Viscount and Baron Barnard, of Barnard Castle. This fortune is supposed to be worth nearly half a million.

#### MONEY CURRENCY OF THE WORLD.

The currency of the world includes many kinds of money. Gold, silver, copper, iron, in coins or by weight—stamped leather, stamped paper, wooden tallies, shells of various kinds, pieces of silk or strips of cotton cloth, of a fixed size and quality, are, or have been, all in use among mankind as forms of currency, as convenient or negotiable forms or representatives of property.

Many of these kinds of money are simultaneously in use in the same country. Gold, silver, copper and stamped paper co-exist as different forms of money in the currency of Europe and America; gold, silver, copper, and shells in India; silver, copper, and pieces of silk in China; copper, cotton-strips, shells and the silver dollar in various parts of Africa. Sparta had a currency of iron.

There is ample variety in the substances out of which money is made, metal, shells, cloth, leather, paper; and moreover, every country shapes the substances, or such of them as it uses, in a different form from the others.

The generic quality which constitutes money is manifestly something extrinsic to these substances, some quality superimposed upon or attributed to them, or at least to the shape they assume as currency. Gold coin is not money in China, it is silver.

In England silver is not a legal tender, save to the extent of forty shillings in payment of debt. Above that amount it is simply bullion: it is no more money than brass or tin or platinum is.

Half a dozen kinds of silver coin are current at Shanghai—five kinds of the dollar and the Indian rupee; but a few years ago only one of these coins, the old Spanish Carolus dollar, was a legal tender. This state of matters was remedied in the autumn of 1855.

The States of Europe have in some respects almost become a commonwealth, but the currency of one State will not circulate in another. The English sovereign, indeed, is readily taken in payment in some parts of the continent; but even it does not circulate, no more than Napoleons circulate in England.

Although the coins of one country will not circulate in another, gold and silver are recognized as the raw material of money all over Europe and America, and are valued accordingly; but paper money, out of its own country, may be said to carry no value at all.

Bank of England notes, indeed, which have the same prestige over other kinds of paper-money which the sovereign has over other coins, may be used without difficulty in Paris, and at no greater charge than is made for converting sovereigns and half-crowns into French money. But even in the same country there is often a limitation to the circulation of some kinds of money.

The sovereign, though a legal tender and readily accepted when offered in payment, hardly circulates in Scotland, the Scotch preferring paper money, as the most safe and convenient form of currency, and also as the cheapest. Scotch bank-notes, again, are not a legal tender in other parts of the kingdom.

In England, there are many provincial banks, the notes of each of which circulate readily in the districts where the issuing banks are situated, but are looked upon with suspicion elsewhere; they will not circulate widely, simply because they are a kind of money with which the public at large are not familiar, and in which, accordingly, they have no confidence. English provincial banks are very much like the state banks in America.

Of all forms of money silver is the most widely recognized, and, therefore, holds the first place in the currency of the world. It is the standard money of China, with a population of 400,000,000, and of India,

with a population of 160,000,000. It is also recognized as money all over Europe and America.

Gold, at present, holds the second place in the currency of the world. But unless new silver mines are found, the recent discovery of the gold deposits in California and Australia will make gold more abundant and more cheap, and tend to wrest all supremacy from silver and give it to gold, by inducing the European and American States to make all the necessary addition to the metallic portion of their currency in the latter metal.

Next in amount of circulation to gold and silver money, comes paper, issued under legal restrictions. In England, France, Austria, and Russia, the amount of paper money in circulation is very large, but not so large in proportion, at present, as in the United States.

Paper money has the widest range in value of all kinds of money. It is also the cheapest and most portable. In the form of bills of exchange—which, however, are not a legal tender—paper money plays the most important part of all in carrying on the commerce of the world.

It may also be used as a substitute for all kinds of money, if under proper restrictions, with perfect safety and great economy. And in modern times it has always been had recourse to, with more or less prudence and advantage, by nations who in exceptional times find themselves in a temporary deficiency of metallic money. It should never be forgotten that money is a mere medium for the exchange of useful and necessary products.

**CLOSE OF THE SHOOTING SEASON IN FRANCE.**—The shooting season in France is now closed. The licences have this year amounted in number to 180,000, producing upwards of four millions. Before the law of May 3, 1844, the price was only 15*s.*, but since that time it has been 25*s.*—15*s.* for the State, and 10*s.* for the commune. Notwithstanding the vigilance of the mayors, the number of poachers is estimated at 455,000. According to calculation, the average produce for each sportsman is 50*s.* Multiplying that amount by 60,000, which is the total number of regular sportsmen and poachers, the real produce of the shooting in France is 30 millions.

**RESTORATION OF CHARING CROSS.**—One of the most graceful services ever rendered to London will be the erection of a monument as nearly as possible the same in size and feature as the original Eleanor Cross which stood in the village of Charing. This architectural boon is promised by the new railway company, whose architect, Mr. Barry, A.R.A., has found a most convenient site in the open space in front of the terminus, very near the exact spot on which the ancient cross stood. The height of the edifice will be nearly 70*ft.* Of the ten crosses which marked the halting-places of the coffin of Queen Eleanor on the road from Grantham to Westminster Abbey, only three are now in existence, the finest being that at Waltham.

**EXTRAORDINARY LONGEVITY.**—From an analysis of the obituary published in the *Times* during the past three days the following rare instances of prolonged life are gleaned:—On the 18th, the deaths of three ladies and four gentlemen are recorded, whose united ages amounted to 595 years, giving an average of 85 years to each; the oldest man was 91, the youngest 82; the oldest woman 84, and the youngest 83. On the following day, the 19th inst., the illustrations are still more remarkable, as the united ages of the same number—viz., four ladies and three gentlemen, amounted to 612 years, giving an average of 87 years and 6 months for each; the oldest man was 93 and the youngest 90; the oldest woman was 90 and the youngest 81. Remarkable as these ages are, they were exceeded on Saturday, when the united ages of three ladies and four gentlemen amounted to the almost unprecedented number of 627 years, giving an average of 89 years and nearly seven months to each period, the oldest, a woman, being 100 years, and the youngest, of the same sex, having reached 86; the oldest man was 93 and the youngest 83. Thus on three consecutive days, the 18th, 19th, and 20th inst., the obituary of the *Times* recorded 21 cases of prolonged life, amounting collectively to 1,834 years, or an average of 87 years and four months to each person.

**DISCOVERY OF A NEW GRAIN.**—Several letters have appeared from time to time in various sporting and scientific publications from the pen of our neighbour Mr. Gillbanks, describing the scarcity of wild-fowl in particular, and other once numerous birds, and ascribing it to the disappearance of their natural food from draining, high farming, and other similar causes. These articles, it seems, have attracted much attention, emanating as they did from a practical naturalist and observant sportsman. It appears that some gentlemen in her Majesty's service, during their explorations in a very wild part of our North American

possessions, were struck with the pertinacity with which immense flocks of wild-fowl and other game haunted certain localities. On close investigation it was found that they came there to feed on a sort of rice which was indigenous to the place, and renewed itself by shedding its seed in the alluvial deposit. Mr. Gillbanks has this week received a letter from a gentleman in a high official post under Government, who has forwarded him a considerable quantity of the said grain, and requesting Mr. Gillbanks to make experiments thereon and report the result. As it was found in a wild state and in a much colder locality than this, Mr. Gillbanks is very sanguine not only of getting it to grow, but improving it. It seems to differ from the "paddy," or national rice of China. If it succeeds, and sows itself in our bogs, it will be the greatest boon the British sportsman ever had conferred upon him.—*Carlisle Patriot.*

## THE RETURNED SOLDIER.

WHEN England declared war against Russia for having seized Turkish territory as "a material guarantee"—just as Austria and Prussia have now, under the same pretence, seized on the Danish Duchies—amongst the troops who embarked for the Crimea there was no more ardent soldier than Edwin Welter, of the —th Regiment. He had the glory of fighting at the Alma, at Balaklava, and at Inkermann; but had the misfortune of being wounded and carried off by the Russians in one of the desperate conflicts that occurred in the trenches before Sebastopol.

He was thrown as a captive into one of the ordinary prisons, where he was doomed to languish forgotten, and, as he feared, deemed dead by his former comrades in arms, and by his friends at home. During the period of his seemingly hopeless imprisonment, he made many and desperate efforts to escape; but all were foiled. He did not, however, despair, although he suffered from the sickness of hope deferred; and at length, by the aid of a pardoned Russian culprit with whom he had shared much misery, and who, when free, did not forget him, he succeeded in escaping; such disguise, means, and directions being furnished him by his late fellow-prisoner, that in time he found his way to Constantinople, whence he obtained passage to England.

On his arrival at Portsmouth he chanced to fall in with an old acquaintance and fellow-soldier, who had settled there on his return from the war, and was now engaged in prosperous business.

"You come like one from the grave," said his friend, "for all the boys thought you were killed; you were so returned in the lists; and so reported to your friends and relatives. How rejoiced and how astonished they will be to see you—the more so after so long mourning for your supposed death in a foreign land."

"That they will!" exclaimed Welter; "and the joy of such a reunion will almost repay me for the sufferings of my imprisonment, during which I so constantly sighed over the images of the many who dearly loved me, and whom at times I gave up all hope of ever seeing again. I shall write without further delay, and as soon as I get the means, I shall go home to my friends."

"You will spoil half the pleasure of it by not taking them all by surprise. You need not write, but go at once. I will furnish you with the means, and whether you refund it or not will be no matter. I am paid beforehand by seeing you alive, though, to tell the truth, I should not have recognized you, if you had not spoken to me first; and you will find it the same with them, you are so strangely worn and altered by the rough usage of the Russians. If I were you, though, I should rather like that; for if you choose, you can have no little sport, by going among them under some assumed name, and hearing what they say of you, now that you are, you know, dead and gone, and alive and come back!"

Welter resolved to adopt the suggestion, and was within a short time once more in the city from which a few years before he had departed with such an ardent spirit of military adventure.

There he at once confided his project to an old schoolmate who was an intimate acquaintance of his father's family, and who consented to accompany him and witness what might occur at the meetings between him and his unsuspecting relatives and friends.

Having rendered his disguise more complete by the aid of dress, and a wig and false whiskers, he, with his friend Tolman, agreed first to call at the house of his married sister, Cornelia; Edwin being confident that if she, who had so deeply loved him, should fail to detect his disguise, he would be sure to go unrecognized by every one else.

There was an evening party assembled, and Tolman and his friend "Merton" were welcomed to their number, and Edwin's heart throbbed for the recog-

nition which, notwithstanding his disguise, he every moment hoped for.

At his suggestion, Tolman took an opportunity to allude to the lamented dead, that Edwin might see how much he was sorrowed for.

"This party reminds me of the good old times when your brother was alive," said he to Cornelia. "How I wish he was here!"

"So do I," said the affectionate sister. "I always thought a good deal of Edwin. Pity he went to the war. But he's dead, and I suppose he's better off, and these things are all for the best."

"I should like to show him your photograph of Edwin," said Tolman, noticing the shock which her seeming indifference had caused.

"It's in the album, somewhere on the table, I believe," was the careless reply; "and yet, now I think of it, it isn't; for I remember I missed it a short time ago. Somebody made love to it, I suppose. It was a very good portrait."

"I want to show it to Mr. Merton, particularly, because he was in the same battle when your brother lost his life—the same company, I believe."

"Was he, indeed? Then he was one of the lucky ones."

And hastily excusing herself, the affectionate sister left them; and Edwin, bitterly wounded and humbled, was but too glad to withdraw with his friend soon after, heedless of his humane apology that "Cornelia was too much engaged to show any greater grief than she did."

"Then she really felt," said Edwin. "This was sincerity. What signs of love she might have exhibited, had I been known, would have been deceit. How much I was mistaken in her! And she thinks my death was one of those things that are all for the best; and my photograph, of which she was so careless, simply a very good portrait!"

On the following day Tolman called with Edwin upon his brother Arthur, at his place of business; and when informed that the stranger wished to know if he had ever heard positively what became of Edwin, Arthur looked up from his accounts with an expression of great anxiety.

"The mention of my name has brought a pang to his afflicted heart," thought Edwin. "He, at least, mourns my loss."

"You will excuse me, gentlemen, but I am very busy to-day," replied the disconsolate brother. "As to what actually did become of Edwin, I can't say, really. I don't see any reason to doubt he's dead. I gave him up long ago. But I am so busy I can't spare time to talk about him just now. You see how it is. Call again some other time, Mr. Tolman, you and your friend. Edwin died in a good cause, Mr. Merton, and I suppose he right as well have died that way as other way. Good morning, gentlemen, good-morning. Call again."

Edwin's heart sank within him as he walked away, more sorrow-stricken than he had ever been; but he was silent, though his friend expressed his disgust and indignation in forcible terms.

"There is one to whom I mean to go," said Edwin, a smile of hope momentarily lighting up his haggard and melancholy face. "That's Margaret Vane. You know she was my sweetheart, Tolman; and if the love of relatives amounts to nothing, after a few years of separation, hers, I know, is more enduring. I should have paid her a visit in the first place. Will you go with me? I think this will be a more agreeable interview."

"Wherever you wish, Edwin. I know, myself, that she used almost to worship you, and I have no doubt she will be your wife yet."

"Then you are sure she is not married?"

"Married! No, indeed! Lives in the same old house with her father yet. I have often met her in the street, and whenever she alludes to you, she speaks of you with deep enthusiasm; I have even seen tears standing in her eyes at such times."

"Bless her dear heart!" ejaculated Edwin. "Let's hurry. I hope we shall find her at home, but I'm afraid I shall frighten her when I make myself known, and she sees how I have altered."

They repaired to the house, and did find her at home. She came to the door herself, and started back when she saw them, with a look of dismay.

"She knows me at first sight!" was the first thought of Edwin.

"Why, there!" cried she; "I thought it was Mr. Peter Peabody! I was expecting him every moment. Walk in, gentlemen. Mr. Tolman, I am so glad to see you."

"She don't look so," thought Edwin, suspiciously, and wondering who "Mr. Peabody" was.

He was now introduced as Mr. Merton, who had seen Edwin Welter fall.

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Margaret Vane, with a look of deep interest. "He was a very, very dear friend of mine. I was deeply attached to him. Were you an intimate friend of his?"



"Quite so, I assure you," answered Edwin. "We have slept in the same tent together, and —"

He was about to give her still more interesting information about himself, when the bell rang, and a servant announced to Miss Vane that "Mr. Peabody had come."

This intelligence seemed to agitate her. She blushed, and faltered in her voice, and was begging to be excused for a few moments, when Edwin, unwilling to separate so soon from one who loved him with such fervour, suddenly removed his wig and whiskers, an act which was followed on the part of Margaret by a loud and sudden shriek.

In an instant Mr. Peter Peabody strided into the apartment, and, with a jealous frown, demanded what was the matter.

"Margaret! Margaret! Don't you know me? I am Edwin!"

"Who—whose Edwin?" inquired Mr. Peabody, uneasily glancing at all the parties.

"Why, Edwin! Are you really alive?" cried Margaret, with an expression of as much disappointment as surprise in her face. "How altered you are!"

The hand he had seized with fervour was cold in his grasp, and but faintly returned the pressure.

"I can't stand this. I'm going," growled Mr. Peabody.

"Oh, Mr. Peabody," cried Margaret, "stop a minute, these gentlemen are just going. Why, Edwin, how changed you have grown; but you see how very much engaged I am at present; pray come with Mr. Tolman some time."

And without further ceremony, Margaret withdrew with Mr. Peabody. The two friends left and hurried away, Edwin crowding his wig and whiskers into his hat.

"Peabody," muttered Edwin to his friend, who, despite the untoward discovery, could not help laughing aloud; "this Peabody must be somebody, and I begin to believe that I am nobody, and had better have been dead, as they thought me, long ago. Instead of my surprising others, as I thought to have done, after listening to their love and praises of me, I find that the love and astonishment have been all on one side. But, halloo! here comes Andrew Driver, with his same old surging gait, and beaming, jolly face. He is a noble-hearted fellow, and was always a warm friend of mine. Just stop him, Tolman, now I've got my wig and whiskers on again, and say something about me. I'd give more for his opinion than for that of all the relations and false-hearted women that ever made others affectionate by their deception."

Tolman did as requested, and the noble-hearted Driver said pleasantly:

"Oh, yes, I recollect young Werter very well. Killed in Russia, so they say. Went off there for glory, and he got it, ha, ha! Got to glory sooner than he expected. He was a good fellow enough, but I always thought he was a little cracked. Too romantic altogether, and he got to facts at last. Ha, ha! Fine weather, isn't it? Good morning to you."

"And the deuce take you!" exclaimed Edwin, as Driver swung gaily along, little thinking that the "dead man" had heard him, and was now pondering the value and endurance of human love and friendship.

"After these experiences, I don't know if I hadn't better go back to Russia, and remain there for the rest of my days. Ah, Tolman, in the darkest hours I ever passed there, I did find consolation in the thought that those I loved continued to lament me. I thought they mourned as I would have mourned, and had yearned to see me as I yearned to see them. But you see how it is."

"I know it is rather humiliating, Edwin, but it is the way of the world, as we generally find it, though there are some faithful exceptions."

"Many—many! There must be many genuine, tenacious hearts, that never grow cold over the memories of the lost; but perhaps it would be better if it were not so. They alone, it seems to me, should be spared all sorrow for the dead. And now, when I consider that if all were as true as they, the world would be filled with mourners, each new death making life more gloomy, I feel almost as ashamed of my vain regret, as I am of the shallow affection of those who have caused it."

And with this bit of philosophy Edwin ended his lamentations over his disappointments.

W. E. O.

**THE BLACK PRINCE.**—A correspondent, writing from Gibraltar Bay, says: "I can assure you, from an experience of forty years afloat, that the Black Prince is the finest ship in the world. We have now made a fair trial of her sailing qualities, and find that she can keep her station with the Edgar, wooden liner. The most effectual testing was during the passage from Santa Cruz to this bay. About 9.30 a.m., our brave Admiral Daeres made a signal for us and

the sister ship, the Warrior, to have a sailing match till 1 p.m. Consequently, we carried on the canvas; and, there being a stiff breeze, we soon ran the Admiral and Defence both down, and out-distanced the Warrior considerably. At 11.30 the breeze freshened, and became a gale, accompanied by a heavy surging sea; still, nothing daunted, Captain Wainwright, assisted by Commander F. D. Rich, carried out the Admiral's orders, and kept the canvas on her to see what the iron fleet was made of. She acted remarkably well, and, having once obtained a fair heel over, she was as steady as if lying at Spithead. We had a few slight casualties; but, with all, we had a dry deck, as she rode the seas like a duck, quite contrary to all expectations of so heavy an iron ship."

#### LABOUR AND PLEASURE.

There is happiness in labour.  
Toilsome though the task may be;  
Work is pleasure's nearest neighbour,  
And the heart from thralldom free.

Labour is the root supplying—  
Happiness the branching tree;  
Each without the other dying,  
What may be their pedigree.

As the nucleus is enfolded,  
Hidden in the briery shell,  
Peace is beautifully moulded,  
Labour labelled, "All is well."

Head, or hand, work one or other,  
Or by turns, were better still;  
Let us work for one another,  
Labouring with an earnest will.

Sloth is poison, sweetly proffered,  
Wears a tempting look, 'tis true;  
Take it not, however offered,  
On no Christian soil it grew.

H. W. P.

#### TEXAN DESPERADOES.

Among the earliest settlers of Texas was a man named Frederick Pearson. He located in a part of the country suitable for raising horses, in which business he was engaged for several years. He would probably have succeeded, to the extent of his expectations, in realizing a handsome profit, except from the losses he suffered from the depredations of an organized band of horse-stealers, who gave great trouble throughout that entire district. These lawless fellows at length carried matters with such a high hand, that the settlers were compelled in self-defence to meet in secret and form themselves into a band of "regulators," to clear the country of their common enemies. Of this counter organization, Frederick Pearson was chosen leader; and being a man of quick resolution, great energy and unflinching courage, he soon gained the entire confidence of his friends, and taught his foes to fear him. Some terrible scenes were enacted. A number of the horse-stealers were caught by the regulators, tried by a jury of twelve, found guilty, and summarily hung to the trees in the woods, where their bodies were left to the vultures, as a fearful warning to their companions in crime.

The effect was salutary. In the course of a few months the country appeared to be entirely cleared of the banditti, and for more than a year the settlers of that region rejoiced in the security of life and property. But the villains were not done with them yet, and one night they returned in such formidable numbers as to sweep from the country a thousand of the best horses. Pearson lost all of his but five, and was nearly ruined. Half-frantic with rage, he headed his furious band of regulators in a fierce pursuit. But the horse-stealers had too great a start, and pushed forward too rapidly to be overtaken; and they got safely off with their spoils, to the great chagrin of their pursuers.

"For at least six months after this event," Pearson used to say, in relating the story which follows, "nothing more was seen or heard of the scoundrels, and for the second time we were beginning to hope we had got rid of them for ever, when one night I was awakened by my wife, who said that some one was knocking at our door."

"Perhaps some neighbour is sick," she suggested.

"I jumped out of bed, and hurried to the door, inquiring who was there before drawing back the bolt."

"It is me!" I replied a voice that I fancied I recognized as that of one of our nearest neighbours. 'My wife has been taken suddenly ill,' he continued, 'and I have come over to see if I can get Mrs. Pearson to go over and stay with her through the night, or, at least, till I go for a doctor.'

"Certainly," said I, opening the door, without the least suspicion of anything wrong.

"I had barely time to perceive the figure of a man standing before me, ere his hands were clutched upon

my throat, and I was jerked forward down upon my knees. Then some half-a-dozen others, who were standing close against the house, on either side of the door, sprang upon me, and forced a gag into my mouth before I could do more than give one short, startled cry. This was heard by my wife, who came running to the door to see what was the matter. One glance was enough to show her the true state of the case, and she uttered a piercing cry of terror.

"Take that!" exclaimed one of the ruffians, with a wicked oath and some words I will not repeat, and the sharp crack of a pistol instantly followed.

"I caught a glimpse of my wife in the act of falling, and had reason to believe the ball had taken effect—though whether she was killed outright, or merely wounded, I was not permitted to know. Some considerable confusion and excitement followed—many of the ruffians blaming their companions for firing—but rather, as it appeared, because they were afraid of being heard by the neighbours, than for any feelings of compunction at the dastardly act itself.

"I was now, with a heart full of anguish, dragged hurriedly away, and mounted upon a horse, with a strong man behind me; and then the others mounted and closed in around me, and the whole party dashed off at a quick gallop.

"Well, my noble Captain of Regulators, so we have you at last!" said the ruffian who had me directly in charge. 'It is a pleasure we have long been wanting, and it affords us a satisfaction beyond your feeble conception. If I am not mistaken, you had the honour of presiding over a tribunal which condemned a brother of mine to die by the halter, and you were present and saw him strung up like a dog, and there you left him for the vultures to pick his bones. I found the body in a putrid and mangled state, and put what was left of it in a grave of my own digging; and then, over that grave I swore an oath, that he should be most terribly revenged. I am going to keep that oath, and you for one shall have cause to wish you had never been born.'

"I was still gagged, and could say nothing in my own defence, and was, therefore, compelled to let matters take their own course. My feelings may be imagined—I have not the power to describe them. I believed that my hour of doom had come, and that my stay in this world would be of short duration."

"It was terrible to think of being cut off suddenly in the very pride and vigour of life—murdered in cold blood by a gang of ruffians—but my own dread of death was light in comparison to the anguish I suffered on account of my family. I had a dear wife and three dear children, and the thought of them and what would be their fate, if they had not already, indeed, been put out of existence, almost drove me mad."

"I had seen my poor wife shot down, and knew not that she was still living; and it might be that my children were murdered also; for in the confusion that followed that wicked act, I could not tell what had been done."

"For two or three hours the villains rode at the same swift pace, turning off from the main road and taking a course that led to an extensive forest, in which I had reason to believe my fate would be sealed."

"At length the place was reached that had previously been agreed upon, and here was assembled another party of fifteen, who had been abroad on the same terrible mission."

"They all had passwords and signs, and were soon mingled together and inquiring about the success which each had met with. The first party had captured two of my friends, and had already executed them. They held up lanterns and showed their bodies dangling from a single tree."

"The awful sight was greeted by my captors with shouts of derision; and when they in turn named me as the 'Captain of the Regulators' the air was rent with demoniacal yells of satisfaction."

"What had I to hope for then? They held a consultation, and decided that ordinary hanging was too mild a death for so great an offender, and so they planned and carried out their wicked purpose in the following manner:

"They remained at the rendezvous till a third party of ten joined them, having in charge two more of the regulators, whom they proceeded to hang with but little ceremony. I was compelled to be present and see them die, which they did with an heroic firmness worthy of martyrs. As soon as the last struggle was over the leader of the outlaws said to me:

"Now, Captain Pearson, it is your turn—but you will not go out of the world quite so easy. Prepare yourself for something horrible! As for your last prayers, you need be in no hurry about them; you will have plenty of time to think them over!"

"I was still gagged, and of course could make no reply. They now proceeded to bind my hands behind my back, drawing the cords so tight that they cut into my flesh and gave me a good deal of pain."

This done, they all mounted their horses and rode several miles into the forest, stopping at last in a deep, and dismal hollow, where, as disclosed by their lanterns, there were several rocks and a number of large trees. One of these rocks, which was about three or four feet above the ground and had a very narrow apex, they selected for me to stand upon, and then they fixed a rope around my neck and made the other end fast to the limb of a tree over my head, with perhaps some two or three inches of slack, so that a very slight change of position would hang me.

"Now, then, Captain Pearson," said the leader of the gang of ruffians, "you are in good, comfortable quarters—just where we have been wanting to see you for a long time. Whenever tired of standing up, we beg you will take the liberty to sit down, or lie down, as you please. If you feel inclined for a walk through those pleasure grounds—take it, and ask no questions. If you get hungry, help yourself to what you find in your mouth. Have no fear of wild beasts or vultures—you have only to tell them you are not ready for the long journey, and they will probably wait. And lastly, my worthy friend, when you think you have had enough of the joys of this world, pray do what Judas did, and what we are too scrupulous to perform for you, hang yourself!"

"All this was received by the villainous gang with roars of laughter; and, after a long series of jokes and jeers, each one of the party having something to say, they severally took leave of me with mock politeness, hoped I should enjoy myself during their absence, and wished me a pleasant journey home and a happy meeting with my wife and children. Then they remounted their horses and rode away, leaving me alone in the darkness, in the depths of the forest, in a condition if anything worse than death itself.

"Yes, there I was, with life yet, but without hope; with a gag in my mouth, a rope around my neck, my arms corded behind my back, and my feet on a narrow rock, from which a single step would be death. How we cling to life! how we dread to pass into the Great Unknown!

"Perfectly hopeless in my situation, and a thousand times wishing the incarnate demons had completed their fiendish work, I still was not prepared to take the fatal step myself.

"In an agony of mind that almost forced the blood through my pores, I thought of my dear wife and children, of what might be their fate, and wondered how long I had yet to remain in that awful situation, if I struggled against the impulse to take my own life.

"How long could I remain standing upon that narrow rock without sleep or food?—how long before my over-wearied system should cause me to sway from my upright balance and leave me suspended by my neck? Had I been left with my murdered friends, there might have been a faint hope of my holding out until found by some searching party; but, placed as I was so far in the depths of a trackless forest, there was none whatever.

"Morning came at last, and I looked around upon a dark and gloomy scene—thus taking, as I believed, a farewell view of all I should ever behold of earth.

"As the long hours wore on, and the sun rose high in the heavens above me, my aching limbs began to grow weary, and I sometimes felt I should not be able to hold out till night—certainly not to witness another dawn.

"I was literally standing on the very verge of eternity—standing there in the full vigour of manhood, my brain racked with such maddening thoughts that, had I possessed the power, I should have shrieked out in my agony.

"I will not dwell upon the painful scene—painful even now to think of, after a lapse of many years. I was standing there long after the sun had passed the meridian, and gradually yielding to my apparent doom, when I was suddenly roused to new life by hearing a rustling among the bushes.

"I strained my eager eyes in the direction of the sound, and felt a despairing disappointment I cannot express at seeing only a bear emerge from the thicket and run hurriedly past me. Oh, how I envied the creature the use of its limbs and its freedom!

"A few minutes after there was another rustling in the bushes, and I looked to see another wild animal dash past.

"Gracious heavens! what was my astonishment and joy, to perceive a hunter in hot pursuit! I groaned out to attract his attention. He heard and saw me at the same time; and with a wild exclamation, half surprise, he sprang toward me. Overcome by emotion, I fainted and swung by my neck; but he instantly cut me down; and when I returned to consciousness, I beheld his rough but honest face bent over me with the pitiful tenderness of a woman.

"Thus was I almost miraculously saved. That night I reached my home, which I approached with fear and trembling; but who shall describe my joy, when I found my dear family all living and my wife

unharmful! She had fainted and fallen at the moment the villain fired, and this had probably preserved her life. Need I add that we gave God thanks from overflowing hearts?

"We raised a party of three hundred men, and went in pursuit of the murderers—but we never caught any of them. They had fled the country, and never ventured to return. After that we had peaceable times throughout that region."

E. B.

## COLD WEATHER IN AMERICA.

In a letter dated Toronto, January 14th, we read: "For the past fortnight, the chief topic of conversation has been the severe cold. During Christmas week the weather was exquisite—sky intensely blue, sun most brilliant, and just enough frost to render the air bracing.

"On New Year's eve it rained heavily, but early the following morning, one of those huge waves of cold which occasionally sweep over Northern America came rolling down from the North Pole. It was accompanied by a tremendous gale, and the mercury fell below zero, and continued there, varying from 2 deg. to 16 deg., until Sunday, when it began to rise.

"In this city, four persons of intemperate habits were frozen to death, and the frost rendered the wheels of the rail-cars as brittle as glass, thus causing many accidents on the different lines.

"The modifying influence of the lakes on the temperature was very manifest. Down in Southern Kentucky and in Missouri the mercury fell much lower than it did in this city, and continued down for a longer period. At St. Louis, which is on the same parallel as Washington, the mercury was 26 deg.; while at Port Dalhousie, on the south shore of Ontario, it was only two or three degrees below zero, and that only for a few hours.

"The lake, under the influence of the intense cold, presented a most fearful appearance. The great waves rolled sluggishly, like molten iron, and clouds of white steam flew from them, assuming most fantastic shape, while huge columns of what appeared to be black smoke rose at intervals in waving spiral forms to an immense height. The sun, bursting occasionally with lurid glare through the heavy masses of lowering clouds, lit up the awful picture, causing it to resemble one of Martin's grand and gloomy conceptions of the lake that burneth for ever and ever more closely, I think, than any other earthly scene possibly could.

"Since this terrible inauguration of the New Year, the weather has been steadily moderating, and now it is quite mild and spring-like."

## A DASHING EXPLOIT.

At the last ball given at the Tuileries, the Empress was observed to hold a long conversation with a young cavalry officer. This latter was Lieut. de James of the African Chasseurs, whose heroic conduct in Mexico has been much spoken of in military circles.

Some few days before the siege of Puebla, Lieut. de James, when reconnoitring at the head of 70 troopers, encountered unexpectedly a corps of 2,000 Mexican Lancers escorting a convoy of stores and provisions to the town.

Without hesitating a moment, he ordered a charge, and himself dashed through the enemy's cavalry without looking to see whether his men could follow him or not. He received three wounds as he passed, one of which disabled his right arm, but, seizing his sabre with his left hand, he defended himself against 20 Mexican troopers until his horse fell mortally wounded.

The officer then rose on his knees, and continued to fight until he had received several more wounds, when he sank down exhausted through loss of blood. One of the Mexican lancers then cried out:

"Let us finish him!" and placed the muzzle of his carbine on the temple of the lieutenant, who, feeling the cold metal, suddenly threw back his head, and the ball only broke his jaw.

Another lancer then approached, and was about to pierce him with his lance, but was cut down by a fire of four French troopers, who, seeing their officer's danger, had determined to save him at all risks.

Surprised at this sudden attack, the Mexican lancers took to flight, and the lieutenant's deliverers, after slanting his wounds, succeeded in carrying him back to the camp.

As soon as General Forey heard of this gallant action, he visited the wounded officer, whose recovery was considered hopeless, and gave him the cross of the Legion of Honour. Contrary to all expectation, however, the young officer, after lying 56 days between life and death, ultimately recovered, but will never again be fit for military service.

On returning to France he called on Marshal Forey,

and requested his old commander to obtain him a place as receiver of taxes. The marshal promised that he himself would speak to the emperor on the subject.

Chef-d'escadron the Marquis de Gallifet afterwards visited his old companion, and said:

"You must speak to the emperor yourself; and, in order to give you an opportunity, I bring you an invitation to the next ball at the Tuileries."

Though scarcely able to walk, the young officer went, and the Marquis de Gallifet introduced him to the emperor, who listened to his story with the deepest interest.

"Sire," said the lieutenant in concluding, "I have received twelve wounds, which render me totally unfit for further service. I therefore pray your Majesty to give me a place as receiver of taxes."

"You shall have it," replied the emperor, "for you have merited it a dozen times."

## THE SANGUINE MAN.

THESE chattering, dapper men, that run about like quicksilver, are always sanguineous; sometimes harmless, though troublesome; sometimes pert or satirical and dangerous; generally forward, and self-satisfied, delighted with themselves and all their appurtenances.

A specimen of the variety is readily known: his hat labels him, ever a little on one side, and when without it, his hair has something peculiar in it, and seems unwilling to lie quiet on his head like other hair. He falls rapidly in love, and is very fond of marrying at the first opportunity; when after a week's attachment, selecting some one the privation of whose society, he tells you, would blight him for life, he then soon subsides into a jovial paterfamilias, fat and cheery.

We need not say much for his domestic qualities as to staying at home with his family, and resisting club temptations; for he is fond of pleasure and change, and gets rather tired of sitting between his wife and his penates, chewing the cud of the domestic mutton, on the domestic hearth.

Happy is the young daughter of a sanguineous father, happy in the enjoyment of his good temper, happy in the pleasures he provides for her, to be shared with himself; for he loves taste, and likes colours, and fashion, and expenditure, and display. The sanguineous papa, however, is not so indulgent to his sons; he never spares too much money, not having enough for himself, and though his house is open to them, they do not find his purse in the same state.

Perhaps, however, his natural expensiveness reaches that essential; and then we have the lavish sanguineous man, designated by Hibernian friends as, "the good fellow who lends his money on bad security." He is often met in Ireland, peculiarly fond of change there, and of adventure and excitement.

These same tastes bring us over the freights of labourers from the sister isle, that yearly crowd our shores, ready for fun or fighting, the hat stuck on one side, a leer in the eye, and a smile carried from ear to ear, along a very extensive line of mouth.—Our Peculiarities.

## AN "OPIUM HELL" IN JAVA.

WHAT spirituous liquors are for the European, opium is in Java for the Mahomedan and Chinaman. A European of the lower classes may sit in his taproom and debase himself by his sottishness but he does it with an uproarious merriment which would make one think he was really happy spite of the headaches and delirium tremens he may know are in store for him. But in an opium hell all is as still as the grave.

A murky lamp spreads a flickering light through the low-roofed suffocating room, in which are placed bale-bales, or rough wooden tables, covered with coarse matting, and divided into compartments by bamboo-reed wainscoting.

The opium smokers—men and women—lost to every sense of modesty, throw themselves languidly on the matting, and their heads supported by a greasy cushion, prepare to indulge in their darling vice.

A small burning lamp is placed on the table, so as to be easily reached by all the degraded wretches who seek forgetfulness or elysium in the fumes of opium. A pipe of bamboo-wood, with a bowl at one end to contain the opium, is generally made to do service to two smokers.

A piece of opium about the size of a pea costs sixpence (a day's wages); but it is sufficient to lull by its fumes the sense of the smoker. These fumes they inhale deliberately, retaining them in the mouth as long as they can, and then allowing them gradually to exhale through the nostrils.

After two or three inhalations, however, the opium is consumed and the pipe falls from the hands of its victim. At first the smokers talk to each other in a whisper scarcely audible, but they soon become still as the dead—their dull sunken eyes gradually becoming bright and sparkling; their hollow cheeks seem to



assume a healthy roundness; a gleam of satisfaction—nay, of ecstasy—lightens up their countenances as they revel in imagination in those sensual delights which are to constitute their Mahomedan paradise.

Enervated, languid, emaciated as they are, in fact, they seem and feel for the time regenerated; and though they lie there, the shameless and impassive slaves of sensuality and lust, their senses are evidently steeped in bliss.

Aroused, however, from their dreams and delusions, the potency of the charm exhausted—driven from their hell by its proprietor—see them next morning walking with faltering step, eyes dull as lead, cheeks hollow as coffins, to their work!

**THE PRODUCTION OF QUININE IN JAMAICA.**—The annual report of the island botanist presented to the Jamaica House of Assembly contains some interesting information relative to the experiment of cultivating the cinchona plant in that island. In the autumn of 1860 a quantity of the seeds of this valuable plant was received, and by the month of October of the following year the island botanist had succeeded in rearing over 400 healthy plants, quite ready for planting. This was in the low lands, where the climate proved too warm for the cinchona, and one-half of the plants perished. Subsequently they were removed to the mountain region, at an elevation of about 4,000 feet above the level of the sea, and placed under artificial treatment, with the happiest results. In twelve months after, a plant of the red bark (*cinchona succirubra*) had attained to the height of 14 inches, with leaves measuring 13½ inches long, by 2½ inches broad. The same plant, now two years old, measures 6 feet in height, with ten branches, having a circumference at base of 4½ inches. The *cinchona micrantha* (grey bark), being of more slender habit of growth, have not made so rapid progress; the highest has attained to 5 feet with three branches. The leaves, however, are larger, and measure 14 inches by 10. Thus far the experiment has proved eminently successful, and if only properly followed up will, no doubt, lead to important results for the island, where there is an abundance of land possessing all the conditions favourable to the growth of the cinchona.

### THE NEW ZEALAND WAR.

It has been stated in England, and asserted even in New Zealand, that the rebellion of the Maoris owes its origin to a combination of the tribes to resist encroachments on the part of the British settlers, who were continually obtaining possession of the lands of the natives by purchase. The relative numbers, however, of the settlers and the natives, and the extent of land held by the aborigines and the whites, would seem to prove that the Maoris could have had no well-founded dread of being driven off the soil before the advance of the settlers. We shall probably, therefore, be not far wrong if we ascribe the former disturbances and the recent war in New Zealand, to a desire on the part of the strongest of the chiefs to assert the entire independence of their country. An examination into the circumstances of the land sales shows indeed that those tribes which have sold most territory were not amongst the disaffected; and that the rebellion was raised and fed by tribes from those parts of the coast where there had been scarcely any sales of land to Europeans, or from the interior of the country, where the few old land claims and missionary grants bore only a very minute proportion to the great extent of territory still retained by the natives. The area of the northern island of New Zealand, the chief seat of the Maori population is about 29,688,480 acres; and of this about 7,064,660 acres were in 1861 in the hands of the British, 22,623,820 acres remaining to the natives, an extent of land three times greater than that which had been alienated. The numbers of each race were by the last census—of Maoris 56,049 males, and of Europeans, 81,667; the European population has, however, very much increased by immigration within the last two or three years.

To show that the natives had "ample room and verge enough" remaining to them we give a few statistics which have not hitherto appeared in print. From the few districts where the greater part of the land had been really acquired by Europeans, no tribes or individuals were mixed up in the original disturbances. The Rarawa tribe, at the North Cape, numbering 107 persons, retained only 264,000 acres, and the Ngatiwhaitua, in the vicinity of Auckland, with 505 persons, kept only 107,520 acres; yet both of those tribes were loyal to the government. The Ngatukahungunu, of the east coast, out of a territory of 5,530,240 acres, retained no more than 3,025,440 acres, their population being 6,339 persons, and though this tribe did sympathize with the "independence" movement, they did not take any active part in the disturbances.

Between the Waitara and Mokau rivers, in the province of Taranaki, the Ngatiawa, the tribe to which Wirimu Kingi, the chief of the first insurrection, belonged, held about 460,800 acres of land, with a population of 1,466; and within these limits there was not a foot of land owned or claimed by a white man. This chief, Wirimu Kingi came from Waikanae, 190 miles down Cook's strait, where his people had been located since 1834, when his own country had been conquered by the Waikatos. The rights of the Waikato conquerors were purchased by the Government in 1842; but in 1848 Wirimu Kingi returned and set up his claims to the territory, though his signature had been obtained to the deed of sale. The Taranaki and Ngatuarani tribes, numbering 2,049, who originated hostilities by murdering, south of New Plymouth, some unarmcd settlers, claimed the country from the river Haurua to within a short distance of Petre settlement, an extent of territory which comprised 97 miles of coast, and an area of 1,236,480 acres; of which only 152,320 had been acquired by Government. Of the territory belonging to the Kawhia tribes, 954,000 acres in extent, only 53,605 acres had been alienated, leaving 900,395 acres, with fifty miles of coast, and a good harbour, to the enjoyment of a Maori population of 2,585 persons. The European population of Kawhia numbered only 47, and was not fast increasing, nor were settlers located at all on many of the Government blocks of land. The Thames and Waikato tribes, who were the most active in the insurrection, owned the most fertile and attractive land in the whole colony. In the Thames district, the Europeans held 64,731 acres, and in Waikato about 4,343; the entire area of those two districts is 2,906,000 acres; and consequently the number of acres owned by settlers there amounts to only a fraction of about one-thirtieth. The Taupo and upper Wanganui districts cover a territory of 2,580,000 acres, and in this wide extent the whites only occupied two acres.

The province of Taranaki contained a white population of 2,726 souls, who held 60,000 acres, and a native population of 3,015 persons, owning 2,339,360 acres; each Maori therefore holding a mean of 775½ acres. The extent of coast line held by the whites was less than 12 miles long; that owned by the Maoris being 116 miles in length, and moreover the natives held the only navigable rivers, the Mokau, Waitara, and Patea. There is one important peculiarity about the history of the Taranaki country which has not yet been brought to notice; viz., that when the whites first came to the district some forty years ago they found it deserted, in consequence of internecine battles of the natives.

From all these circumstances, it would seem clear that no dread of being shut out from their land, or of being driven, tribe upon tribe, as it were, could have impelled the natives to insurrection. The origin of the disaffection of those remote tribes who initiated and maintained the "King" movement (or war of independence), will, no doubt, be found in a jealousy of European wealth and power—of wealth which they could not participate in to the same extent as enjoyed by those tribes that trafficked nearer Auckland, and of a power which the chiefs feared would undermine their own influence among the people. Now, however, that their latest rebellion has been so far crushed, the Maoris will doubtless see that it will be their best course henceforth to submit to their unavoidable destiny, and permit the land to have peace. Kingi, Thompson, and King Matutaea Potatau have found it utterly useless to oppose armed opposition to the Queen's authority; and as her Majesty's flag was victorious in the last and greatest battle that has ever been fought in New Zealand—that of Rangiri, to which our illustration refers—and as it now floats over Ngauruhia, the head-quarters and stronghold of the insurgent chiefs, we trust, even in the interest of the natives themselves, it may remain there without further molestation.

It is only fair to the Maories, that their reasons for hostility to the English government should be stated from their point of view. No one has done this better for them than their sagacious leader, Chief William Thompson, according to his native title, Tamihana Te Waiarua, who has been their leading spirit for some time, possessing shrewd intelligence, political foresight, and personal daring—a statesman and warrior, indeed, of such eminence, that he has been styled in New Zealand "the King-maker." We therefore give a few of his reasons, which have, hitherto, been hidden in official despatches. He says:

"I complain of the manner in which the land sales were conducted. The natives sold their lands blindfolded ('matapo'). They were ignorant as to quantity: they received only a nominal price from the Government. It was then surveyed and cut up into smaller blocks: it was then sold, and realized its full value. The question suggested itself, 'Have we not a better right to this advanced price than the pakeha?' (white people). Then, again, we were alarmed at the rapidity with which the Government were buying up

the native lands. We feared that unless some means were devised to check this, we should soon be lost (ngaro) among the pakehas, and cease to be a distinct nation. The land league was the result of these thoughts, of which it was ultimately decided that the king should be the head. That a European (who shall be nameless) told me that it had been proposed by the Queen's council that all the waste lands of the natives should be claimed as demesne lands of the Crown, and that only those portions which were actually under cultivation should be secured to us. This statement was confirmed by a Roman Catholic priest. I reasoned with myself, 'This land was given to my ancestors by Providence. We have retained it from generation to generation. Surely because it is unoccupied now, it is no reason why it should always remain so. I hope the day will yet come when our descendants will not have more than they really require. If I have been correctly informed, even a few years ago there were in England large tracts of unoccupied lands. No other nation on that account attempted to seize them. Why then should they attempt to claim our unoccupied lands?' This confirmed us in our determination to form a land league, the members of which should bind themselves to assist each other in resisting any attempt to take forcible possession of our lands. That we thought it highly necessary that we should have native magistrates and a native council. There were constant quarrels springing up amongst ourselves, often resulting in the loss of many lives; our pakeha friends looked on with unconcern. We also required many rules and regulations adapted to the present state of the Maori people, this runanga (council) to be under the direction of the Governor. I visited Auckland for the purpose of laying my suggestions before the Governor (Sir G. Grey). I returned home without seeing the Governor, disappointed at the result of my mission; I determined to undertake at my own risk what my pakeha friends denied me. The king had not then entered into my speculations; I thought that a number of magistrates, together with a runanga composed of members from all the tribes of New Zealand, would meet all our requirements. It was not till after the Waikato chiefs had received a letter from Matene to Whiwhi, suggesting a king, that we took it into serious consideration and finally adopted Matene's advice. This king was to be in close connection with the Governor, to stand in the same relation to the Maoris as the Governor does to the pakeha. The king was to be the 'pa taka,' stronghold of the laws. These are some of our complaints, and the principal causes which originated the king movement. There are others which I cannot tell you now."

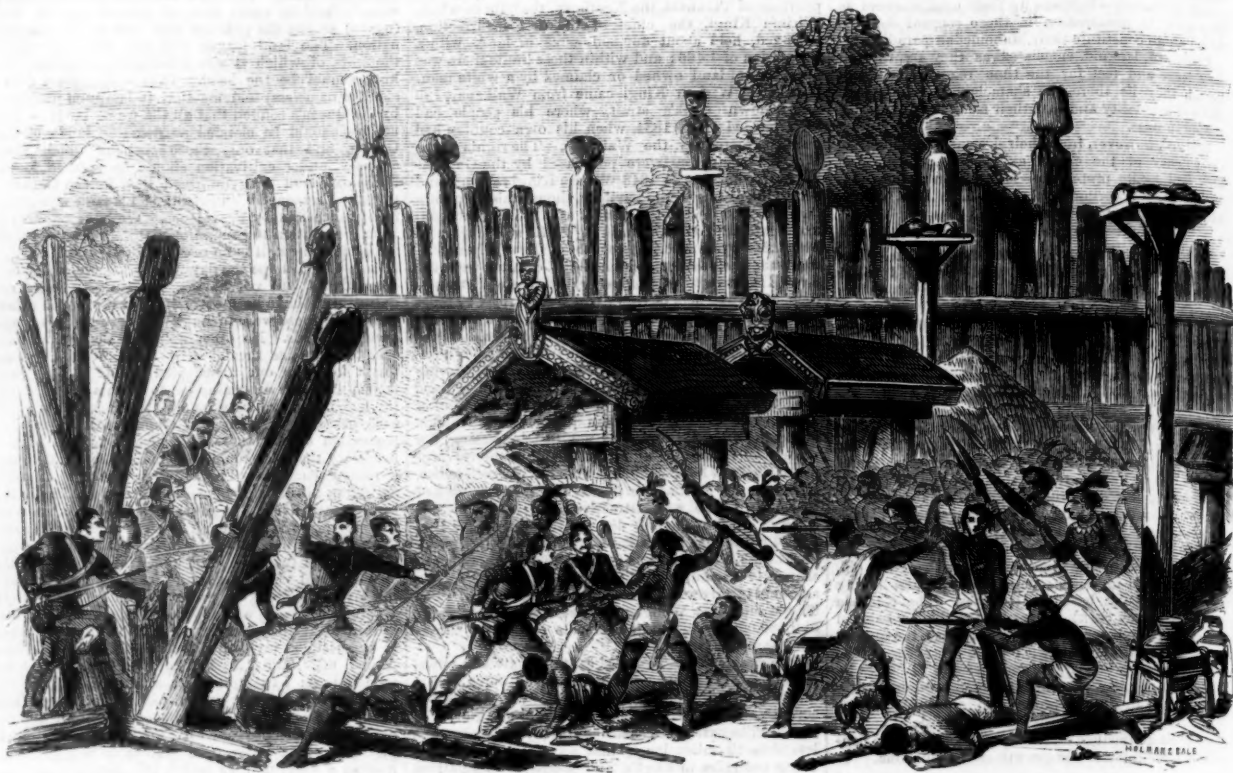
Before and subsequent to this statement, William Thompson carried on a long correspondence with the military and civil authorities, for the purpose of effecting a compromise on the basis of the recognition of a Maori king by the English Government. This, of course, was impossible; hostilities ensued, with the natural result—the Maoris, though fighting bravely, being driven from all their positions and strong places, though it taxed the whole strength of the colony, aided by military assistance from Australia and England, to achieve their defeat. Since 1861 the colony has been more or less in a state of military activity, the Maoris keeping the Government constantly on the alert. This chronic state of warfare arrived at a point some few months ago, when extensive military operations were undertaken, and the insurgents' strong position at Mere-mere was turned and captured by a combined naval and land force, commanded by Lieutenant-General Cameron. Mere-mere was occupied by the British forces on the 1st of November last, and on the 20th of the same month was fought the battle of Rangiri, the most sanguinary that has yet occurred in New Zealand. We are indebted to a friend for a file of the *New Zealander*, from which we take some particulars of this desperate encounter:—

"Rangiri, Saturday, Nov. 21st.

"At 6.30 a.m., yesterday morning, the troops left the Queen's Redoubt, and were embarked on board the Pioneer and Avon. Halting at Mere-mere, the general and staff landed and accompanied the force which had been assembled there the day before. The land party marched along the track to Rangiri, while the steamers towing four gunboats proceeded up the river.

"On arriving at Rangiri, we saw that the land force had arrived within a few hundred yards in front of the Maori position, and that they had got two Armstrong guns into position. At three o'clock these guns opened fire on the enemy, and the steamers as quickly as possible took up their position so as to enable them to rake the pits.

"At four, the land force advanced to the attack, and were met by a withering cross-fire from behind the entrenchments, by which several officers and privates were knocked down; but with only a slight hesitation the scaling ladders were placed and our men swarmed



[THE WAR IN NEW ZEALAND—CAPTURE OF RANGIRIRI.]

over, bayonetting right and left. A private of the 65th regiment was the first to unfurl the regimental flag on the parapet—his name was, I believe, Gallagher.

"The troops scaled the left flank of the rifle pits, and then charged round to the rear, but it was found that the enemy had a very strong position in the centre, so that was charged from the rear, but without success, as there was only a narrow opening by which our men could find entrance; several times was this place endeavoured to be taken but each time our men were driven back with loss. Lieut. St. Hill, A.D.C., led on a party twice, and Captain Mercer, whilst attempting the same thing, was badly wounded in the face and lay just under the enemy's position; several attempts were made to reach him but without effect, and at last he was only brought back by a sap being dug to the place where he lay. This officer died subsequently.

"Whilst this was going on at the front, the troops were landed from the steamers, and attacked the enemy in his other positions, some hundred yards to the rear; the enemy fled from these, and took to the Lake Waikari, some in canoes and some swimming. It was here that the greatest slaughter took place. The enemy were shot down as they retired, firing, towards the lake. It is supposed that at least 50 fell here.

"Towards evening a request was sent down to the commodore that he would send up as many blue jackets as possible to assist in storming. A large party accordingly started, under the command of Commander Mayne, of the *Eclipse*, and the First Lieutenant of the *Miranda*, Mr. Bowler. On arriving, this party charged the Maori stronghold, but were driven back with the loss of several killed, and Commander Mayne and Mr. Bowler wounded.

"It was now determined to undermine the spot—which was only a small redoubt, as it was, filled with natives, and our men in the ditch outside. A mine was therefore commenced, but after proceeding some distance it was found to be impracticable, the soil falling in.

"A breach was therefore commenced on the left side of the position (our men were all round it), and, as the day began to dawn, a party was told off for the 'forlorn hope'; but now the white flag was shown above the works, and the enemy to the number of 200 were taken prisoners. Most of the principal chiefs of Waikato are either dead or taken prisoners.

"The casualties on our side are 139 in number; this is all we at present know of. Thirty-five of these are killed, among whom are two officers, Midshipman Watkin, of the *Curaçoa*, and Lieut. Murphy, 12th regi-

ment. Wounded: Captain Mayne, *Eclipse*; Captain Mercer, R.A.; Adj. Lewis, 65th, Ensign Ducrow, Captain Gresson, 65th, Colonel Busten, 14th, Captain Phelps, 14th, Lieut. Talbot, 65th.

"Just as the white flag was shown from the redoubt a large body of natives were seen on the opposite side of the lagoon, advancing along the ridge towards the field of battle. These turned out to be a force of 400 of the enemy under the command of William Thompson, who had, I believe, intended to have attacked the general in rear; but perceiving the white flag, he also showed one, and sent messengers to intimate that he gave himself up, but hearing that the garrison were prisoners, he thought better of it, and only sent his *mere* to the general as a token that he submitted. Had the garrison been able to hold out an hour longer, it is probable that a grand engagement would have taken place.

"The prisoners state that the King and Te Wharepu (the celebrated chief, said to be invulnerable) were in the redoubt until about 9 p.m., when they succeeded in making good their retreat across the lagoon at a time when this spot was temporarily left unguarded; the garrison, probably to draw the attention of our men from them, cheering all the time.

"During the whole of the afternoon and night the chiefs could be heard calling on their men to be brave and stand fast until they were quite hoarse; their continual cry was *Kia toa! kia toa! kia mau! kia mau!* And during the first part of the engagement they continually taunted our men, and called on them to come on.

"In the early morning I walked over the scene of the conflict. The long row of thirty-seven of our men laid out was a melancholy sight; the different attitudes of the poor fellows, just as they died, were strange to behold—some with clenched fists and up-raised arms, as if warding off a blow, some with hands to their heads, where they had been hit.

"The bodies of those killed on the side of the enemy were lying about the trenches on all sides; but the most were inside the redoubt, some almost buried by the fallen earth.

"This morning a messenger came down the river in a canoe with letters for the general from some of the great men up the river.

"Some of the prisoners informed me that their original number in the redoubt was 320. Two of their chiefs were killed—viz., Raniera, the head chief of Waikato, and Mokene. Three great chiefs are among the prisoners, namely, Takeris Te Rau, Wi Kometi, and Tawhana.

"This is all the account I can now give of this

greatest fight ever fought between the Pakeha and the Maori; continuing as it did for fully twelve hours, and bringing out more acts of daring bravery on the part of officers and men than perhaps any engagement where the same number of men were engaged. The Maoris, too, fought like Britons, and the General told the principal chief that he highly respected him and his men, for they were brave men all of them. None of our dead were tomahawked in this affair, as they have been in several engagements with the natives, although several cases occurred in which they might have so done if they had been inclined; but these were the picked men of Waikato, and were of too brave a disposition, it is to be hoped, to do such a cowardly thing.

"The engagement will probably be the last of this unhappy war, as Thompson has sent in his token of submission."

By the latest advices from New Zealand, we learn that the land belonging to the insurgent natives is to be confiscated, and that about 8,000,000 acres are already considered to have been forfeited. The Government proposes to turn this land to advantage at once, by establishing upon it 20,000 military settlers; every native, however, who comes in of his own accord, and submits loyally, is to have a Crown grant of 100 acres of good land. The military settlers are each to receive 50 acres of good land, and an allotment of one acre in the nearest Government township. The rest of the land will be sold to defray the cost of the war. By this means, it is hoped, the country will be rapidly pacified and settled; that the power of the Maori chiefs will be destroyed; and that the Maoris themselves will become gradually absorbed into the political system of the colony; which is as much as to say that, as a people, they will "be improved off the face of the earth." Agents are to promote this scheme in England; and the new Zealand Parliament has already passed the necessary measures for carrying it out. One of these measures empowers the Government to borrow £3,000,000 on the security of the revenue of the country. Of this sum £1,000,000 is to be expended in completely suppressing the rebellion; the remainder to be devoted to payment of the half-million loan of 1852, to defraying the cost of establishing the military settlements, the construction of roads and bridges, &c., and the introduction of 15,000 military settlers with their families. An electric telegraph is to be laid down, at the cost of £150,000, from Dunedin, Otago, through Middle Island, and under Cook's Straits. The Act of Confiscation has been passed by the New Zealand Legislature, and now awaits the sanction of the Imperial Parliament.





[ETHEL REFUSES TO SHOW GERALD'S LETTER.]

## THE SECRET CHAMBER.

## CHAPTER XII.

VERNOR reached Amsterdam in safety, and found no difficulty in getting possession of the money left by Mr. Winston. In anticipation of his decease, that gentleman had nearly wound up his affairs, and the young man found about forty thousand pounds lying in his banker's hands ready for use. Six thousand more were invested in English securities, and the remainder in real estate in Amsterdam.

The lawyers were much astonished when Vernor presented himself as the husband of the heiress, and demanded the unconditional possession of her fortune; but he bore from Sir Hugh such authority as compelled them to surrender it to him.

The baronet possessed unlimited control over both Ethel and her fortune, and evident as it was to the shrewd lawyers that the child was to be defrauded of her inheritance, they had no right to refuse to obey the conditions of the will.

Vernor had brought letters of introduction to several of his father's old friends who were living at the Hague, and as he had a desire to see the court of the Prince of Orange, he went thither as soon as he had possessed himself of the means to make a brilliant appearance.

He was received with courtesy.

After a few weeks of dissipation and sight-seeing, Vernor wearied of the monotony of Dutch life, and fitted over to a mere congenial locality. He spent the winter in Paris, and from there travelled into Italy, in company with a party of gay young men who were as devoted to pleasure as himself. He spent his newly-acquired wealth with a free hand, seldom thinking of her from whom it was derived; but he was careful to write every month to Ethel, and to send her such things as he thought would please her childish fancy.

His letters showed the tact with which he could accommodate himself to the thoughts and feelings of one so much younger than himself, and Ethel thought them the most charming productions, especially as they were always accompanied by elegant and tasteful gifts both for herself and Mrs. Methurn.

The latter Vernor usually sent to her, that she might have the gratification of presenting them herself to his aunt; and the child appreciated the thoughtful kindness which enabled her to show her gratitude to her second mother in so agreeable a manner.

Mrs. Methurn could not refuse these offerings, yet she sighed over the numerous evidences of Vernor's extravagance, and justly feared that Ethel's fortune would all be dissipated before she was old enough to enjoy it rationally. She soon penetrated the shallow fraud practised on her by Vernor, with the concurrence of his father, for when pressed to show her a copy of the will of Mr. Winston, Sir Hugh finally drew forth the real document, and coolly informed her that the letter purporting to have been written by that gentleman had been composed by Vernor himself for the purpose of disarming her opposition to the premature marriage of her protégée.

Mrs. Methurn expressed her indignant surprise at such unprincipled conduct, but Sir Hugh only laughed at her scruples, and assured her that she had most antediluvian ideas of honour and good faith; that all stratagems were fair in love and war.

She replied with emotion.

"If love had been the motive of Vernor, I might forgive him for sacrificing my darling. But by your own confession he was moved only by the desire to gain possession of the wealth which I sincerely wish had never been bequeathed to Ethel. You have carried your point, Sir Hugh, but I sadly fear that the future will cause you to repent bitterly of the course you have pursued."

"Oh, well, let the future take care of itself; my care was to provide for the present. I have secured a home to you and Ethel, and freed myself from my most pressing embarrassments. The child seems very well contented with her lot, for she blossoms like a rose in the sunshine."

"Yes—she is happy with me; but the question that is most important to her is, will she be happy with Vernor? Will he care whether she is so or not?"

"Really, Mrs. Methurn, you are ingenious in tormenting yourself. My son is forming himself into an elegant and accomplished man of the world; when the time comes to claim Ethel as his wife he will treat her with the courtesy due to her as such. As to romantic devotion, and all that nonsense, of course their early marriage precludes all such demonstrations. If you rear her with correct ideas of duty, she will step into the sphere for which she is designed, and make herself contented, even if her husband does not profess to adore her. Vernor likes her well enough, and if she shows that she properly appreciates him, he will always treat her well."

This was promising little enough, but Mrs. Methurn was far from believing that Vernor would even come up to that standard. The utter want of principle he

had shown in the whole affair convinced her that his only object was to obtain the means of ministering to his own gratification, without a thought or a care for the future happiness of his young victim.

She retired from the interview with a heavy foreboding of evil pressing upon her heart, which subsequent events did not tend much to lighten.

As time passed on, vague rumours of Vernor's continental career reached her which confirmed her worst fears; but these were carefully kept from Ethel, who was conscientiously learning the lesson set for her, and the image of Vernor gradually blended itself with every hope or aspiration for happiness.

Gerald remained two years at Oxford, and then entered the office of Mr. Clyde, who, in consideration of his early friendship for Captain Methurn, received him without the usual fee, and pledged himself to advance his interests as rapidly as possible. He thought the young man possessed abilities of a high order, and he predicted great success for him in his future career.

This cheered the heart of his mother, and delighted Ethel, for her affectionate heart still clung to Gerald as her first and best friend. She felt no wrong to Vernor in the tender feelings she cherished for him, she called her brother, and, innocent and inexperienced, she carried within her heart the germ of a passion which might yet arise and overshadow every other feeling. Should Vernor prove faithless, or indifferent, in the recoil of the affection she cultivated as a matter of duty, she would naturally turn for consolation to him who had been her truest and most valued friend from infancy.

Vernor was so much charmed with his continental experience that he remained abroad six years, merely making two brief visits to the Priory during that time. He had become dashing, brilliant, fastidious, and *ennuye*, and the freshness and simplicity of Ethel was sufficiently attractive to him to induce him to keep up a show of regard during his short stay; but, child as she was, she vaguely felt the want of something, she could not tell what, in the handsome and *distingue* man into which he had matured.

"Ethel is not the style of woman I particularly admire, but since I have been bought with a price, I must abide by the rather hard bargain I made. If I had retained my freedom, I flatter myself that I could now make a much more brilliant marriage. But necessity has no law, and I yielded to it in taking the incumbrance with the fortune. However, I shall defer claiming her as long as I decently can. The free-and-easy life I lead is too agreeable to be exchanged for the trammels of domestic bliss, as long as it can possibly be avoided."

The speaker yawned wearily, for already the Priory was a prison to him, from which he longed to escape.

The monotony of existence in that secluded country place was insupportably tedious to him, and he found no relief from the *ennui* that oppressed him in the society of Ethel.

She was now nearly sixteen years of age, but she was small and childish in appearance; and although she was gentle and intelligent, her manners contrasted so strikingly with those of the practised women of the world with whom Vernor had of late years been thrown, that he could find little charm in them.

During their long separation he had rarely thought of her, except when the time rolled around for writing an occasional bulletin; for after the first year of absence, his correspondence fell off, and Ethel noted with mortification and pain that his letters now scarcely alluded to the time when he should be entitled to claim her as his wife.

Within the last few months retrenchments had also been made in the style of living at the Priory, for, after the marriage of his son, Sir Hugh had established something like the old hospitality of his house, and the family mingled with their wealthy neighbours on a footing of equality. The allowance of Ethel had even been reduced one-half, which was painfully significant to Mrs. Methurn. She felt assured in her own mind that Vernor had squandered the greater part of the wealth he had so unscrupulously obtained, and she saw that he would now gladly repudiate the tie that he had so hastily cemented.

Ethel felt the change in his letters very keenly, for she had gradually wrought herself into the belief that she was very much attached to Vernor, but when he wrote to her that he was coming back to England, especially to see her, she forgave him for his late neglect.

He came, and the elegant and accomplished courtier into which he had matured at first dazzled and charmed her young imagination.

For the first few days he was tender and kind to the little unformed creature who had few ideas or feeling in common with his own; but he soon wearied of the part he had assumed, and his old sarcastic selfishness shone through the brilliant varnish of worldly tact, which rendered him so acceptable in society.

He felt that he had thrown himself away on a child who was incapable of appreciating him, and he permitted her to see that he thought so.

This consciousness checked Ethel's natural vivacity. She became timid and constrained in his presence, and in his heart Vernor pronounced her stupid, and unworthy of the position his wife must hold in the future.

He bitterly regretted the sacrifice he had made, and thought all the advantages he had gained from it must be paid for at an exorbitant price, if this fair piece of nonentity must hang for ever as a clog upon his destiny.

But Ethel was far from stupid. She had quick intuition, and singular insight into character for one so young. As a matter of duty she had taught herself to love the ideal Vernor, but the real one soon revolted her, and her heart recoiled from him more deeply with every hour they passed together. His hard worldliness; his devotion to the pomps and vanities of life, found no response in her tender and true nature, and a chill as of death came over her as she remembered that her fate was indissolubly linked with his; that for her there was no escape from a loveless marriage.

She now comprehended the bitter wrong that had been done her, and she would gladly have surrendered all her fortune to be freed from the tie that bound her to Vernor. Her only comfort was, that he seemed to be in no hurry to claim her, for he had voluntarily renewed his promise to Mrs. Methurn to leave her protégée with her till she had attained her eighteenth year. His life, he said, must be that of a wanderer for several years to come; he had plans to carry out which would not permit him to settle down as a quiet country gentleman, and Ethel was still too much of a child to be removed from her protection.

Mrs. Methurn gladly assented to this arrangement, for she had feared that Vernor's object in visiting England at this time was to violate the pledge he had given, and remove her darling from her. She saw with regret that the years of his absence had only improved him outwardly; his imperious and hard nature remained the same, and she sadly felt that there could never be any affinity between those two so disastrously linked together for life.

#### CHAPTER XIII.

VERNOR soon detected the change in Ethel's feelings, and he was rather rejoiced than otherwise, for he had

ambitious plans of his own connected with a wealthy German heiress, with whom he had become acquainted in his travels, and the encouragement which Fraulein Von Ardenburg had given him induced him to believe that she would readily bestow herself and her fortune on himself, if he were free to ask them. The heiress was neither beautiful nor aristocratic, but she was brilliant, witty, and worldly wise; such a wife could advance his interests, and for them Vernor cared more than for anything else.

On the day before his departure from the Priory, he openly spoke of his wishes to Sir Hugh, in spite of the assurance he had lately given him that he would be true to the vows he had plighted to Ethel. He coolly said:

"I have reaped from Ethel's fortune all the advantages it is likely to afford me, and I own that it will be a terrible sacrifice for me to fulfil the contract. Is there no loophole in the law, through which we can both escape from the bondage which I can see is as galling to her as to myself?"

"And prove yourself a villain in the eyes of all men," replied his father angrily. "Are you mad, Vernor, to risk the loss of the Barony of Clifton, with a rent-roll larger than you are ever likely to gain in any other way?"

"That is a most uncertain prospect, sir. The old lord seems inclined to live as long as Methusalem, and his son must succeed him. He may marry; he will probably do so when he feels the want of a nurse, and have heirs of his own to inherit the estate. That contingency is too uncertain to have any weight with me; nor does the first one move me. Few in my world will know that I have repudiated the silly tie I formed in my inexperienced youth: or if they do, they will think that I have done right. Besides, Ethel will thank me for freeing her; she can then marry my cousin, for in her heart she has always liked Gerald best."

"How much of her fortune is left?" abruptly asked the baronet.

"Very little, I am afraid," Vernor lightly replied. "The six thousand pounds in English securities were transferred to you, and you know best what use you have made of them. The remainder I have used, and nothing is now left to me but to raise money on the real estate in Amsterdam, for I am decidedly hard up for cash. If I could only get a divorce I could marry a million of guilders, and with them get a wife that will suit me far better than this baby ever can."

"This is even worse than I feared. You must have been very extravagant, Vernor, and I can see no possible chance to renovate your fortune as you propose. No English jury would give you back your freedom under the circumstances."

"Then I must give up the Ardenburg, I suppose, though it is decidedly hard, I must say. But as to my extravagance, Sir Hugh, I think I have done remarkably well to make forty thousand pounds last so long. I have heard that my mother had quite as much, sir, and yet you managed to get rid of it all in less than four years."

The baronet's purple face became almost pale, and he stammered:

"Who has told you that? What have you learned of my affairs?"

"Not much, sir; do not be alarmed. I encountered your old friend, the Gipsy Queen, in Spain, and a heavy sum of money bribed her to tell me a few things that you have concealed from me."

The listener fell back, half-paralyzed with affright. He stammered:

"What has she revealed? What has she dared to say of me?"

"Nothing to excite you thus, sir. She only told me what I vaguely knew before; that my mother was an heiress, and you had spent her fortune. She said that for a few days the secret chamber was her prison, till you wrenched from her the control of her fortune, and she pined away and died of chagrin at the thought that her son would be impoverished."

"And—and what did she tell you of her death?" gasped the excited listener.

"Was there anything to tell beyond that?" asked Vernor, with slight surprise. "On my conscience, I think it was enough for an English gentleman to incarcerate his wife for a single day in such a den as that; and if you had not always been a very indulgent father to me, I do not know how I could forgive such violence toward my mother."

Sir Hugh breathed more freely, the worst was yet unknown to Vernor, and, after a pause to recover himself, said:

"Let by-gones be by-gones, Vernor. The fortune is spent, but with the sum I received from Ethel's estate, I have improved this property until it is now more than doubled in value. My income is now nearly two thousand a year, and from it I can afford you an allowance, which, with the rents in Amsterdam, should be sufficient to support you handsomely."

"You are very generous, sir; I will defer the mortgage yet awhile, for I really do not like to strip Ethel of the whole of her uncle's fortune."

"If you waste thus, Vernor, what are you to live on when the time to claim your bride arrives?"

He yawned wearily.

"When that direful necessity drags me hither, I suppose I must vegetate here, provided my other plans should fail."

"And they surely will. How long is it since you saw the gipsy?"

"About six months ago I last encountered her; but do you know, sir, that I have so often met with her and her son that I fancied they were dogging my steps for some purpose of their own. I once struck the young man, and he has glared on me ever since like a chained tiger."

"You struck him; and wherefore?"

"He was insolent, I thought, and I lashed him with my whip; but that is long ago, and since they have done nothing in revenge as yet, I suppose my fears were groundless. At any rate, the liberal sum I paid him for the little information she gave me, disarmed his wrath, I presume."

"That is a strange presumption, when you know that he is of gipsy blood. Men of his race never forgive a blow, and you will do well to be on your guard against this man, for he may yet inflict a deadly injury upon you."

"Never fear, sir. I think he is a half-idiot, and incapable of planning any mischief."

"But his mother can plan, and he can execute. It was an evil chance that made him your enemy."

"Oh, well, sir, I must take my chances. His threats and sinews are more than a match for mine, but my wit is more than a match for his. Since his wrath has slept so long, I scarcely think it will take a fatal turn in the future."

"I hope not; but you will do well to be on your guard against both mother and son; and it is my especial wish that you tamper no more with her concerning my affairs. My life, you know, has not been that of a saint; but I am striving now to repair the injustice I have done you as far as lies in my power. If I squandered your mother's fortune, the inheritance I hope to leave you will make amends for it. It is my earnest wish that you shall remain true to your plighted faith to Ethel. She was well disposed to love you, and you can win her over if you choose to make the attempt. She will develop into a charming woman. These quiet girls of ten become the most attractive and brilliant of the sex when the shyness of extreme youth is past. You know that I am a good judge of women, and you may trust to my opinion."

"I can only hope that it will prove correct, sir, for there is great room for improvement in Ethel."

At that moment Ethel passed the window near which they were sitting, with her hat falling back, and the glow of health upon her cheeks. She had lately been pale and languid, but exercise had recalled the lovely rose hue to her complexion, and with more animation Vernor added:

"I believe you are right, Sir Hugh. There is the making of a fine woman in Ethel, and if she were only sure of becoming Lady Clifton, I should prefer her to Gertrude von Ardenburg, with all her guile. I have of late been careless and unkind to her; but I do not think it will be best to leave a bad impression behind me. I must join her, and learn what has brightened her up so much."

He passed out, overtook Ethel upon the lawn, and found her reading a letter which seemed to possess deep interest for her.

"Who is your missive from, fair lady mine?" he sportively asked as he approached her.

She flushed, then grew pale, and faltered:

"It is of little interest to you, Vernor; my letter is from Gerald in reply to a question I asked him."

"From my cousin! then surely there can be nothing in it which I may not see," he said, with his imperious air. "If you write secrets to Gerald, I have the right to pry into them," and he held out his hand for the letter.

Ethel still tenaciously grasped it, and, with more firmness than he expected, said:

"You are not yet my master, Vernor. My aunt always reads Gerald's letters, and I have no right to show them to you."

"Might makes right, and I can take your letter from you if I choose; but I do not wish to be violent towards you. Show me the contents of that paper of your own free will, and if you do not I shall think you a most disobedient little wife."

"Don't call me by that name, Vernor, for I do not wish to maintain that relation towards you, nor do you wish me to hold to the vows we so wrongly made when we were too young to know all they involved. Since you will know, I will tell you that I secretly wrote to Gerald to know if Mr. Clyde, with whom he studies, cannot extricate us from the slough into which we have fallen."



"Really," replied Vernon, with an air of pique, "that was taking a great deal on yourself. So your distaste towards me is so great that you have actually written for advice as to the means of ridding yourself of me."

She looked doubtfully at him.

"I thought you were even more anxious than I am to be freed from the bondage which can make neither of us happy. You have shown me plainly enough that you care very little for me."

The clearness and decision with which she answered him showed Vernon that he had underrated her capacity. Young as she was, she could both reason and act in such a crisis. He abruptly asked:

"Does my aunt know anything of this application?"

"Oh, no—I wrote without her knowledge."

"And what does Gerald say?"

"I have not quite finished reading his letter. If you will allow me to do so without disturbing me, I will tell you the opinion of Mr. Clyde."

"Read on then; I will not attempt to take it from you."

Vernon was no much taller than Ethel, and he stood so near her, that, without being perceived by her, he could overlook the page she held before her, and he had no scruples in thus surreptitiously possessing himself of its contents. As his eagle glance fell upon it, his gaze became riveted to one paragraph:

"If Vernon also wishes to be released from his early vows to you, he will be called on rigidly to account for the fortune of which he gained possession by marrying you. This would be but justice to you; but you will probably be in a position to act generously to him, and make him a present of all he has spent. Your grandfather is dead, and the health of the present Lord Clifton is so broken that it is likely you may become the possessor of the title and estate before many months have elapsed."

Lady Clifton! and he was about to throw this chance to the winds; besides risking a charge of fraud in dissipating the estate of a minor. What could he have been thinking of to alienate Ethel so completely from himself as to goad her into making such an application?

When she again looked up at him he was idly twitching the grass at his feet, and with an air of unconcern he asked:

"What does he say, *petite*?"

"That if we both concur in the petition for a divorce, considering our extreme youth when we were married, it may be granted; but it will be a very expensive and tedious proceeding."

"Is that all?"

"Not quite; but the remainder is only of interest to myself."

"Then you will not permit me to read the letter?"

"I do not wish you to read it, and if you are a gentleman you will not insist. Let us seek the divorce, Vernon, however expensive it may be: money cannot pay for lost happiness."

"But if my happiness is centred in you, Ethel? I have had many cares pressing on my mind of late, much cause for deep anxiety; and I have failed to play the part of the lover as your romance led you to believe I would. But you are very dear to me, lady-bird, and the thought of giving you up fills me with pain. If the application for a divorce is made, it must be done without my concurrence, for I am not willing to release you from the vows you have plighted to me."

While he thus spoke, Ethel became deadly pale; she had expected that he would eagerly grasp at a chance of release, and she faltered:

"Oh, Vernon, you do not love me, you know you do not; yet you will sacrifice me because you fear that a settlement may be required of you. Take all my fortune—use it as you please, but do not force me to fill the position of your wife."

"Am I, then, so hateful to you, Ethel? Your letters led me to believe that I held a different place in your estimation."

"Yes, I tried to love you. I fancied that I had succeeded till you came. The illusion was kept up for a brief season, but you soon showed me how indifferent you are to me. You took pains to let me see how unlike we are in all things, and at all times. I have seen and felt the contempt you showed for the country-bred girl who knows none of the arts of the fine ladies with whom you have of late years associated."

Vernon listened with surprise to this *exposé* of his real feelings, made by a child he had considered too obtuse to understand him. He took her cold hand in his own, and earnestly said:

"We have mutually misunderstood each other, Ethel. I thought you inferior to what your childhood promised, and at first I was disappointed. But you have won upon me daily, much that I have done was only to try you, but you have passed through the ordeal like an angel, and I estimate you more highly than ever. If my life is ever to become noble and

true, it must be through your influence. Do not give me up yet; wait till the stipulated time has expired before I can claim you as my own, and then, if you still wish it, I will aid you in seeking a divorce."

She sighed heavily, and with an effort prevented the gathering tears from falling.

"I have no other resource, Vernon; I cannot compel you to any course of action, and I must submit to your decision, however reluctantly I may do so."

"That is right; and Ethel, dear Ethel, try to love me a little. I will endeavour to render myself worthy of you. I hope to win a station which you will adorn, for I have plans and prospects which promise much in their fulfilment. Let us resume our old feelings towards each other, and I promise to try and make you happy."

His expressive eyes were bent full upon her; his handsome face wore its most winning expression, and Ethel suffered him to retain the hand he still held, as she faintly replied:

"It is my duty to do as you wish. I will make the effort; but if I fail, you will voluntarily release me?"

"I will—I swear it; but you must be faithful in your endeavours to walk in the path of duty. You must not permit your old fondness for Gerald to come between you and myself."

She blushed vividly, and hastily replied:

"Gerald is my brother; we have rarely met since our childhood, and I have no reason to believe that he thinks of me, except as the adopted daughter of his mother."

"So much the better, for if I were compelled to give you up, I could never permit him to be my rival."

She said nothing in reply, and they walked on in silence toward the house.

Vernon deferred his departure several days, during which he used every art to recover his lost ground with Ethel. Mrs. Methurn marvelled at this sudden devotion, but on the day of his departure she was partially enlightened. The formal announcement of Lord Clifton's death was forwarded to Sir Hugh by his lawyers, and the intimation that the annuity Ethel had hitherto received, was secured to her for life. In a postscript was added:

"The new baron is in very feeble health, and your ward will probably succeed to the estates of her grandfather before the year is out."

Mrs. Methurn felt assured that by some means Vernon had obtained this information, and she sighed as she thought that fate itself was against her *protégée*. Like fairy gifts which suddenly turn to ashes in the grasp of the recipient, the pre-bable accession of fortune that awaited Ethel, only promised to render her life a desolation by tightening the hold of an avaricious and unprincipled man upon her destiny.

(To be continued.)

## THE FORTUNE-TELLER.

THE strange story I am about to relate owes nothing to imagination; it is told in a German work (*Interessante Anekdoten*) as a matter of actual history, and I have scarcely altered the language, nor sought to change a feature of the narrative.

In the spring of 1788, the Baron Conrad von Arnheim, a lieutenant in Czokler's hussars, marched from Mielos-Var, in Transylvania, at the head of a body of old troops and recruits, to join his regiment encamped in the environs of Orsova, and forming a part of the corps then operating against the Turks.

They halted to rest and refresh the men and horses at a small village, not far from the lines of the army.

After eating the best supper money could procure, the baron lighted his meerschaum, and strolled forth for an evening's walk.

Perceiving an unusual crowd about one of the bivouac fires, he drew near to see what was going on. The object of attraction was a tall, swarthy, dark-eyed and black-haired Bohemian woman, dressed rather richly in a sort of half Oriental costume, who held the hand of a scarred and grey-haired veteran.

She was telling his fortune.

"Son of the Danube," said she, "your days are numbered. Fire and steel have spared you thus far—but the bullet is cast that will cost you the number of your mess. Ere three moons have waxed and waned, the horse and his rider will have parted company."

The old soldier turned away from the prophetic with a blank look.

"There won't be many of our troops left, lieutenant," said an old huzzar, touching his hat to the baron, "if the woman speaks true. She has predicted the same fate to a score of us."

"Who is she?" asked the baron.

"A *vivandière*," replied the huzzar. "Faith! she

sells good wine and brandy they say—and gives credit sometimes, on good security. She never loses, I fancy—and then she turns a penny by telling fortunes."

"Who comes next for his fortune?" asked the Bohemian, glancing her brilliant, snake-like eyes round the assembly. "Who craves knowledge of the wise Zela?"

"That do I, mistress," said the baron gaily, advancing and ungloving his hand. "I have no faith in your forebodings, though my fire-eaters seem so daunted by them."

The fortune-teller curiously scanned the lines on the baron's palm.

"The twentieth of August!" said she.

"The twentieth of August!" repeated the baron; "that's wonderfully explicit. What am I to make of that? I ask you for my fortune, and you reply—"

"The twentieth of August!" repeated the fortune-teller, dismissing him with a wave of her hand. "I tell no more fortunes to-night. But forget not the date—you will have occasion to remember it."

And with these words she turned into a tent where her merchandise was stored, and drew the canvas over the opening. The deep voice of the sorceress, her striking face, figure, and manner, the ocular laconism and mystery of reply, contributed to fix her words upon the count's memory, and mingling with his prayers that night the "twentieth of August" seemed whispered by a busy demon.

In due time the count reached the army, whose fatigue and dangers he shared. It is well known that in this war the Turks made no prisoners. Their leaders had set the price of a duct on each head brought into camp, and spahis and janissaries lost no opportunity of earning it.

This arrangement was fatal to the Austrian outposts. There was scarcely a night that the Turks did not come in superior numbers to search for heads, and their expeditions were conducted with such promptitude and secrecy that they rarely failed, and often at daybreak, a portion of the camp was guarded only by decapitated trunks.

The Prince of Coburg conceived the idea of sending every night strong pickets of cavalry outside the chain of videttes, to protect them. These pickets consisted of from one to two hundred men; but the Turkish generals, irritated at seeing their men disturbed in the wholesale and retail business they had engaged in, sent in detachments yet more numerous against the infidel pickets, which yielded to them a yet handsomer *per capita* return. The picket service, therefore, became of such a nature, that when a man was detailed in it, it was really worth his while to settle his little accounts, before setting his foot in the stirrup.

Matters were in this state in the month of August. A few skirmishes had not changed the position of the army. Eight days before the twentieth, our friend the baron was favoured by a visit from the fortune-teller.

He had frequently seen her by the way, and purchased provisions of her, and though her manners were strangely haughty and repellant at first, still he had managed to overcome her reserve, and was on quite familiar terms with her.

"What now, Zela?" was his salutation.

"I come on a begging errand," said the *vivandière*.

"You are rich, and I am poor."

"Nonsense," said the baron. "My sword is my only fortune. My purse is as light as my heart."

"Both are heavier than mine," replied the fortune-teller. "You can give me a trifle in your will."

"In my will! I have no thoughts of making it."

"You should do so," said the Bohemian, gravely.

"The twentieth of August is near at hand."

"Ah! and what is to happen on the twentieth of August?"

"You are destined to fall on that day—the stars have declared it."

"I shall cheat the stars, then," said the baron. "And I shan't make my will. You talk of your poverty, too. Don't I know you're making two hundred per cent., and turning your money every week, my good woman? Don't talk of your poverty to me. You say I shall be slain on the twentieth—I maintain the contrary. Now an opinion is worth nothing if it isn't worth backing, and I'll bet you two of my best horses and fifty ducats against a hamper of Tokay wine that I shall survive the twentieth of August."

"Agreed," said the Bohemian.

"We'll have it in writing," exclaimed the count, and he called in the auditor of the regiment, who happened to be passing. The bet was recorded, amidst the laughter of the two Austrians, while the Bohemian looked on gravely, and then withdrew with a stately reverence.

The 20th of August came. There was no appearance of an engagement. It was the turn of the baron's regiment to furnish a picket for the night; but two of his comrades were on duty before him, and the baron was to pass the night in his tent. Evening

came—the horses were saddled, the hussars mounted, and ready to march, when the regimental surgeon appeared on the ground.

"What's the matter?" asked the baron.

"Your friend, Max, who was detailed for the command, has been taken dangerously ill."

"Indeed! then Lieutenant Arnold takes command."

"He has just been apprised of it."

Lieutenant Arnold hastily dressed himself, buckled on his sabre, and prepared to mount. But no sooner was he in the saddle, than his horse, though ordinarily perfectly gentle and steady, began to rear and plunge violently. Every effort to calm and conquer him was fruitless, and he wound up his mad acts by flinging his rider and breaking his leg.

"It is your turn now, baron," said the surgeon.

"There is a fatality in this," thought the baron, as he armed himself. "That cursed fortune-teller!" And, though brave as steel, it must be confessed that he mounted his horse and put himself at the head of his men in a frame of mind far different from his ordinary mood.

The night was chill and starless. The baron commanded eighty men, who were joined by a hundred and twenty men from another regiment, which brought the complement up to two hundred, all told. The detachment took post a thousand paces in advance of the line of the right wing, and rested on a marsh filled with very tall reeds. There were no sentinels in front, but not a man left his saddle. The carabineers sat with their pieces unslung at full cock, and the hussars with drawn sabres, to guard against surprise.

All was quiet till about a quarter to two o'clock, and the baron was beginning to think that the night would pass over without an attack, when a sudden shout of "Allah! il Allah!" burst on the silence, and in one minute all the horses in the front rank were hurled to the ground, either by pistol shots, fired at point blank, or the shock of seven or eight hundred Turkish horse, as

Bending to battle  
O'er each high saddle-bow,  
With the sword of Arnaud,  
They swept down the foe.

On their side, at least an equal number fell, either from the impetuosity of their own charge, or the deadly fire of the Austrian carabineers. But they knew the ground; and the Austrians were enveloped and cut to pieces. Sabre strokes flew thick and fast—fire-arms were discharged at random—it was almost impossible to distinguish friend from foe. The baron received no less than eight sabre strokes in the *mêlée*, both from the Turks and from his own men; his horse, severely wounded, fell with him, rolled over on his right leg and fixed him to the spot. The flashes of the Turkish pistols lit up at intervals the scene of strife and butchery.

The baron raised his eyes, and saw his brave hussars defending themselves with the courage of despair; but the Turks, drunk with opium, made a horrible massacre. In a few minutes not a single Austrian was left standing. The victors seized on the few horses that had escaped unhurt, first plundered the dead and wounded, and afterwards began to cut off their heads and stow them away in sacks they had brought expressly for the purpose.

The baron's situation was by no means an enviable one. In Czekler's corps they almost all knew the Turkish language. The baron heard the ruffians encourage each other to make an end before succour arrived, and not to leave a ducaut behind, adding, that there ought to be two hundred. He knew by this that they were perfectly well informed as to the strength of the picket.

While the balls were whistling overhead, the baron's horse received a shot which caused him to make a convulsive movement, and enabled his rider to extricate himself. He then conceived the idea of throwing himself, if possible, into the marsh, and thus escaping the fate of his command.

He had seen several of his men who attempted this manoeuvre taken, but the fire had slackened greatly now, and the darkness inspired him with hope. He had only twenty paces to traverse, but there was the danger of sinking. Still he sprang over men and horses, overturning more than one Turk. Arms were extended to seize him, and sabre-strokes dealt at him, but his good star and youthful activity enabled him to gain the marsh.

At first he sank only up to his knees; he toiled on a little farther, and then stopped, exhausted by fatigue. He heard one Turk exclaim: "An infidel has escaped; let us seek for him." Other voices answered: "It is impossible to do so in the marsh."

After this a dead silence ensued. The blood he had lost caused the baron to fall into a state of insensibility which lasted several hours. When he came to himself, the sun was high up in the heavens.

He had sunk up to his hips in the marsh. His hair stood erect upon his head, when he recalled the fearful

images of the past night, and the "twentieth of August" was first among his thoughts. He counted his wounds: they were eight in number, but none of them were dangerous. They were sabre-strokes on breast, back, and arms.

As the nights were very fresh in that region, he had worn his furred pelisse, and its thickness, as well as its silk lining, had deadened the blows. Still he was in a very weak condition. He listened attentively. The Turks had long since departed. From time to time the moans of wounded horses were wafted to him from the field of battle: as for his men, the Turks had taken care of them.

The baron began to think of extricating himself from the place in which he was, but he was so much exhausted by the loss of blood, that it was a whole hour before he stood upon firm ground.

Though war had deadened his sensibility, still, alone as he was, it was not without a sensation of fear that he emerged from the reeds, and looked cautiously about him. He advanced slowly, his eyes resting on the field of death; but who could depict his fright when he found himself suddenly seized by the arm.

He turned and beheld a gigantic Arnaud, six feet high, who had returned, doubtless in the hope of finding something valuable to reward his trouble. Never was hope more cruelly deceived. Yet the baron addressed his captor in the Turkish language:

"Take my watch, my money, my uniform—but spare my life."

"All that belongs to me, and your head too," replied the savage giant.

And with that he unfastened the chin-strap of the baron's hussar cap, and then proceeded to untie his cravat.

The baron was sinking with weakness, and had no weapon. At the slightest movement of resistance, his enemy would have sheathed his broad cutlass in his bosom. Yet he clung to the Arnaud by the waist, and continued to implore him while he was baring his throat.

"Take pity on me. My family is rich—make me your prisoner—you will earn a large ransom."

"I should have to wait too long for my money," replied the ruffian. Only hold still for me to cut."

And he removed the baron's shirt-pin.

Still the baron clung to him, and the Arnaud did not seek to free himself from the clasp, doubtless because he relied upon his strength and his arms, and perhaps because he experienced a slight emotion of pity, though not strong enough to counterbalance the hope of a ducaut.

As he was removing the pin, Conrad felt something hard in his belt—it was an iron hammer. He kept repeating "Keep quiet!" and these were doubtless the last words the baron would have heard, if the dread of a death so horrible had not inspired him to seize upon the hammer.

The Arnaud paid no attention to it. He was already holding the baron's head in one hand, and the cutlass in the other, when his intended victim suddenly jerked himself free, and, without losing an instant, dealt a blow with all his force on the forehead of his antagonist. The hammer was heavy, and the aim sure. The Arnaud reeled—the baron repeated the blows—he went down, and as he fell, his cutlass escaped his grasp.

It is unnecessary to add that the baron seized it, and plunged it into his body.

Free! saved!—the soldier ran to the Austrian outposts, whose arms were glittering in the morning sun, that had never seemed so bright and glorious to him before, and succeeded in reaching the camp. The soldiers fled, as from a ghost. The same day he was attacked by a raging fever, and carried to the hospital.

At the end of six weeks he was cured of his fever and wounds, and returned to the army. On his arrival the Bohemian gipsy brought him the basket of Tokay she had lost, and congratulated him upon his miraculous escape from death.

The baron learned from his comrades that, during his absence, she had predicted a great many occurrences, all of which had come to pass exactly as she had foretold, and this had brought her a great many consultations and numerous bequests. The whole affair was strange and inexplicable, and shook the scepticism of the most incredulous.

In the meanwhile, there came to them from the enemy's lines, two Serbian Christians, who had been employed in the baggage-train of the Turkish army, and deserted to escape a punishment with which they had been threatened.

As soon as they saw the Bohemian prophetess, they recognized her, and declared that she often came to the Turkish camp in the night, to render an account of the movements of their enemies. This surprised them very much, for they had often availed themselves of this woman's services, and had admired the dexterity with which she had executed the most perilous commissions.

But the deserters persisted in their statement, and added that they had been present on several occasions, when this woman was describing the Austrian positions to the Turks, unfolding their projects, and urging them to the attacks which took place. A Turkish cipher served her as a passport. This convincing proof was found upon her, and she was sentenced to die as a spy.

Before her execution, the baron questioned her about the fortune she had predicted for him. She confessed that, by means of playing the spy to both parties, she had often learned what was undertaken on both sides; that those who secretly consulted her about their horoscopes had confided to her many things, and that she also trusted a good deal to guess-work.

As to what particularly concerned the baron, she had selected him as a striking example to strengthen her authority, fixing the fatal period a long while beforehand. At the approach of the time, she had incited the enemy to make an attack on the post of his regiment before the twentieth of August. Her relations with the officers enabled her to discover that there were two on the list before the baron. To one of them she sold drugged wine, that caused his sickness, and getting near the other to sell him something, just as he had mounted, she contrived to thrust a piece of burning tinder into the horse's nostrils, which rendered him furious and unmanageable. This was the whole secret of her foreknowledge.

Her punishment was the halter. She went to the gallows with a bold, impenitent, and defiant air, leaving not a relative behind her to mourn the death of the fortune-telling spy.

F. A. D.

#### TRUE BEAUTY NEVER DIES.

THEY tell me that the hand of time  
Has rudely swept aside  
The lustre of thy youthful brow;  
Thy beauteous, blooming pride;  
But if thy heart is still the same,  
From base suspicions free,  
Thou art indeed still beautiful,  
And lovely unto me.

For in thy pure, angelic soul,  
True beauty ever dwells;  
And truth and beauty there exist,  
Like pearls in ocean's shells.  
And, having thy fond, truthful heart,  
I have an untold prize,  
For in the temple of the soul  
True beauty never dies.

F. J.

**IRON ORE ON THE ESTATE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES AT SANDRINGHAM.**—Mr. James Wright, of Lynn, merchant, claims to have made the discovery that, underlying a large tract of the royal estate (chiefly the uncultivated portions) it is a very valuable and extensive vein of iron ore. It is computed that this stratum covers at least 500 acres, the discoverer believes 1,000 acres, commencing at Wolferton church, and extending inland, past the Lynn and Hunstanton-road. It is computed that the vein averages about 4 or 5 feet in depth, and will yield at least 2,300 tons per acre. Mr. Wright has informed the Prince of Wales, through General Knollys, of his discovery, and is in correspondence with him to work it at a royalty.

**ITALY AND AUSTRIA.**—In anticipation of hostilities in the spring between Austria and Italy, Mazzini has published an elaborate statement of the Austrian army, in order to show that although numbering nearly 600,000 men, no more than 500,000 are effective troops, including in their incorporation a number of Hungarians, Galicians, Bohemians, and Rumanians, whose loyalty cannot be depended on. That for a war in Italy, the utmost force that Austria could put forth would not exceed 170,000 men, to which the Italians could oppose 270,000, besides 30,000 volunteers, at least under Garibaldi. Under such circumstances, a war could be undertaken with every prospect of success, particularly as the Italians are forming a powerful naval force, embracing two iron-clad ships, which will insure them the superiority at sea.

**MAPLE SUGAR IN NEW BRUNSWICK.**—It is not easy to estimate the average quantity of maple sugar manufactured annually, as it is not subject to any regulation by which it could be ascertained. We know, however, from the census returns, that in 1851 it amounted to 353,957 lb.; but again in 1861 it had fallen to 230,000 lb. It would be unfair, however, to conclude that the average manufacture had really declined, because very much depends upon the character of the season, and the pressing nature of other employments. There is no systematic plan in existence for developing this production. All that is manufactured is by individual farmers and their families, and the whole work must be accomplished in a few weeks in the spring, generally from the middle of



March to the middle of April. In order that the sap may flow freely, it requires cold, frosty nights, succeeded by clear, bright days; and when, as sometimes happens, the interval is marked by dull, cloudy, or stormy weather, it almost precludes the prosecution of the work. It is quite certain, however, that a profitable trade might be made of the article, if a little enterprise and capital were employed for its production. The sugar is of excellent flavour, and may be refined to any degree of whiteness.

## WOMAN AND HER MASTER.

By J. F. SMITH, Esq.

Author of "The Jesuit," "The Priestess," "Minnigrey," &c.

### CHAPTER LXVIII

Tell physics of her boldness,  
Tell skill of its pretension;  
Tell charity of coldness,  
Tell law of its contention.

Sir Walter Raleigh.

QUIRK, on his release from prison, felt very much like a serpent which has lain torpid during the winter, and finds itself suddenly recalled to existence by the genial heat of summer. The death of Lady Briancourt filled his heart with joy: he saw that the moment had arrived in which his grandson would require all the assistance his long experience in the chicanery of the law, and acquaintance with the worst part of human nature, could afford him.

Ned Cantor, who was equally bitter in his resentment against the Briancourts, was the companion of his journey from Chelmsford—where the assizes had been held—to London. The lawyer felt that he might be useful, and artfully contrived to augment the rage which was consuming him.

To all but his partner, Mr. Snape, the appearance of Quirk at his offices in Serjeants' Inn was a welcome event. That prudent gentleman had fully calculated on a conviction; in fact, done all in his power to insure it, by neglecting the instructions he had received for the defence. Had his hopes been realised, instead of Quirk and Snape, his name would have appeared alone upon the well-polished brass plate on the door of the gloomy chambers, which bore a moral resemblance to the web of a spider—since its occupants lived by draining the very life-blood of their dupes and victims.

It was a fortunate thing for the lawyer that he had not delayed his departure an instant after his liberation—for his partner, morally certain of his conviction, had sent for a mechanic to pick the lock of the iron safe in which Quirk kept his most secret papers and correspondence. The man had just succeeded in forcing back the massive iron bolts, when the door of the office gently opened. The ex-clerk, who was standing with his back towards it, contemplating the result with considerable satisfaction, was so absorbed in his feeling of triumph, that he did not perceive it.

The old man made a sign to Ned—who followed him—to remain silent.

"Done it at last," said the locksmith; "very excellent lock that, sir. No Brummagem work there."

In his joy, Snape drew a sovereign from his pocket and dropped it into the hand of the speaker.

"Will you want it closed again?" asked the man, touched by his liberality.

"No—at least, not at present. I must look over this mass of papers first," answered his employer.

"Suppose I assist you," exclaimed Quirk, for the first time breaking silence.

Snape turned round, and, to his confusion and surprise, perceived his former master and partner. So unexpected was the shock, that he staggered rather than sank into a chair.

"You will wait in the outer office," continued the speaker to the locksmith; "I will pay you for your time."

"I hope I have done nothing, sir!" answered the man; "I am poor, but honest."

"Nothing," said Quirk, in the same quiet tone; "my partner's order is quite sufficient authority for you."

The man touched his cap, and left the room. The lawyer whispered a few words in the ear of Ned Cantor, who, before Snape had recovered his confusion, found himself bound to the arms of the chair.

"Surely," he faltered, "you do not intend to murder me?"

"Murder you, Mr. Snape?" repeated his partner, in an ironical tone; "how can you suspect me of such an unprofessional—not to say improper proceeding? We do not murder thieves when we detect them."

"Of course not," chuckled Ned, who highly enjoyed the scene.

"The law," added the old man, "sometimes hangs them."

To this his companion made no observation, but seated himself opposite his prisoner, to watch further proceedings.

Quirk opened the door of the clerk's office, and gave orders that he should not be interrupted on any pretence, and then deliberately commenced an examination of his private papers. Once or twice a sinister smile curled his lips, as he perused some document, the possession of which would have placed him completely in the power of his partner. After ascertaining that not a single deed or letter was missing, he carefully closed the iron safe, and locked the door.

"Where are your keys?" he said, addressing the baffled Mr. Snape.

The fellow turned very pale, and declared that he had left them at his house in Islington.

"You must be mistaken," observed his former master, who was perfectly acquainted with his methodical habits; "you are too prudent to leave home without them. I dare wager," he added, "that I shall find them in your left-hand waistcoat pocket. See, Ned!"

The returned convict hesitated. He had just escaped the last hold which the law held upon him, and he had no wish to thrust himself into its meshes again. To any quiet, safe piece of villany he had no objection—experience, if it had not taught him virtue, had given him caution.

"You are right," said Quirk; "it is better that I should take them."

So saying, he deliberately thrust his hand into the pocket of his prisoner and drew from it three keys, tied together with a faded piece of red tape.

"This is robbery!" exclaimed the enraged partner.

"Nonsense, man," replied the lawyer, in the same provoking, sneering tone; "the keys at least are mine—I paid for them. The desks are mine—I can show you the inventory when I took the office. A man cannot very well steal his own property."

Snape uttered a deep groan. He felt that he was a ruined man.

His partner returned with the books and contents of the desk, which he had removed from the outward office. Deliberately he placed them on the table, and commenced an examination. Once or twice he raised his eyes towards the prisoner with a glance which made him tremble. He had discovered quite sufficient to prove that he had robbed him.

"Snape," he said, when he had finished his task, "you are a clever fellow—a very clever fellow—and calculated every chance but one—and that one has turned against you. But I bear no malice. The fact is, between ourselves, I rather admire your ingenuity than blame it. Give up your deed of partnership, return to your former position, and I will look over this little imprudence."

"Never!"

"As you please. Mr. Cantor, oblige me by sending for an officer."

Ned was about to leave the room.

"You forget," exclaimed the detected thief, "that I can expose you."

"My dear Snape," answered his partner, "I forget nothing of the kind—it is you who are out in your calculations. After what has lately occurred, exposure can do me no possible harm—my character is already ruined."

Some words which sounded very like a curse escaped from the lips of the prisoner.

"Beside," continued the speaker, "our weapons are unequal. You are armed only with threats, which I despise—I hold in my hands the terrible scourge of transportation. Think of my offer," added the old man; "I shall not renew it—think of the wife of your bosom and the dear little Snapes, whose welfare you are so anxious to promote. What will become of them, deprived of the paternal example and advice? It is absolutely distressing to think of it."

The cold and bitter irony contained in this advice which was given in an almost affectionate tone of voice, wrung the heart—for we suppose the animal had such a thing—of the ex-clerk. Rapidly he ran over in his mind the position in which he had placed himself, and saw no loophole for escape.

"Give me," he said, "a day to consider."

"You know my willingness to oblige you," replied the lawyer; "but in the present instance it is impossible. In the event of your continuing obstinate, a jury would naturally ask how I came to be guilty of such weakness?"

"Well, then," exclaimed Snape, "I consent."

His partner smiled.

"Tear up the deed, and—"

"No Snape—no!" interrupted Quirk: "I respect you too much to permit you to commit such an unprofessional irregularity. I will order a deed of dissolution to be drawn up—it will not take more than a couple of hours. We will both sign it: nothing like a mutual release."

Whilst the deed of dissolution of partnership was drawn up in the outer office, the lawyer and Ned had a long and confidential conversation on the subject of Clara Briancourt's marriage with Mr. Stanley, their prisoner all the time remaining bound in his chair.

"Married!" repeated Ned Cantor; "there can be no doubt that they were married. I have heard Mabel declare so a hundred times."

"Then she must know where."

Ned nodded assent.

"And when?"

"Doubtless," replied the convict.

"My dear Ned," continued the tempter, "could you only obtain from her the information we require, you would render my grandson and myself an essential piece of service; it would enable us to recover Broadlands."

"And what is it to me whether you recover Broadlands or not?" replied the convict, bluntly.

"Obtain the information we require from your wife—and she cannot resist your powers of persuasion—and we will pay handsomely—very handsomely—for it! Doubtless, if ever the ceremony took place, it was performed in some out-of-the-way village church, where the registers are irregularly kept! Perhaps," he added, struck by a sudden idea, "Mabel may possess the proofs—the only proofs in existence. Clara was at her cottage the night before she died, and intrusted her child to her care. Remember, it will enable you to triumph over those who have alienated from you the affections of your child."

"Look you, Quirk," answered the convict, "as far as obtaining the information you seek, I will serve you—for I hate the Briancourts as much as I once hated you; but let that rest—we are friends now."

The lawyer pressed his hand.

"But as for tampering with registers, or meddling with anything which can bring me within the meshes of the law, hold hard! I have escaped twice, and none but a fool would run his neck into the noose a third time! I shall start in the morning for Borderleugh," he added, "and in a few days you may expect to hear from me!"

There was a gentle rap at the door leading to the clerks' office—the senior partner answered it himself: the deed was ready, and only required signing, to dissolve the short-lived partnership between Quirk and Snape.

After unbinding the latter, the clerks were called in—every legal formality was gone through—and the witnesses, who had for several weeks been goaded by the tyranny of their former fellow-scribe, retired, chuckling with ill-concealed satisfaction and delight.

"Give the locksmith a guinea," said Quirk, "and tell him I no longer require him to wait. Snape," added his late partner, in a condescending tone, "if you like to take your old stool in the office again, you can!"

"Thank you, sir," replied the crest-fallen man.

"And to prove that I bear no malice, at an advance of fifty pounds a year: commencing," he added, "from next Christmas."

This was generous, considering that it wanted rather more than six months to the time.

Again Mr. Snape thanked him, and was about to quit the room, when, recollecting his changed position, he stopped and inquired, in a respectful tone, if his employer had any orders.

"No—nothing at present. Yet stay," continued the lawyer, with a scarcely perceptible smile, "you may as well remove the plate from the outer door—it can only recall to mind unpleasant recollections."

With a muttered curse, his former partner rushed from the room, and passed through the clerks' office, amid the titters and jeers of its occupants.

The triumphant Quirk, after bidding adieu to his companion, drove to his private house, taking with him not only the contents of the iron safe, but of his clerk's desk: they were too precious ever to be exposed again to a similar risk. He passed half the night in destroying some and arranging others.

### CHAPTER LXIX.

Though all the world should crack their duty to you,  
And throw it from their soul—though perils did  
Abound as thick as thought could make them, and  
Appear in forms more horrid—yet my duty,  
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,  
Should the approach of this wild river break,  
And stand unshaken yours. *Shakespeare.*

For some time poor Mabel was completely overwhelmed by the second misfortune which had fallen upon her. First, the loss of Margaret—next the arrest of her husband, to whom, guilty and depraved as he was, she clung, from a strict sense of duty, as well as the lingering tie of woman's love.

She would have followed him had she possessed the means; but of the large sum which had fallen into her possession on the death of Gilbert Rawlins, not a shilling remained to her. Ned, with his characteristic selfishness, had taken and invested it all.

The intelligence of Margaret's marriage was a severe blow to Frank Hazleton, the pangs of whose untold love became the more bitter from being borne in secret. Bell was the only one of his family who

suspected it, and the kind-hearted girl could only offer him pity.

Despite the cruelty with which he considered Ned Cantor had treated him, the young farmer heard of the arrest—for which rumour assigned a hundred different causes—with regret. He felt for the lone woman in her desolation: she was the mother of the girl he had loved—and that gave her a strong claim to his sympathy and assistance.

Without breathing a word, even to his sister, of his intentions, he set out for Bordercleugh. He found Mabel calm and resigned, as usual. There are beings in the world so marked by sorrow, that misfortune ceases to make any outward impression upon them. Like the closely-written sheet, every line of which is filled, there is no room for further inscription. True, the character may be deepened, but it requires an observant eye to detect it.

She tried to smile—but the recollection that his last visit had been to her child froze the effort upon her lips.

"I am sorry—very sorry," he said, taking her kindly by the hand, "to hear of your husband's misfortune. I trust the case is not serious?"

"I am ignorant of it," replied the unhappy wife; "Ned has been engaged in many transactions which I am unacquainted with."

"Business, probably?"

Without violating the truth, Mabel made answer that her husband had formerly been in trade. She changed the subject, by inquiring after his sister; and then by apologising for not offering him refreshment; adding that the servant had left her, and she had not found heart to proceed to the village to purchase food.

She might have said, nor money; but her honest pride would not permit the exposure.

"Surely you do not mean to say that you are alone in this wretched place?"

"Quite alone," she replied; "husband and child both gone."

The tone of utter despondency in which the words were uttered touched the kind heart of Frank Hazleton.

"This must not be!" he said. "Come to the farm for a few days—Bell will be delighted to see you—for she loved you, and—"

The poor fellow could not pronounce the name of Margaret.

Mabel had long since read his secret. He must guard it more closely than the young farmer had done, who would conceal the love he bears her child from the watchful eyes of the mother. She liked from the first his manly, gentle bearing, and from the depth of her heart wished that he had succeeded in winning the affections of Margaret; but the wound which the poor girl had received was too recent—her resentment too violent. Unhappily she had listened to its promptings, and applied a blister when she should have sought a balm.

Frank Hazleton guessed at once how matters stood, and entreated Mabel to accept his assistance till she should either hear from or see her husband again.

"Do not feel offended at my offer," he said, seeing that she hesitated to accept it; "I once hoped to have had the right to make it!"

"Would to Heaven you had!" ejaculated the lone woman; "I should not then have been separated from my child."

Before the contest between friendship and delicacy was decided, a ragged urchin from the post-house arrived with a letter to the tower: it was from Margaret, entreating her mother to join her in Scotland—urging how necessary her presence was to her happiness, which never could be complete without her—and ended by imploring her forgiveness for the selfish step she had taken.

"I ought to have remained, to have watched over you, and protected you from the violence of one I will not name. I feel that I have abandoned a duty, and my heart reproaches me. It was outraged, mother—deeply outraged—before it became insensible!"

The letter contained a note for fifty pounds.

"You see," said Mabel, after pressing the handwriting of her daughter to her lips, "that I have no longer occasion to accept your generous offer—Margaret has not forgotten her poor mother."

"God bless her!" exclaimed the young man, emphatically; "may she be happy! She was too good for me! It was folly, madness, to suppose that a rough, simple fellow like myself, without either fortune or name to offer her, could win the love of such a treasure! I had nothing," he added, with a sigh, "but a true, honest heart!"

"And that Margaret would have prized, had she but known its sincerity," answered her parent, who fancied she perceived in the regrets of the speaker an idea that her daughter had sold herself for that rank and fortune which he lamented the want of. "You do not know my child—she is neither mercenary nor ambitious."

"I did not accuse her!" observed the young man, sadly; "I have no right to do so."

"Not in words," continued Mabel; "but your heart did. Margaret has erred, and I fear, must pay the penalty of her error, in wedding a man whom, however she may respect, she can never love."

"And yet you say it was not interest or ambition!" exclaimed Frank Hazleton, starting from his seat.

"Neither!"

"What motive, then?"

"Revenge! Do not smile incredulously, but hear me patiently," continued the speaker, who proceeded to relate the love of her daughter for Harry Sinclair—how he had attempted to corrupt both her heart and understanding, when he discovered that her birth was not equal to his own—followed her to Bordercleugh, to renew his infamous proposals—and finally driven her to a marriage which had blighted his prospects and her happiness for ever.

The young farmer listened to her in silence. There was much in her narrative which he sympathised with. The assurance that Margaret did not love her husband was a relief to him: though lost to him, he found some consolation that she had not preferred another.

"Would I had met the heartless libertine!" he said, alluding to Harry Sinclair; "I would have spoiled his wooing!"

After a kind adieu to Mabel, whom he thanked for her confidence, assuring her that it should remain a secret in his own breast, Frank left the tower, and returned in a melancholy humour to the farm.

Two days afterwards, when, accompanied by Bell, he returned, the mother of Margaret had disappeared. The doors and windows of the house were carefully secured; but not a creature in the neighbourhood could tell in what direction she had bent her steps. No one had seen her depart. She must have left Bordercleugh at midnight, and alone.

Pursuant to his promise to Quirk, Ned Cantor left London on the morning following the scene at Serjeant's Inn. Although the convict cared as little as most men about the opinion of the world, still he was not without some uneasiness as to the impression which his arrest had made on the neighbours at home—whether the cause was known—or if any rumours of it had reached Moretown Abbey.

To settle the last doubt, he resolved to stop one night at Fulton, and visit the steward—it would break the tediousness of his journey; added to which, he felt anxious to know what was going on at the rectory, and make inquiries which might be useful touching the state of Alice.

The last point was in consequence of a suggestion from the lawyer.

After refreshing himself and changing his dress at the inn, the traveller directed his steps to the house of Mr. Coppin, his lordship's steward, who resided in a handsome lodge, situated between the home-farm and the park.

Being well-known to the servants, he was at once shown to the parlour, where the man of business was sitting. As he approached the door, he fancied that he recognized the voice of his wife. He was not mistaken: as the domestic threw open the door, he saw, to his astonishment and anger, poor Mabel standing in an attitude of earnest entreaty, and the steward listening to her with fixed attention.

At the sight of her husband she uttered a faint cry.

"Mabel!" he exclaimed in a brutal tone, "what, in the name of all that is mischievous in woman, brings you from home? But I need not ask!" he added, bitterly; "some plot against me as usual!"

"No, Ned—indeed no!" she faltered.

"You are mistaken, Mr. Cantor!" observed Mr. Coppin, rising to welcome him—for he knew that, despite the equivocal character he bore, the earl placed great confidence in him; "your wife called to make a very simple request."

"Ah! money, I suppose?"

"Nothing of the kind: had such been her errand, I should have had no hesitation in granting it; but, in the peculiar position in which I am placed here, respecting the illness of the countess—hem—and my lord's instructions, I know not how to decide!"

Mabel looked at the speaker imploringly, as if to entreat his silence; but he either did not or was resolved not to see it.

"And may I ask what this very simple request of my wife is?" demanded Ned, in a bitter tone.

"Well," continued the steward, "there can be no harm in telling you: it is for an old chair, which, she states, many years ago she confided to the keeping of her ladyship."

"An old chair?" slowly repeated Ned, as if weighing every word.

"Yes, and a bird-cage."

"Poor Meg's bird-cage," said his wife, trusting, by the allusion to his child, to draw his attention from the more important object of her visit; "you can't forget

it, Ned!" she said, "for you bought it for her yourself, on her fourth birthday!"

"I don't forget it!" replied her husband, who began to suspect that there was a mystery in the chair well worth his solving. "She says truly they were her child's, and no doubt she would be glad to have them back again—in fact, I should like to see them myself," he added, in a gayer tone, "to remind me of old times."

"Well—well," said the steward, "of course I can rely upon what you say?"

"I should think so!" muttered Ned.

"Have you any idea in what part of the house they are?" inquired Mr. Coppin, addressing Mabel.

"When last I saw them, they were in the countess's dressing-room."

"Which has been closed for many a long day; but I have the keys—so, if you will accompany me in the morning to identify them, they shall be yours!"

"I will go with you," answered Ned, although the speaker had addressed himself to his wife; "I know them as well as she does; don't I, Mab?"

The faithful creature secretly prayed that he did not; for she knew that if the important papers once got into his hands, no prayers or entreaties of hers would induce him to restore them to the child of her poor mistress; and her oath, made to Clara Briancourt on the night of her death, in all probability would be broken.

Ned returned, accompanied by his wife, to the inn.

"So," he said, when they were seated in the bay-windowed room up-stairs, from which Quirk had recognized his old acquaintance Barnes, in the person of Caleb Brown, "this is your duty and affection, to say nothing of your promise not to quit Bordercleugh without my permission. But you thought you had got rid of me, I suppose?"

"And what was I to do?" meekly asked his wife; "sit there and starve?"

"Starve!"

"Ay! I had neither money nor food in the house for nearly two days!"

"And how did you obtain it," demanded her husband, in a brutal tone, "to come on this fool's errand?"

Mabel produced the letter from Lady Sinclair, and showed him the contents of her purse, in order to convince him that she had spoken the truth.

"And so Meg desires to have the chair and cage, does she?"

"Don't ask me, Ned. I cannot tell you why I desired to have them once more in my possession—you would not understand my feelings."

But Ned did understand them much better than she supposed—in fact, he half-suspected the truth—that some paper or document connected with the clandestine marriage of Clara Briancourt was concealed within the interior of the chair; fortunately he had not the least idea of the little recess in the back, or the spring which opened it.

On the following morning the steward and Cantor walked to the abbey, where Dr. Briard—who still remained as the medical attendant of the wretched Alice—cordially received them. The charlatan began to grow weary of the solitude of his existence—for the earl seldom visited the place, unless at the time of an election for the county, when he felt it necessary to appear amongst his tenantry, in order to keep up his interest. Any society, then, which broke the monotony of the place was welcome.

Although Ned was anxious to glean all he could respecting the state of the countess, whose insanity he doubted, he was far too prudent to startle the doctor by any direct questions: he was delighted, therefore, when his companion broached the subject.

"And how is your patient, doctor?" said Mr. Coppin, as he assisted himself to a second glass of his lordship's very finest Madeira.

The Frenchman shrugged his shoulders.

"No better?"

"Nor ever like to be!" replied the quack.

"A sad thing for my lord!" observed Ned.

"Vary!" was the dry response.

"I remember her father," continued the convict, "the old miser of Colchester—remember him ever since I was a boy. The people said that he was mad—but he knew how to take care of his gold! Mad or sane, her ladyship must be immensely rich?"

"Yes!" drawled Briard; "that is, I believe so!"

"Is she raving mad?"

"No—rather melancholy—a species of madness which is generally incurable!"

"Of course, she is not permitted to see any one?" observed Ned.

"Of course not!" replied her medical adviser, who began to think that Mr. Cantor was a very curious, inquisitive person.

Poor Alice had been removed from the part of the mansion which she formerly occupied, to one of the wings especially arranged for her reception. The jealousies of her windows were invariably kept locked.



and none of the old servants ever permitted to see her: her only attendants were Briard and the woman who accompanied her from London; all communication between her room and the rest of the abbey had been cut off—the victim was as completely isolated as if in a dungeon.

Having finished their luncheon, the steward produced the keys, and the three gentlemen directed their steps to the dressing-room, which, as Mr. Coppin had stated the previous evening, had not been opened since the imprisonment of the countess.

When they entered the apartment, it presented a scene of mournful desolation: the dust had fallen like a veil upon rich draperies and furniture—it was like entering a tomb. A small cage hung near the window—at the bottom of it lay the skeleton of a bird: the little captive had been starved to death.

"Hang it!" exclaimed Ned, as he gazed on the remains of Meg's pet—the pet he had purchased and given her—"but this is too bad! They might have taken care of the bird—it would not have eaten much!"

He took the cage down, and handed it to the steward.

"And is it possible, my dear sir," said Dr. Briard, in an accent of pity, "that you have taken all this trouble for a paltry bird-cage?"

"And a chair!" muttered the convict.

He pointed as he spoke to the old oaken chair behind which his wife had concealed herself on the night he made the attempt to rob, if not murder, Nicholas Arden. The sight of it recalled many bitter recollections. Since he last beheld it, he had been twice the inmate of a prison, visited a foreign land as a felon, lost and recovered his child, only to find her separated from him by a yet wider barrier.

"A singular old relic," observed the steward; "covered with needle-work: the hands which worked it are quiet enough now."

With this philosophical reflection, he drew it from the corner where it stood, and gave it to Ned Cantor.

Directly behind the chair was a desk of foreign-looking workmanship, which had once been the property of the miser's wife. It was curiously inlaid with tortoiseshell and ivory; there was something in its appearance which attracted the curiosity of Ned; he felt a strong desire to possess it.

"This, too," he said, "is mine."

"Your wife mentioned only the chair and the bird-cage," replied Mr. Coppin, raising the lid of the desk: it was empty.

"It is an odd-looking affair," said the doctor, taking it in his hands, and placing it on one of the marble consoles. As he set it down, the charlatan fancied that it emitted a hollow sound: from that instant he resolved to oppose its removal.

"Of course I may take it?" observed the convict. The steward looked at Briard, as if for his opinion; for, although it was of no great value, he did not feel certain that he should be acting rightly to part with it.

"Certainly not!" said the Frenchman; "at least, without the sanction of the earl! The countess, I know, valued it highly, and the last time his lordship was at the abbey, he made inquiries respecting it."

This was untrue; but the speaker cared very little about uttering a falsehood, when he had a point to carry.

Bitterly cursing him in his heart, Ned was obliged to yield. He would rather have carried off the desk than the chair, or even Meg's bird-cage—for he felt assured that there was some mystery connected with it.

The speaker thought so, too—for that very same night he found means to obtain access to the dressing-room, and removed the object to his own apartment.

"There is a secret drawer, I am certain!" he muttered, as he placed his burthen upon the table; "the old Florentines were cunning in such contrivances!"

The point was, how to ascertain it without injuring the delicate workmanship.

After a few minutes' reflection, he seized one of the fire-irons, and struck it a violent blow, the back flew open, and discovered a single paper—it was the long-sought will of Nicholas Arden, the miser.

(To be continued.)

ONE TOUCH OF KINDNESS MAKES ALL THE WORLD KIN.—The late venerable and respected Dr. Crichton was in the gaol one day on some message of mercy. He took special note of a young woman, and on getting into the lobby he asked the gaoler about her. "Oh, doctor, that's one of the irreclaimables; she's constantly in gaol; from her there's no hope of anything good." The doctor said, "Did ye ever try the lassie wi' a little kindness?" "No, sir, that would be

absurd." "Maybe, but I'll try her myself." So, returning to the cell, he clapped the girl heartily on the shoulder, and said, "Ye're a guid lookin' lass, and some day sure ye'll be as guid as ye'er bonny." The poor girl burst into a flood of tears, the first she had been known to shed; possibly these were the first kind words she had ever heard. The kind tones of the old doctor's voice had touched some hidden chord which had never vibrated before. They had touched some hidden spring, and the heart flew open.

## THE CENSUS.

WE continue from our last number, our epitome of the statistics of the Census:—

### MIGRATION OF THE PEOPLE AT HOME (BIRTH-PLACES).

Of the population at home, 946,172 persons were born out of England and Wales, 3,509 were born at sea, 17,742 were British subjects born abroad, 51,572 were born in the East Indies or the British Colonies, 18,423 were born in the Islands of the British Seas, 169,202 were born in Scotland, and 601,634 were natives of Ireland.

In the midst of 19,982,623 British subjects lived 84,090 subjects of Foreign States. 9,592 of the subjects of foreign states belonged to America, 518 to Africa, 558 to Asia, and 73,434 to Europe; 40,909 of them are in London, and the rest are distributed all over England.

The diplomatic corps stand among the subjects of foreign states, first in importance, but their numbers are not considerable. The merchant seamen amount to 15,561, chiefly from Norway, Denmark, Sweden, and Germany. Of the subjects of France, 12,989 are reckoned, including teachers of languages, governesses, cooks, servants, merchants, clerks, seamen (1,532), tailors, bootmakers, dressmakers, and smaller numbers in a great variety of occupations. Italy sends us musicians, artists, priests, figure and image makers, looking-glass makers, and merchants. 667 Italian seamen were in our ports. Germany, with Austria and Prussia, besides seamen (4,624), supplies us with a large number of musicians, teachers of the German language, servants, merchants, factors, and commercial clerks, watch and clock makers (965), engine and machine makers, tailors, shoemakers; with many bakers, and a large colony of sugar refiners (1,345). The cities, and especially the metropolis, are the principal seats of foreign residents. London in 1851 contained 30,357 persons born in foreign parts; and in 1861 it contained 48,399 foreigners by birth.

Liverpool at the two censuses contained 4,167 and 4,412 foreigners; Manchester and Salford 2,035 and 3,085 persons born in foreign parts. Birmingham, Hull, and Brighton were the only other towns that contained more than 1,000 foreigners. Of every 100 foreigners residing in England, 36 were born in Germany, Austria and Prussia, 16 in France, 9 in the United States of America, and 39 in all the other states of the world.

18,423 persons in England were born in the Islands of the British Seas. 601,634 persons in England were born in Ireland, of whom nearly five in six, or 497,116, comprising 244,840 men and 252,276 women, were twenty years of age and upwards. The 104,511 under twenty years of age comprised rather more boys than girls, and many of them were the children of the adults. Of the Irish immigrants, 245,933 are in Lancashire and Cheshire, 124,646 in the metropolitan counties—Middlesex, Surrey, and Kent, 50,664 in Yorkshire, and 42,753 in Durham and Northumberland. Wherever employment is active the Irish flock, and they abound in the large towns—London, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, Bradford, and Sheffield,—generally occupying particular streets and quarters.

169,202 persons in England were born in Scotland, of whom 42,656 were in Lancashire and Cheshire, and 42,226 were in the metropolitan counties. Half of the Scottish population in England were in these five counties,—15,461 resided in Northumberland, 9,025 in Cumberland over the border, 13,621 in Durham, 10,376 in Yorkshire, and 4,419 in Hampshire; a certain number being scattered over all the other counties. London being the metropolis of the empire, thither the representatives of other nations, of the colonies, and of Scotland and Ireland, resort; but it is chiefly the field in which the populations of the several counties of England find scope for their talents and their industry. The majority of its inhabitants are, it is true, indigenous, for 1,741,177 were born within its limits; but of the 1,962,812 who were born elsewhere 852,994 were born in the extra-metropolitan counties and parts of counties of England and Wales.

62 in 100 of the inhabitants, were born in London, 19 in the counties of the three divisions around London, 7 in the South-western and the West Midland counties, 4 in the North Midland and all the Northern counties,

In 100 inhabitants little more than 1½ were natives of Scotland, nearly 4 were natives of Ireland, 5 were natives of British colonies, 1 7-10 were natives of foreign parts. But these proportions do not show the tendency of the various populations to send emigrants to London; for to determine this relative tendency the numbers of the population from which the emigrants come must be taken into account. Thus the Islands of the British Seas sent 3,429 of their natives to London, and Ireland sent 106,877; but as the population of the islands is 845,674, and the population of Ireland is 5,850,309, it follows that the islands send proportionally more natives to London than Ireland contributes. To 1,000 people in the islands there are 24 natives of those islands in London; while to a population of 1,000 in Ireland there are 18 Irishmen in London.

To correct some popular errors, it may be noticed that the tendency of the Scotch to go to London is less than the tendency of the people of any other parts of Great Britain, except Lancashire and Cheshire. To 1,000 people in Scotland, there are nearly 12 Scotchmen in London; to 1,000 people in Yorkshire, 13 Yorkshiremen in London; to 1,000 people in Wales and Monmouthshire, 15 of Welsh birth in London; to 1,000 people in the northern counties, 16 northern men by birth in London; to 1,000 of population of Lancashire and Cheshire, there were 8 natives of those counties in London.

Lincoln, Leicester, Derby, and Nottingham have to 1,000 inhabitants 26 of their natives in London, while the counties around the Severn have the somewhat larger proportion of 31 natives in London to 1,000 inhabitants. The counties of Cornwall, Devon, Somerset, Dorset, and Wilts send 128,442 of their natives to be enumerated in London—70 natives to every 1,000 of the inhabitants of these south-western counties; to 1,000 inhabitants, the south midland counties had 114 natives, the south-eastern counties 123 natives, the eastern counties 133 natives resident in London.

The children enumerated in London were nearly all born within its limits, and of 1,186,959 young people under the age of 20, only 196,263 were born elsewhere. Of the adults of the age of 60 and upwards, 866,549 were born out of London, and only 751,381 were natives of the soil. The proportion of adult immigrants to natives was 115 to 100, or rather less than 7 to 6. The men of the age of 20 and upwards who were not natives, were in the proportion of 121 to 100 natives; the women in the proportion of 111 to 100. 2,061,093 persons in England were born in London. The attraction between London and the other divisions is not necessarily reciprocal, but the proportion of Londoners bears a certain proportion to the distance of the counties from the metropolis.

## THE BLIND AND THE DEAF AND DUMB.

### 1. THE BLIND.

The authentic numbers of these unfortunate members of the community have been found to be much larger than was previously supposed.

The number of blind persons enumerated in the United Kingdom, on 8th April, 1861, was 29,248, or 1 in 994, viz.:—In England and Wales, 19,352, or 1 blind to every 1,037 persons; Scotland, 2,820, or 1 to 1,086; Ireland, 6,879, or 1 to 843; Islands in the British Seas, 197, or 1 to 725. In round numbers the blind in this country may be set down as amounting to nearly 30,000, or about 1 in every 1,000 of the inhabitants. Of the 19,352 blind persons enumerated in England and Wales, 10,249 were males, and 9,103 females, being in the ratio of 113 males to 100 females. In 1851 the ratio was nearly the same. In Scotland the female blind are rather in excess of the other sex (162 females to 100 males), a result partly owing to the preponderance of the female population, particularly at advanced ages, in that country. In Ireland the inequality of the sexes amongst the blind is still greater, the proportion being 118 females to 100 males; and here there is a large numerical excess of females. Small-pox, the commissioners state, is, undoubtedly, one of the most prolific causes of blindness.

### 2. DEAF AND DUMB.

According to the census returns, the number of the deaf and dumb (including under that term all who were described as dumb) in England and Wales was 12,236, of whom 6,841 were males, and 5,395 females—being in the ratio of 1 in 1,640 of the general population. In 1851 the number returned was 10,314 (5,640 males and 4,674 females), and the ratio to the population was 1 in 1,738; the figures for 1861 showing a numerical increase of 19 per cent.

In Scotland the number of deaf mutes returned in 1861 was 2,335, or 1 in every 1,311 of the inhabitants, an increase of 8 per cent. on the return of 1851. The number of the deaf and dumb only in Ireland, on 8th April, 1861, was 5,653 (3,132 males and 2,521 females), or 1 in every 2,026 of the population. The aggregate returns for the United Kingdom, with the Channel Islands and the Isle of Man, give a total of

20,311 mutes, being 1 in every 1,432 of the population.

#### PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS.—INMATES OF WORKHOUSES, PRISONS, LUNATIC ASYLUMS, AND HOSPITALS.

##### 1. INMATES OF WORKHOUSES.

By the law of England, all poor and destitute persons have an absolute right to food, shelter, and medical attendance, subject to certain conditions, and no less a sum than £77,960,000 was raised in poor-rates, in England and Wales, in the ten years ended in 1860. Of this amount, however, upwards of £18,000,000 were disbursed as part of the cost of the police and for other purposes unconnected with the relief of the poor; but Parliament voted during the ten years £1,246,000 in part payment of the salaries of schoolmasters and medical officers, and for other expenses not charged upon the rates. The average net expenditure on the poor in England during the period under notice may be taken roughly at £6,000,000 per annum, equal to an annual charge of nearly 6s. per head on the population; while the average number of paupers, in-door and out-door, was 892,679, or 4·7 per cent. of the people. In Scotland during the same period the annual average of paupers was 120,600, or 4·0 per cent. of the population. In Ireland, where out-door relief is almost extinct, the paupers were 95,880, or 1·5 per cent. The average number of persons relieved, exclusive of vagrants and lunatic paupers in the quarter ended 31st March, 1861, was 889,942, viz., 181,501 in-door and 758,441 out-door. In the corresponding quarters of 1862 and 1863, the returns of pauperism gave the following numbers, in which the effects of the failure of the cotton supply are too plainly discernible:—1862, 948,198; 1863, 1,091,873.

The numbers of paupers in workhouses (including children in the district schools), on the census day, was 125,722. The ratio of paupers in workhouses was 1 in every 160 of the population, or 6·3 in every 1,000. At the census of 1851, there were 126,488 in-door paupers—that is, 1 to every 142 inhabitants, or 7 in 1,000. The relative numbers of the sexes of in-door paupers are not widely different, 62,320 being males, 63,402 females. To every 10,000 males and 10,000 females in England and Wales, there were 64 males and 62 females in workhouses at the time of the census.

Almost every class of employment—professional, commercial, trading, manufacturing, and agricultural—is represented. The largest items are: agricultural and farm-labourers, 8,285 men and boys, and 1,388 women and girls; labourers undescribed, 5,324; domestic servants, 15,108, all but 647 of whom are females; charwomen, 2,699; washerwomen, 1,663; milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, &c., 2,608; shoemakers (both sexes), 2,133; tailors, 942; cotton manufacture, 2,103; seamen, merchant service, 848; soldiers and Chelsea pensioners, 207.

##### 2. PRISONERS.

Several important changes have been made in the law and practice relating to criminals since the census of 1851. On the 8th April, 1861, the number of prisoners detained in England and Wales in the convict establishments, county and borough prisons, gaols, bridewells, houses of correction and reformatories, was 26,096, viz., 21,177 males and 4,919 females. Of these some few were insolvent debtors (bankrupts), and a considerable number were awaiting their trial, but the majority had been convicted and were undergoing sentences. The ratio of prisoners of all classes to the general population was 1 in 769. At the census of 1851 the aggregate number was 23,768, and the ratio 1 in 754. In every 10,000 males and as many females in England and Wales in 1861, there were in prison about 22 males and 6 females; in 1851 there were 23 males and 4 females.

##### 3. INMATES OF LUNATIC ASYLUMS.

At the date of the census there were in the principal civil lunatic asylums and establishments for the reception of the insane 24,345 persons, viz., 11,249 males and 13,096 females. This number excludes some lunatics in licensed houses where a very small number are received, and lunatics at large or in the custody of their relatives, also the patients in military and naval asylums, as well as lunatic paupers in workhouses, and a few criminal lunatics in gaols. The number thus understated furnishes a ratio of 1 lunatic patient in asylum to every 824 inhabitants of England and Wales. In 1851 the aggregate number returned in like manner was 16,426, or 1 in every 1,091 of the population. The excess in the number of lunatics in asylums in 1861 over those in 1851 amounts to no less than 7,919. To what is this increase to be ascribed? The Commissioners in Lunacy are of opinion that the increased number of pauper lunatics is chiefly due to the agency of three causes:—(1) the discovery of fit objects for treatment previously unnoticed, and the classification as insane of many persons formerly looked upon as ordinary paupers; (2)

the increased number of these sent to asylums; and (3) the prolongation of their life when thus brought under care. There were, on 31st December, 42 county and borough lunatic asylums, 16 hospitals, and 105 licensed houses, in several of which paupers were received; in these 160 establishments, there were in all 26,199 lunatics. After the 40th year, mental maladies are more common amongst women than men; after the age of 60, there is an excess of females, which must be considered as partly due to the longevity of that sex.

The professional and educated classes furnish a large number of patients. Of clergymen and ministers of various religious denominations, 95 are returned; of barristers and solicitors, 82; physicians and surgeons, 66; officers of the army and navy, 113 (the military and naval asylums are excluded); schoolmasters and others engaged in tuition—men 77, women, 250. Amongst the largest items are—agricultural and other labourers, 2,587 (both sexes); female and domestic servants, 2,707; shoemakers, 560; milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, &c., 884; tailors, 296. The table includes 142 men and 699 women described as of independent means or "annuitants."

##### 4. PATIENTS IN HOSPITALS.

Exclusive of the patients in the military and naval hospitals, and in the sick wards of workhouses, prisons, &c., there were in hospitals in England and Wales on the day of the census 10,414 patients, of whom 5,970 were males and 4,444 females. In 1851 the number of in-patients was 8,617, and the increase of 1,797 persons enumerated in these establishments may be ascribed to the additional accommodation for the sick afforded through the erection of new hospitals, and the enlargement of those already established. The above figures give the ratios of 1 in 1,927 of the population in civil hospitals in 1861, and 1 in 2,080 in 1851. By far the highest ratio of the sick in hospitals is found in London. Many of the patients came from the country.

##### ISLANDS IN THE BRITISH SEAS.

These islands consist of two groups, the Isle of Man in the Irish Sea, and the Channel Islands. The population of the Isle of Man increased slightly from 52,387 to 52,469, in the interval from 1851 to 1861. The population of Jersey is 55,613, down to which it had fallen from 57,620 at the previous census. In Guernsey the population remained nearly stationary; and the increase of population in Alderney and the adjacent islands from 3,962 to 5,561 is due to the "very large increase of workmen carrying on the works" in Alderney. The population of the islands in the British Seas was nearly the same at the time of the two last censuses—143,126 and 143,447. There were 23,012 inhabited houses in the islands, and 6·23 persons to a house. There is a great excess of women in the islands: thus, to 100 men of the age of 20-40, there were 133 women, and at the higher ages the disproportion subsists. Of 1,000 women of the age of 25-30, there are 503 wives, 471 spinsters, and 26 widows.

##### AREA AND POPULATION OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

Exclusive of India, the enumerated population of the United Kingdom, with its colonies and possessions, amounted to 38,817,967 souls, having at their disposal 3,486,878 square miles, or 9,080,645 square kilometers of territory.

The area of British India is 933,722 square miles, and the population 135,571,351 by estimate, which makes the area of the British Empire 4,420,600 square miles, and the population 174,389,308.

With these grand totals, which indicate to what magnificent proportions the British empire now extends, we close our analysis of the census of England and Wales of 1861.

**VOLUNTEERS FOR INDIA.**—By direction of his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, Commander-in-Chief, a general order was promulgated on Monday last, announcing that 200 volunteers were required for the Royal Engineer Corps, for service on the public works in India. In less than forty-eight hours the number of volunteers required was completed. These men will undergo a complete course of instruction in sapping, mining and surveying before embarking for India.

**A CLERICAL JUSTICE.**—The Rev. R. Moore is chairman of the Spalding bench of magistrates. There are two clergymen in the family—father and son—who hold between them seven livings and appointments, from which they receive an income of £3,250 per annum. At a recent sitting of the Spalding bench, the first of these clergymen presiding, a little boy, named Buffam, was charged with stealing a small quantity of tobacco. It appeared that a grocer in the town had rolled out into the street an empty cask which had contained tobacco, and in which some dusty refuse of the weed still remained, and little Buffam had scraped some of this up and sold it for one halfpenny. In vain did Mr. Percival, his counsel

—fancy, counsel for a baby in a criminal court!—urge that the child naturally fancied that, the grocer having taken the commodity out of the cask, he might gather up the paltry fragments which remained in it, just as he might have feasted on the scrapings of an empty sugar hogshead. The magistrates were obdurate, and little Buffam was sentenced to a month's imprisonment—to be kept for that time at the expense of the ratepayers, and at the end of the term to come out with the taint of the cell upon him, and perhaps made a thief for life.

**THE FIR-TREE AND CYPRESS IN JAPAN.**—It is the law in Japan that no fir or cypress-tree can be cut down without the permission of a magistrate, and for every full-grown tree that is felled a sapling must be planted.

**"JANUARY AND MAY."**—A very large crowd was collected at the "Old Church," Liverpool, on Monday, by a wedding between an old man of 70 and a young girl of 16. Persons who were supposed to know the real state of affairs insisted upon these figures.

**THE PRINCE OF WALES AND THE COASTGUARD-MAN'S WIDOW.**—On Saturday morning a coastguardman named Terry was drowned at Pett, whilst assisting to save the life of a man who was left helpless in a fishing smack. The prince, whilst on a walk on Saturday afternoon, entered into conversation with the coastguardman on duty at 39, Tower Station, and was told the circumstance in a homely way. On Monday his Royal Highness forwarded a cheque for £50 to the widow.

**PUBLIC PARKS AND GARDENS.**—Windsor Park covers 3,800 acres; Richmond, 2,468 acres; Bois de Boulogne (France), 2,095; Hampton Court, 1,800; Phoenix (Dublin), 1,752; Central (New York), 850; Kew, 683; Regent's, 478; Kensington, 362; Tsarsko-Selo (Russia), 350; Hyde, 289; Victoria, 249; Thiergarten (Prussia), 210; Greenwich, 185; Battersea, 175; Green and St. James's, 60 each. In Southern Europe the most notable public resort is the Villa Reale, in Naples. The Bois de Boulogne has a carriage drive thirty-five miles in length, and the Central Park in New York has one nine miles long.

##### BEES TRAVELLING BY RAILWAY.

PERHAPS the enclosed account of the removal of five stocks of bees may not prove uninteresting at this slack time among bees.

On the morning of January 6th, 1864, four stocks were packed with their floor-boards in a crate, two being placed on some straw at the bottom, and two above them with straw between; straw was packed all round and at the top. The fifth was packed with its floor-board and straw in an American flour-barrel. They were then forwarded to a railway station one mile on a goods-van, thence a distance of sixty miles by goods-train at night, and on the morning of the 9th taken by goods-van at a distance of twelve miles. The whole reached their destination without damage. They were all common cottage-hives.

I took the precaution to remove all obstructions from the mouths of the hives, and prevented the bees escaping by means of a piece of perforated zinc. I also placed perforated zinc over the holes at the top, thereby allowing a free draught through the hive.

During the night of the 9th one hive was overturned, detaching all the combs from the hive (this was a swarm of 1863, and had had the bees from another hive joined to it in the autumn, and weighed 36½ lbs.), which was extremely vexing. However, I proceeded to remove the combs one by one, brushing the bees back into the hive.

When I had removed all the combs, I inverted the hive, containing all the bees, upon the top of another stock-hive, having previously removed the covering from the hole in the top of the stock-hive to make a free communication between the two. By the evening all the bees had descended very peaceably into the stock, when I removed the empty hive, and covered up the stock again with its perforated zinc.

By-the-by, I cover up the holes in the tops of all my hives during the winter simply with perforated zinc, and have found great benefit from it; I now never know what damp in a hive is.

Let me also call the attention of your readers to a hive-stand I have used for several years, which is very simple and not expensive. It consists of a piece of 1½-inch gas-piping 3 feet long, driven into the ground about 20 inches; at the top is a block of wood about 10 inches square, and 2½ inches thick, with a hole through the middle into which the iron is fixed firmly; about half-way up the pedestal is a kind of cup made of zinc, standing about 1 inch from it all round, which I fill with water.

I was obliged to invent this last autumn, as my bees were infested and annoyed with earwigs, spiders, and ants, and the cup quite prevents their gaining the top.





[CICELY'S DESPERATE RESOLVE.]

## A YOUNG GIRL FROM THE COUNTRY.

By VANE IRETON ST. JOHN,

Author of "The Queen of Night," "In Spite of the World," &c.

### CHAPTER LXI.

They were of kindred blood: but deadly hate  
Had taken for ever from them the sweet use  
Of brother's love. *Edwin Fuller.*

REGINALD CONYERS rose bruised and bleeding from the earth, and stood glaring fiercely at his half-brother.

For a moment neither spoke.

Both were so convulsed with passion that speech for a time was denied them.

At length Reginald burst forth:

"Coward! to strike a man unprepared."

"You have good right to speak to me of cowardice!" cried Ralph Conyers. "What are you who drag a young and innocent girl from her friends—who immerse her in a lonely house where she sees not the light of day—that you may thus compel her to become your slave? Give me that key!"

Reginald smiled contemptuously.

"You ask too much," he said; "this is the key of my own house. You cannot suppose that I am foolish enough to be frightened into giving up my own property."

"Good!" returned Ralph. "If I cannot compel you to deliver up to me Miss Cicely Crowe, the law shall."

So saying he strode hastily away.

Reginald looked after him in perplexity.

"He will obtain a warrant," thought he, "to search the house, and then my game is up. That horrid old woman must have informed against me."

He was quick, however, at combinations of this kind.

After walking along, therefore, slowly for a while, he suddenly started off at a rapid pace, and made once more for the squalid and wretched court where Benedick Bently resided.

For half-an-hour these two worthies were closeted together.

Benedick was in high spirits, and was just preparing to remove from his miserable abode to a better place.

This conference ended in his receiving a further supply of hard cash, and starting off by train to a village not far from London, on the road to Thornton.

Meanwhile Reginald Conyers, having engaged a

brougham, with a pair of swift-footed horses, returned to the house in which Cicely was imprisoned.

He appeared, when he entered her room, to be in a state of great agitation.

He found her very pale, but calm and collected.

"I imagined I had seen you for the last time," she said.

"So I thought," he answered, speaking quickly and shortly as one under the influence of fear; "but I find that circumstances have so altered my position that I cannot leave you here. On one condition I will restore you to your father."

Cicely's heart leaped in her bosom.

"The condition!" she cried; "what is it?"

"That you will not inform him who it was who took you from him."

This required no second thought.

She would have promised more than this to have secured her escape.

"I promise," she said; "when am I to return home?"

"At once."

"What hour is it—is it day or night?"

"It is night."

"Then there are no trains—how can I go home?"

Reginald smiled.

"I have provided for that," he said. "At the door is a carriage. This will secure your return at once."

"Why not wait till morning?"

"I am compelled to leave London at once. I am in momentary fear of arrest, and I am therefore in no way sorry that the journey is not to be made by train. By morning this house will be entered forcibly by men who would not treat you with any too much respect. Come Cicely, put on your cloak and hat, and let us be going. By to-morrow morning you will be at home."

In a few minutes Cicely had attired herself, and was led down to the carriage.

They entered together, and the coachman at once drove off.

Evidently he had his instructions.

Suddenly Cicely's heart misgave her.

An idea struck her.

Why did Reginald accompany her?

She resolved to question him.

"If you do not desire my father to know your connection with my abduction, Mr. Conyers," she said, "why is it that you accompany me on this journey?"

He smiled.

"You have not thoroughly understood me," he

said. "I am going to restore you to your father myself. He will imagine that I have rescued you from the hands of your enemies."

"Why should you wish me to act this lie?" she asked. "Why do you not allow me to return alone to my home?"

"Cicely," he said, "it is enough surely that I am restoring you to your father—enough that I am giving up all hopes of seeing you again. Loving you as I do, it is a grievous trial to me to have to abandon you thus. Let me then act in this as I think best."

"I am helpless," returned Cicely, "therefore what can I do but acquiesce in all you say. But still I cannot see your motive."

"I desire to have a claim on your father's gratitude," said Reginald.

For some time no more was said.

Then Cicely opened the carriage window, and looked out.

"Where are we?" she said.

"We are on the high road to Thornton," returned Reginald. "See, there is the railway-bridge over the river, which we passed on coming to London. We shall soon reach Tanesby."

Presently the lights of the town of Tanesby were seen glittering and twinkling in the distance.

"He cannot be deceiving me," said Cicely to herself, as they dashed along the High-street, at a rattling pace. "It is certainly the way home."

On passing Tanesby, the carriage still proceeded at great speed, until they approached Lenworth, when a peculiar oscillation was discernible, and at length, with a plunge and a roll, the vehicle was stopped.

Cicely was thrown violently from one side of the carriage to the other, and uttered a cry of terror.

"There is some accident," said Reginald, in seeming alarm. "I hope you are not injured, Cicely."

He opened the door, and, springing out, assisted her to alight.

"Are you hurt?" he asked again.

"No, Mr. Conyers, I am glad to say," she cried, as she leaned trembling on his arm. "What has happened?"

The coachmen who appeared to have been thrown from his seat and to be greatly injured, now approached them.

"The axle's broke, sir," he said.

Reginald uttered an exclamation of impatience.

"Cannot we proceed, then?" he cried.

"No, sir, that we cannot until the axle's repaired," returned the coachman readily, "it'll be as much as ever I can do to draw the carriage on to the village yonder."

"We must walk on, then," said Reginald, "and see if we can find a smith to repair it. Come, Cicely, let us proceed at once. It is only a few hundred yards."

They walked on, therefore, and, with great apparent difficulty, the coachmen led his horses after them.

Arrived at Lenworth, they stopped at the solitary inn, and as it was found that the carriage could not possibly be repaired before the morning, Cicely was obliged to consent to remain at the "Travellers' Rest" until the following day.

After Cicely had proceeded to her chamber, Reginald Conyers went round to the stables where the coachman was seeing to his horses.

"My man," he said, "so far you have managed the affair admirably."

Robert touched his hat and grinned. He understood the person with whom he was dealing.

He had helped Reginald Conyers on various affairs of this nature.

"Now the next thing you have to do, Robert," pursued his master, "the next thing you have to do is to settle a little matter with the smith. He must contrive this, so that the carriage shall not be fit to use until to-morrow evening."

"Yes, sir."

"We shall not start until dusk."

"As long as it remains light you must take the road to Thornton. After that you understand what is to be done."

"Yes, sir."

"I shall remain away from the inn a considerable portion of the day. You must keep watch therefore, upon the lady, and not permit her to escape."

"Very well, sir. But if she bolts, sir, what am I to do?"

"Call me, and I will come. I shall not be far off."

So it was arranged.

On the next day the smith came round while Reginald and Cicely were at breakfast with the information that he could not undertake to do the carriage before evening.

Reginald expressed much concern, but ultimately dismissed him with a hope that he would use all possible dispatch.

"Can we not make our way to the train?" Cicely asked.

"I have told you that I dare not go by train," he answered.

"But why come with me at all?" persisted Cicely.

"I can take care of myself a day surely."

Reginald took her hand.

"Cicely," he said, "let me beg of you to let me have my own way. Before twelve o'clock to-night you will be in your own home."

So she yielded.

Reginald left her after breakfast and did not return till dinner.

During his absence, she many times thought of telling the landlady her position and throwing herself upon her kindness for aid and protection.

But a feeling of false gratitude prevented her.

Was not this man who had sought her ruin endeavouring now to make reparation and restore her to her family?

When all he asked, therefore, was the delay of a few hours, why should she refuse to grant it?

At dinner Reginald seemed somewhat alarmed and excited.

"I fear," he said "that my enemies are on my track. I have seen some suspicious looking men loitering about, and I have been round to urge the smith to be quick."

"When does he promise the carriage?"

"He promises it at six—an hour earlier than I expected."

At six the carriage was brought round, Cicely with a glad heart took a seat, and in a few minutes they were again dashing along towards Thornton.

At twelve that day, the house from which Cicely had just escaped was broken into by the officers of the law, and discovered to be empty.

#### CHAPTER LXII

*The Signora.*—Methinks this is foul treachery.

*Servant.*—Indeed no.

*The Signora.*—Nay, tell me not: I see it in your eyes—Your looks: your actions all but speak to me Of most consummate traitorous design.

*Lord's Evidence.*

It had grown dark, and they were proceeding at a rapid pace, when the coachman suddenly slackening the speed of the horses opened the little window in the front of the carriage, and cried in a voice of alarm:

"Mr. Conyers, we are being pursued."

Reginald listened.

The sound of horses' feet was plain.

"Turn to the left," cried he, "and drive at full speed."

The window was once more closed, and obeying his

master's instructions, the man turned sharply to the left and drove away at headlong speed.

Farm-houses, villages, towns they passed through, never once stopping until the steam from the horses obscured the glass of the windows, and the people as they passed by thought they were running away.

Cicely's heart turned faint, and she grasped his arm tightly.

"You are deceiving me!" cried she.

"Deceiving you! How?"

"We are going away from Thornton."

"No—no, we are making a detour to the left, that is all."

As he spoke they turned again to the right, up a broad avenue of lofty elms which led to an old house.

Cicely could not see where they were until they stopped at the door of the building.

Then the idea of treachery was confirmed, and as Reginald jumped out of the carriage and bade her alight, she cried, in a voice trembling with mingled fear and anger:

"Mr. Conyers, you are acting the part of a villain. What place is this?"

"A house where I must hide for a short time, say an hour, until I have baffled my pursuers. I wish now we had gone by train. With a good disguise I should have been safer than I am now. Come, let us enter quickly."

"I shall not enter here," said Cicely with firmness.

Reginald waited for nothing further.

Seizing her in his arms before she was aware of his intention, he hurried up the steps, and into a room at the rear of the building.

There was now no longer room for doubt. She had been entrapped once more.

"Sir," she cried, as panting with her vain struggles to free herself from his grasp, she sank into a chair.

"Sir, what am I to understand from this?"

Reginald smiled.

"That by a clever ruse, Cicely, I have secured you," he said.

"Wretch—perjured wretch," she murmured.

"I can afford, Cicely, to bear your compliments for a time," he answered. "I trust that time will change you. My father desires me to leave England directly, and, as I said before, I shall do so, taking you with me as my wife."

Cicely eyed him contemptuously.

"That can never be," she said.

"To-morrow morning a priest will be in attendance here, and will unite us in the bonds of marriage. On the following morning we will leave England on our wedding-tour, and for the present farewell. The room next to this is your bed-chamber; you will find all you require, for I gave strict directions that your comforts should be attended to, and a supper prepared for you. Adieu, then till to-morrow morning."

Then, with a bow, he left her.

When he had done so she locked the door, and fell upon her knees in prayer.

Then, after a while, she got up to reconnoitre.

The chamber in which she had been placed was fitted up as an elegant sitting-room, and the bedroom into which it opened was equally luxurious.

Yet the prospect which met her eyes, as she gazed out of the casement, was anything but inviting.

Nor did it accord in any way with the luxury of the interior.

The moon shone with unwonted brilliancy; and as she gazed out she could trace the outline of a ruined wall, and the shattered relics of what seemed like a chapel.

"In the morning," she thought, "I shall be able to discover the features of the place before he comes."

She partook sparingly of the delicate viands provided, and then threw herself on the bed, without undressing, to snatch, if possible, a few hours' repose.

It was evident that Reginald anticipated no very determined resistance on her part—or, at any rate, that on his next visit he did not purpose coming alone, for on the table knives had been placed.

One of these—a long blade, with a sharp point—she secreted about her person, and then lying down, as I have said, slept until the first rays of morning burst into her room.

She then rose eagerly, and looked out.

On one side rose the ruins of an old chapel, next to which was the house in which she was, and which appeared to be coeval with it.

Around them the grass grew in wild luxuriance. Evidently the place had long been uninhabited.

But what struck Cicely with some degree of wonder was the fact that, beneath her window, she could see a deep stone passage—or, rather, the commencement of a series of stone passages, resembling cloisters.

Why the idea occurred to her she knew not; but, unconsciously, she seemed to connect these cloisters with the hope of escape.

How she was to reach them she knew not.

Her window was far above the level of the ground,

and to reach the intended place of concealment seemed impossible.

Yet she could not banish the idea from her mind that, amid these dark and gloomy passages, which seemed to wind and twist around house and chapel, she should find her safety.

As she turned from the window, she started back in surprise.

All vestiges of the supper had disappeared, and a breakfast was ready, with the exception of knives.

This time they had evidently thought of the imprudence of supplying her with weapons of defence, and had, perhaps, missed the knife she had secreted about her person.

She searched round and round the rooms, but could find no outlet.

Yet the doors were still locked, and no one had evidently tampered with them, as the keys were still there.

No one appeared until ten in the morning, nor, indeed, did she hear the slightest sound in the house.

As a neighbouring clock struck ten, a loud knock was heard at the door.

"Who is there?" cried Cicely.

"It is I—Reginald."

"I shall not open the door."

Reginald laughed.

"It is in vain for you to endeavour to keep me out, Cicely," he said; "if you refuse to unlock the door I and my friends will break it open, and that will prevent your having any privacy in your apartments."

Cicely saw it was in vain to resist.

She unlocked the door.

Reginald entered, followed by five gentlemen, or rather men dressed in the garb which is supposed to be the attire of gentlemen.

When they had entered, the young adventurer re-locked the door.

"Allow me, Cicely," he said, with a nonchalant impertinence which was infinitely provoking; "allow me to introduce you to the Reverend Octavius Pellus. He has attended at this hour and place for the purpose of uniting you to me in the holy bonds of matrimony."

The Reverend Octavius Pellus was a man above the medium height, with large bland eyes, a bland smile—a bland style of manner and appearance altogether.

He smirked benevolently at Cicely, placed his hand on his heart, and, after a low bow, turned to Reginald.

"Mr. Conyers, I trust you have with you the license," he said.

Reginald drew from his pocket the requisite document.

"Here is a special license, Mr. Pellus," he said; "read it, and then commence the ceremony at once."

The clergyman took the paper and read it.

Cicely rushed up to his side.

"Oh, sir!" she cried, "if you are indeed what you seem to be, save me from these men. This vile, perjured wretch—this illegitimate son of a murderer is one whom I loathe and hate. I will never be his wife. I am here by force—you dare not perform a ceremony which would be a mockery and a sacrilege."

Mr. Pellus's pale face grew a trifle more pale than usual.

He turned to Reginald.

"Sir," he said, "this is quite a new feature in the case. I cannot perform such a ceremony as this. I cannot marry that young lady to you against her will."

Cicely murmured her thanks, and clung to him as if for protection.

Reginald frowned and pointed to the license.

"Is that license in due form?" he asked, sternly.

"Yes, quite; but then—"

"What you have said is quite sufficient," interrupted Reginald; "that license directs you to marry the persons therein named at any hour and place. Do your duty, therefore."

Pellus restored the license to him.

"I refuse to proceed," cried he, firmly.

Reginald drew a loaded pistol from his breast pocket.

"I will have no trifling," he cried, fiercely; "I have not brought you here to make a fool of me. Proceed, therefore, or I will blow your brains out."

The savage tone in which these words were uttered left no doubt in the mind of the unfortunate clergyman that Reginald would carry out his threat.

What was he to do?

He was surrounded by five men—all evidently bent upon carrying out this compulsory marriage.

He turned to Cicely.

"My dear child," he said; "I have a family dependent on me, I can not afford for their sakes to die thus unprepared. You must forgive me if I am forced to read the marriage service."

Cicely saw that all was over.

She sank down on her knees, and wept bitterly.

"Heaven protect me!" murmured the unfortunate girl, as the clergyman began to read the service.



And so it proceeded.

Reginald gave the responses, while Cicely still knelt and wept, her whole frame trembling with agitation.

As he finished a triumphant smile passed over the face of Reginald Conyers.

"Mine at last," he whispered in her ear, as he raised her from the ground.

She shrank from him, and, walking away, sat down in a chair by the window.

The clergyman followed her.

"My dear child," he said; "my name is Octavius Pellue, I live at Claremont Rectory, about a mile beyond this. Trust in me. I have done a wrong action to save my life—I will sacrifice my benefice, if necessary, to save your honour."

"Now," said Reginald, "let us have the certificate."

"I have no forms with me," returned the clergyman.

Reginald muttered an oath.

"You must make one out on paper, then," he said. "I will warrant me that no attempt will be made to dispute the marriage. She would rather, I should fancy, appear to the world as my wife, than as one who had no claim upon me."

The clergyman wrote out the certificate; but Cicely refused to append her name to it.

Reginald was about to drag her to the table, and force her to write, when she sprang up, and, drawing from her bosom the long sharp knife, exclaimed:

"Come not near me; or I will bury this knife in my breast."

Had she threatened him he would readily have braved the danger, but he feared the result of her anger turned against herself.

"No matter," he said, laughing; "to-morrow morning I doubt not you will gladly affix your name."

He then whispered a few words to his friends, after which he turned to Mr. Pellue.

"You must remain here awhile," he said; "it would be unsafe for me to trust you abroad. I should have the neighbourhood about my ears. To-morrow you will be released—until then I will assign you a room in my house."

The clergyman turned pale.

This evidently disconcerted his plans.

Still he made no reply.

"Come," continued Reginald. "I will show you to your room."

"Farewell, my poor child," said the Reverend Octavius Pellue; "trust in me."

He then left with his five companions, not before Reginald had whispered in the ear of his victim:

"Expect me, my dear bride, early this evening."

These words produced in her breast a deadly sickness—she rose up, and had strength enough to reach the door and lock it, and then everything seemed to swim round her.

The furniture—the room itself, seemed to rise and fall like the billows of the sea.

Then consciousness left her, and she fell in a dead faint on the floor.

How long she remained in this state she knew not.

When she awoke she found herself lying on the bed in the adjoining room. On the table were preparations for dinner.

As she rose, she caught sight of a piece of paper in one of the plates.

She took it up eagerly.

It was a rough scrawl, evidently in a female hand.

"The gentleman who married you to Mr. C. this morning says, if you escape, you are to go to the rectory. On the left side of the bed a brass knob—"

Here it broke off.

Evidently the writer had been disturbed.

Eagerly Cicely ran to the spot indicated.

There was a brass knob, but it seemed to be fixed in the solid wall.

She pressed and tried to turn it, but all without avail.

Then, at length, when she was about to give up the attempt in despair, it slid on one side, a door opened, and she almost fell into a dark abyss.

She looked up and down and on either side, but she could see nothing but darkness.

Was this an attempt at murder, and if so, who could be the would-be assassin?

## CHAPTER LXII

Sweet is revenge: especially to women.

Byron.

We left Lady Isabel struggling in the grasp of Marston Grey.

The bottle which he at length succeeded in wrenching from her contained a deadly poison.

Her son rushed to her side.

"Are you mad, mother?" he cried. "Why should you tempt death when there is so much to live for?"

He lowered his voice and whispered:

"I will save you from this. Leave it to me, and live for vengeance!"

He knew this to be a magic word.

She sank into a chair.

"Good, my son," she said, "I will live!"

Then she turned to Marston Grey.

"Am I to consider myself a prisoner in this room?" she asked.

"No," said Marston—"no. You are at liberty to go whither you please; but wherever you go you will be watched."

"If you will allow me, I will say a few words to my son," she said.

Marston and his companions withdrew to the other end of the room.

A whispered conference took place between her and Reginald.

Then he left abruptly, and returned, as I have said, to Cicely.

On the following morning, early, Marston Grey waited on Isabel.

"The train for Folkestone," he said, "starts at twelve precisely. I must beg, therefore, madam, that you will make your arrangements to leave this at eleven."

"With the exception of packing my trunks," she answered, "I am ready at once. When my maid has packed them, I will let you know. There is one thing I have not spoken of, however, which *must* be settled."

"And that is?"

"I have no money."

"None whatever?"

"Yes, a little—certainly not enough to enable me to land in comfort in France."

"That is arranged," said Marston. "A large sum is deposited in the bank of Lemaire Frères, Paris, which will be paid to you in person, and to you alone. I shall pay your fare through to Paris—more you will scarcely require."

"Very well, sir," returned Isabel, quietly, "I will be ready by eleven."

At eleven o'clock Marston Grey returned, and found her quite prepared.

A cab was at the door.

Into this went Lady Isabel with her maid and Marston Grey; while one of the detective officers sat on the box with the driver.

The journey to Folkestone was performed almost in silence.

On arriving at the wharf it was found that the Queen of Lydia steam-packet did not start for an hour after the arrival of the train.

Marston Grey and the officer remained on board, therefore, until the vessel started and the friends of the passengers were warned off by the tolling of the bell.

They left first of any, and watched the passengers as they quitted the gangway one by one.

Not any one in the slightest degree resembling Lady Isabel came again on shore—in fact, only one woman, and she both in height and features, was so totally distinct from her that it left no idea of disguise.

Nevertheless, although this woman had in reality no connection with Lady Isabel, Marston Grey had been outwitted.

There were in the Queen of Lydia three private cabins.

One of these Isabel at once secured by payment of a moderate sum.

Then she begged Marston to excuse her, saying she was a bad sailor, and should retire at once to her cabin and endeavour to sleep.

"Certainly, madam," said Marston, as he drew out his pocket-book; "here is the order upon the bank of Lemaire Frères. You observe how it is made out?"

Isabel took it and perused it eagerly.

This paper might foil all her plans.

It ran thus:—

"Please pay the bearer, Lady Isabel Ashton, the sum of fifty pounds per quarter, as per my advice. These quarterly instalments will be due on the 15th May, 15th August, 15th November, and 15th February, in each year."

"April 20, 1844."

"This, you must understand, is not the first instruction they have received," said Marston; "they have full directions not to pay money to anybody but yourself."

Lady Isabel bowed and retired.

Her maid was already in her cabin.

Once there, the adventuress looked the door, and took from a trunk which her attendant had already opened, a suit of clothes.

They were the clothes of her son.

These she put on; then she coloured her face slightly, so as to hide the deathly pallor which had become habitual to her, and then fixed on a false moustache and beard.

Her long hair was next submitted to the scissors and cut short.

Thus attired, with a hat placed jauntily on one side of her head, Isabel passed very well for a man of some thirty years of age.

As soon as her disguise was complete, she placed in her maid's hands twenty pounds.

"You must go to Paris," she said, "and engage for me a suite of apartments. Write over to me as soon as you have done so, because circumstances may occur which will oblige me to leave London at a moment's notice."

The bell now tolled.

"I must go now," she said; "adieu, Mary; do not forget the address I gave you."

Lady Isabel walked fearlessly on deck.

She knew how important to her on this occasion was self-command.

She passed up on deck, therefore,—across the little wooden bridge, and walked saunteringly into the town.

The train for London started at six in the evening, and by this train Marston Grey and the detective returned to the metropolis, confident as to the success of their mission.

In the next compartment rode Lady Isabel, unrecognisable by any one.

She was now tenfold more dangerous than ever.

Those who feared her would suppose her to be in Paris; while in disguise she was working out her evil designs in London.

Deserted by those who had aided her before in her criminalities, Lady Isabel resolved to adopt for the future an entirely new line of conduct.

She determined to abandon her name—to drop, as it were, her identity, and to adopt a slow but sure method of destroying her enemies.

Strange to say, although her husband had for ever discarded her, she felt less enmity against him than against any one.

Her hatred was directed against Lady Laura, and her son and daughter.

These and Cicely Crowe were her first thoughts.

After them came Mrs. Deathson and her son.

Her first visit was paid to London.

But here she only made a temporary stay.

Lord Castleton and his family were still at Thornton, and thither, after three days, she betook herself.

She was here, as it were, in the very midst of those who could have destroyed her, and yet she feared no detection.

No one could have imagined that the young man who gave out his name as Mr. Thomson, and took apartments over the little post-office, was the lady who had "queened it" so long at Milton Hall.

She had intended, as I have said, that the first efforts of her vengeance should be directed against Lady Castleton and her family.

But fate decreed it otherwise.

Lord Castleton proceeded to the metropolis only a few days after her arrival in Thornton, and she was, as it were, compelled to attack first the minor objects of her revenge.

Mrs. Deathson was sitting one evening with her son, in the little parlour, where she had made her rash confession to Lady Isabel, when a loud knock was heard at the door.

To a man whose mind was heavy with the memory of crime, the slightest incident of this kind has an unpleasant significance, and Gilbert Deathson, starting up, sought refuge in the adjoining room, while his mother answered the summons.

A young man stood at the door.

"What is your pleasure, sir?" asked Mrs. Deathson, stiffly.

"My name is Thomson, ma'am. I want a few words with you, if you please."

He waited for no invitation, but entered the passage.

"Will you walk into the parlour, sir?" said the widow.

He did so.

Sitting down by the fire, he eyed the woman until she felt uncomfortable, and said uneasily:

"What is your business?"

"My business is with your son, madam," returned the young man—"with Gilbert."

The convict had been listening at the door, and fancying the voice to be that of an utter stranger, and seeing that the visitor was a slim and short person, whom he could easily dispose of, he entered.

"Oh!" he said; "your business is with me—is it? Well, what is it?"

"Don't you remember me?" asked Thomson.

"No."

"My name is Gregory. I was confined in Marsfield Prison three years since; you were there for a burglary, and escaped."

Gilbert eyed him curiously.

"Ah!" he cried; "I think I know you now. But what is it you want?"

Thomson rose, and gave a shrill whistle. "Ah!" cried Gilbert, seizing him by the throat; "you are betraying me."

Had Lady Isabel been unassisted, that moment would have been her last; but the convict had scarcely spoken, when the door was burst open violently, and two constables entered.

"We arrest you, Gilbert Rothbury, *alias* Deathson, cried the foremost of the new-comers, "for burglary and attempted murder!"

(To be continued.)

## AGAINST THE CURRENT.

FRED HARRISON, our hero, was a remarkably good-looking young man, and in addition to his external attractions he possessed a clever disposition and a faculty of making friends of all who came within the circle of his acquaintance. Yet, strange to say, Fred, though now in his twenty-third year, had never felt the sting of Cupid's dart, and many of his friends had put him down as a candidate for old bachelorhood. Even Miss Sally Suggins, whose age, to take her word for it, had been "twenty-eight" for the last twentieth of a century, and who had most vigorously assailed poor Fred's heart with her battery for attractions recruited to their greatest extent, and consisting principally of voluminous cork-screw curls, languishing glances from a pair of green-grey eyes, and a propensity for drawing immense sighs—even Miss Sally was compelled to withdraw her shattered forces and raise the siege of his heart in disgust, consoling herself with the consideration that it was but an icy fortress, guarding a barren waste, devoid of all qualities worth possessing.

But if Fred had no present intentions of sacrificing himself at the hymenial altar, his father no less believed that it was time for a young man of his age and position in society to take a wife and "settle down." Firmly impressed with this belief, the old gentleman, as Fred was leaving the room where he was comfortably seated before the grate, thus addressed him:

"Fred!"

"Sir?" responded the dutiful youth, taking a step backward and turning to face his worthy sire.

"You are twenty-three years old, I believe, and are now a member of the flourishing mercantile firm of Harrison and Son. Am I not correct?"

Fred assented.

"Well, sit down," continued the old man, pointing to a chair near his own. "I want to talk with you on a subject of great importance to one of your age."

With an inward groan Fred seated himself in the proffered chair; for from the introduction he judged what would be the subject of the interview.

Reader, we will not listen to their conversation, but will take a peep at Fred as he comes from the room and the paternal presence. They have been closeted about an hour, and the frown which clouds Fred's handsome features indicates that he fails to see the fitness of this interference with his private affairs, and sundry exclamations that fall from his tongue show that he is not in a state of mind to observe the Scriptural injunction to "honour thy father," &c.

"Confound it!—it's too bad to dictate to me my future course of life, even to choosing a matrimonial partner, and threaten me with a dissolution of the firm of Harrison and Son if I refuse to comply with his every whim! Just look at this new edition of the map of my future life! First, I am to leave my business here and go into the country, to spend the summer at the rural residence of my uncle. That part of the arrangement isn't so bad; but while there I am to make love and propose to, and prepare to marry on my return to the city, the adopted daughter of a childless uncle of another city, neither of whom I have ever seen or care to see; and, as a reward for making happy this desolate old maid in her declining years—for I have no doubt Sally Suggins is an angel in comparison with her—I am to inherit the property of the aforesaid uncle. Stupid old fogies! don't they know that Cupid cannot be forced into prescribed channels, but will choose an independent course, even against the strongest current? And if I am banished to the country to woo and marry this bedizened heiress, it will be but a characteristic trick of the eccentric god if (in order to prevent an immediate explosion) I comply with the old gentleman's arrangement so far as to go to Uncle Josh's—the country won't be very unpleasant this hot weather. But I can't promise to swallow the matrimonial pill he prescribes; and—when! I have the idea!" and with this exclamation suddenly terminating his soliloquy, Fred seized his hat and cane and left the house, without, however, enlightening us in regard to the nature of his "idea."

Joshua Harrison was a jolly, well-to-do farmer, residing near a flourishing village on the line of the railroad connecting the cities which contained the homes of his two merchant brothers.

It was near the close of a beautiful June day, and Joshua was just returning from the village post-office.

"Well, wife, here's a surprise!" exclaimed he, as that amiable lady met him at the door; and handing her an open letter, he burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter.

"Oh, it's from Fred! but you read it aloud," said she, returning the letter to her husband.

With a mighty effort Joshua swallowed his mirth, and after glancing around as if to see that no one was listening, he read as follows:

"B—, June 20, 18—.

"DEAR UNCLE AND AUNT,—Father having accepted your kind invitation for me to spend the summer at your residence, with a view to throwing me into the society of and compelling me to marry the adopted daughter of Uncle John, of P—, I write this to inform you that I can accept the invitation only on condition that I may be known during my stay with you only by the assumed name of John Jones, and take the place of one of your farm hands, and that the aforementioned lady be kept in ignorance of my real name, &c."

"Hoping you will indulge this whim of mine, I remain, Your dutiful nephew,

"FRED HARRISON."

"Now, wife, isn't that capital?" exclaimed Joshua, after recovering from another eruption of his risibilities, which succeeded the reading.

"It does look as if things might still come round all right," replied Mrs. Harrison, "for it will be just natural for the romantic fools to get married now; but I thought your brother's pet plan was about spoiled when Alice showed such a spirit. Well, I don't blame the young folks at all, for I think they ought to be allowed to choose for themselves in such matters, which they will, generally, in spite of all attempts of parents and guardians to get up forced matches for their own selfish gratification."

"That's true, wife," responded Joshua; "but perhaps we'd better not talk any more about it now, for Mary will be in soon and might overhear us, and then the game would be up sure. But then it's so funny—the way this thing seems to be coming on! It reminds me of the time I undertook to drive old Brindle into the pasture-field at the end of the lane. You know the fence between the pasture and the fallow-field has been taken away, and on one side of the lane are the bars entering the fallow-field, and on the other side those entering the pasture. Well, the pasture-field bars were down, but when I drove Brindle up to them he stubbornly refused to go through; and after backing and going ahead two or three times, first on one side and then on the other, he turned and made a clean burst over the fallow-field bars, only to find himself in the same field after all; and that's about the fix Fred will find himself in, if I'm not mistaken."

And Joshua was again overcome by a fit of mirthfulness which bade fair to continue until his anticipations should be realized.

Two months of Fred's sojourn at his uncle's passed away, and he—or John Jones, as he was then called—in all the glory of high-lows, braided smock, and blistered hands, still held his situation on the farm; and, indeed, he had become quite attached to his new occupation.

Of course he had long since become acquainted with his aunt's sprightly, rosy-cheeked, dark-eyed servant, Mary Brown, and though he would probably at that time have denied the imputation of entertaining the slightest intention of falling in love with her, he was in the habit of comparing her with the intended Mrs. Fred. Harrison of his father's prescription; and as the latter lady had not yet made her appearance at the farmhouse, and his estimation of her was founded on his imagination alone—for he did not wish to betray sufficient interest in her to make any inquiries of his relatives—these comparisons resulted decidedly to her disadvantage. He and Mary, too, often took long walks on the river bank on moonlight evenings, which practice might be considered highly dangerous for a young man in his peculiar state of mind.

Joshua and his worthy spouse looked upon this growing attachment with an apparent indifference, as if they had not the slightest interest in the accomplishment of their brother's darling project.

At the end of the third month of his absence from the city, Fred received a letter from his father, informing him that as, in his opinion, they had had time to make all necessary arrangements, he should expect to receive from his son and niece at an early date, an invitation to attend their wedding, to take place at the residence of the lady's father, in the city of M—.

"Well, really!" soliloquized the young man, after reading the letter, "if it was earlier in the season, such coolness would be truly refreshing; but I am afraid there will be one or two pretty weighty obstacles in the way of the fulfilment of the old gentleman's ex-

pectations. In the first place, I have not yet had the pleasure of seeing the amiable lady he refers to—but then it is supposed to be quite natural that she should keep out of the sight of vulgar working-people; and in the second place, I have about decided to link my fate with that of sweet little Mary Brown, and, consequently, I should probably incur the penalty for the crime of bigamy, if I complied with his politely-expressed wishes. Though I haven't made any definite arrangement with Mary to that effect, I think I'll do so forthwith, and I have little fear that she will refuse me."

That evening our hero and heroine were absent longer than usual on their evening walk, and when they returned it was arranged by them that their wedding should take place "at an early date," at the farmhouse, if their "employers" made no objection—for it was their mutual wish that the event should be celebrated with as little delay as possible.

When Fred, with Mary leaning affectionately upon his arm, appeared before Uncle Joshua and made known their wishes, the old farmer became so convulsed with laughter that he was unable to reply for some time; but when he finally recovered his gravity he presented his hearty congratulations and informed the happy couple that their wedding "shouldn't take place anywhere else" than at his house, then turning to Mary he abruptly inquired:

"Young lady, do you know who this young man is?"

"Certainly. John Jones," was the demure reply. "And do you know who this young lady is, sir?" continued Joshua, turning to Fred.

"Mary Brown," replied the young man, greatly wondering what his uncle could be driving at.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the jolly old fellow; "it is just as I expected—you two haven't taken the first step yet towards becoming acquainted. You don't even know each other's names. Permit me to introduce you—Alice, my dear, this is your cousin Fred!" and leaving the bewildered couple to discuss this to them astonishing revelation, he went out of doors, that he might indulge in his merriment without fear of injuring the building by his violent convulsions. He afterwards told his wife of the affair, informing her that after the introduction Fred looked for all the world like Brin when he found himself in the pasture, after avoiding the open bars and jumping into the fallow field.

In the course of the explanations which followed, Fred and Alice discovered that they had each adopted precisely the same plan to avoid the society of the other; and that if their efforts did not succeed as they had expected, they were no less satisfied with the result.

A day or two subsequent to the above events there was a wedding at Uncle Josh's; and though the parents of the parties were somewhat displeased at what they called the "confounded hurry of the young folks," the firm of Harrison and Son was not dissatisfied.

E. H. L.

## SCIENCE.

THE masts of a new French iron-clad just launched, near Toulon, are of a single piece each. The timber was obtained in California. Built-up masts are said to be much stronger.

PROTECTION AGAINST COLD.—A correspondent says that one of the ordinary fine wire gauze masks, such as are frequently worn at masquerades, put over the face is a sure protection against the cold. The writer says he tested one in a ride of three miles against the wind, with the thermometer sixteen degrees below zero, and therefore he knows whereof he affirms.

THROWING OLD SHOES.—The officers of a Massachusetts regiment, which recently encountered the Confederates in the Shenandoah Valley, were much surprised at the peculiar noise made by the enemy's cannon. Upon investigation it was ascertained that the Confederates had not fired either shot or shell, but had used instead pieces of railroad iron, and old horseshoes, fastened together with telegraph wire.

GRANADA COTTON.—We have received from E. Flint, M.D., of Granada, one sample of the native cotton of that country, and two different kinds of cotton seeds, which he collected in the mining part of that state. The colour of the cotton is a buff, and darker in the shade than the yellow variety of Nankin. It remains unaltered by washing, and is used by the native Indians in manufacturing their common hand-made coarse cloth. The fibre is coarse and short, but very strong, and it will make a durable quality of cloth. Dr. Flint states that the seeds are of the white variety of cotton, which is prized on account of the facility with which it parts with its seed, thus rendering it very easy to gin. Each head or boll of cotton contains from three to five kidney-shaped seeds, arranged almost like the grains on a short.



thick ear of wheat, and it is called the kidney variety on account of the shape of the seeds. The buff-coloured cotton will grow in a colder climate than the white variety.

#### HOW STATUES ARE MADE

"The sculptor having designed a figure, first makes a sketch of it in clay a few inches only in height. When he has satisfied himself with the general attitude, a cast is taken of his sketch, and from it a model in clay is prepared of the full size he designs for his statue, whether half the natural height, or life-size or colossal.

"The process of building the clay, as it is called, upon the strong iron *armatura* or skeleton on which it stands on its pedestal, and the bending and fixing this *armatura* into the form of the limbs, constitute a work of vast labour of a purely manual sort, for whose performance all artists able to afford it employ the skilled workmen to be obtained in Rome.

"The rough clay, rudely assuming the shape of the intended statue, then passes into the sculptor's hands, and undergoes his most elaborate manipulation, by which it is reduced (generally after the labour of several months) to the precise and perfectly-finished form he desires should hereafter appear in marble. This done, the *formatore* takes a cast of the whole, and the clay is destroyed.

From this last plaster cast, again, in due time the marble is hewn by three successive workmen. The first gives it rough outline, the second brings it by rule and compass to close resemblance with the cast, and the third finishes it to perfection."

**APPARATUS FOR VENTILATING ROOMS.**—The object of this invention is the production of a current of air and the purification and cooling of such air in a room without any mechanical agency, and without the necessity of admitting air from without. The apparatus consists of a box in which the air is first dried by passing through or over lime or other drying and disinfecting materials, and so caused to circulate upward through an ascending conduit preparatory to being cooled by cooling materials, and so caused to pass down a descending conduit, from which it is delivered in a pure state. The improvement consists in the combination of the ascending pipe or cooling surface; and the chamber for containing the drying or disinfecting material.

#### HOW THE SUN'S HEAT IS GENERATED.

A KNOWLEDGE of the mechanical equivalent of heat enables us to calculate the temperature which a cannon ball will attain if, when moving with a given velocity, its course is suddenly stopped by a target, as well as the heat which would be liberated by the arrest of the earth in her orbit.

This latter calculation has been made, and we learn from it that the quantity of heat liberated by the shock of the stoppage would not only be sufficient to melt the whole earth, but to reduce the greater portion to the state of vapour; and that to develop the same amount of heat by combustion, it would be necessary to burn fourteen globes of coal, each as large as the earth; whilst if the earth were then to fall into the sun, the heat generated by the gigantic blow would be equal to that given off by the burning of 5,600 worlds of pure carbon!

So enormous, indeed, is the amount of heat generated by the stoppage of rapidly-falling bodies, that it has caused many scientific men, as originally proposed by Dr. Joule of Manchester, to speculate upon the "grand secret," as Sir W. Herschel calls it, of the power supporting the vivifying radiation of light and heat which the sun continually pours out upon the universe.

The amount of this heat and light which emanates from the sun is so enormous that the mind fails altogether to grasp the idea. It has, however, been calculated that out of 2,300 millions of parts of light and heat emitted by the sun, the earth only receives one part; whilst the whole heat radiated from the sun in one minute has been found by Sir John Herschel to be sufficient to boil 12,000 million miles of ice-cold water.

How, we may ask with Dr. Tyndall, is this enormous loss made good? Whence is the sun's heat derived, and by what means is it maintained? It cannot be kept up by ordinary combustion; for if the sun were a solid lump of coal, it would burn out in 4,600 years; whereas geology teaches us in every page that the sun shone on our earth some hundreds of thousands of years ago as it does at the present day.

The philosophers who have speculated upon this great question show, that if a meteorite or asteroid were to fall into the sun with the greatest velocity which it is capable of acquiring, it would, on falling, engender a quantity of heat nearly 10,000 times as great as that which would be developed by the combustion of an equal weight of coal. These meteorites are known to fall upon the earth, in certain seasons, in large numbers; but the heat developed by them is small, owing to the comparatively slight velocity

which they attain before reaching so small an attracting mass as that of the earth.

Now, astronomers seem to think it probable that the lens-shaped mass, termed by us the zodiacal light, which surrounds the sun, consists of a vast collection of such asteroids; these moving, like the planets, in a resisting medium, must approach the sun, and, on showering down upon the sun's surface, transfer their motion into heat; thus maintaining the temperature of the sun, and therefore sustaining life on our planet.

The quantity of matter which would thus have to be added to the sun's body, in order to replace the heat lost by radiation, is so insignificant, in comparison to its bulk, that it would not have altered the apparent size of the sun during the historical period. If our moon fell into the sun, it would only develop heat enough to make good one or two years' loss; and were the earth to fall into the sun, the necessary heat would be supplied for nearly a century.

**PETROLEUM.**—Scientific and practical commissioners have reported to the Federal Government in America the practicability of using petroleum, or hydro-carbon oils, for the purpose of generating steam; and it is alleged that a steamer can keep the sea under steam three times as long, with less labour and greater economy, than compared with an equal weight of coal.

**LUCIFER MATCHES WITHOUT PHOSPHORUS.**—Dr. Hoffmann, in the Jurors' Report of the Chemical Products at the late Exhibition, notices the comprehensive labours of Wiederhold, from which it appears that matches of good quality may be made with chlorate of potassa and hyposulphite of lead, a result that may prove most valuable if attainable on an industrial scale, not only by the elimination of phosphorus on sanitary grounds, but because it would liberate for agricultural purposes a large quantity of bones now consumed in the preparation of free phosphorus.

#### THE EARTH MADE COLD BY HEAT.

PROFESSOR AGASSIZ lately delivered a course of three lectures before the Smithsonian Institute, and the greater part of the last one was devoted to a description of the phenomena which indicate that the continent of North America had at one time been overlaid by dense and unbroken masses of ice, moving from the north to the south.

The traces of such an agency are found in the peculiar drift deposited on the surface of the continent, from the Arctic to the 36th or 40th parallel of latitude, being in its nature and composition such as would be deposited by immense cakes of ice, pushing forward the debris of the soil over which they moved, and bearing on their top the irregular masses of stone which are found in the region designated. That the direction of this moving ice was from north to south is proved by the abrasion of hills having an acclivity facing toward the north, where the southern descent is without such characteristic marks.

After stating the grounds on which the "earthquake theory" was inadequate to explain the phenomena of this drift, Professor Agassiz estimated that the ice which deposited this drift and produced its other attendant phenomena must have been five or six thousand feet thick. But whence came the cold which produced such a thickness of ice?

This query was answered by supposing that there had been injected into the sea from the subterranean fires of the earth below it a vast mass of melted material, thus generating an immense volume of vapour, which, escaping for ages into the upper air, was condensed and fell in the shape of snow and hail. By this mass of snow and hail the temperature of the earth's climate was reduced from the comparative warmth which preceded it, even in Arctic regions, and the world entered on the "cold period," which it was the object of the lecturer to describe and to account for while describing. Professor Agassiz said that this period was the winter which preceded man's advent in the world.

**TANNING SKINS WITH THE HAIR ON.**—First wash the skin in strong soapuds, to remove the grease and dirt from the wool, then rinse in clean cold water. The skin should now be tacked upon a board (with the flesh side out) and stretched, its edges trimmed, and the whole fleshy parts scraped off with a blunt knife. It is now rubbed over hard with as much chalk as it will absorb, or until the chalk falls down in powder. Now take the skin down, fill it with finely ground alum, wrap it closely together, and keep it in a dry place for two or three days; at the end of that time unfold it, shake out the alum, and it will be ready for use, after being again stretched and dried in the air. This method is for white sheepskins for door-mats. Another mode of tanning them consists in applying a strong solution of alum, moderately warm, with a sponge, to the flesh side of the skin, when it is stretched, then allowing it to dry before the chalk is rubbed in. It must always be dried in the open air, or it will turn very hard. Another mode

of tanning skins with the hair on, after they are stretched on the frame and scraped, is to apply a warm decoction of sumac in a gallon of water for about five minutes. The same liquor is applied with a sponge to the whole fleshy surface, then the skin is dried in the open air. Three applications of the sumac are given, and when the skin is dried it is laid on a smooth board or table, and rubbed down with pumice stone. Both alum and sumac combine with the gelatine of the skin, and form leather.

#### HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

**SUPERIOR COFFEE.**—Divide the quantity generally used into two equal portions; put one into the coffee-pot on the stove, pouring cold water upon it. Let it boil five or six minutes; then pour the boiling coffee upon the dry coffee in another pot for the table. You have thus all the strength and all of the aroma of the other part. The mode when once tried will always be applied in the making of good coffee.

#### MIGNONNETTE TREE.

TAKE a strong, vigorous plant of the mignonnette sown in April, and place it in a common flowerpot by itself. As soon as the blossom-buds appear they must be carefully picked off, and in autumn, all the lower side shoots should be removed, cut off so as to shape the plant into a miniature tree. It should then be transplanted into a larger pot, with fresh soil, formed of turfy loam, broken up very fine, and mixed with sand. When this has been done, remove the little tree into a greenhouse, or warm room, and water it regularly every day. It will thus be kept in a growing state during the whole of the winter, and its stem will begin to appear woody in the spring.

Treat it in the same manner in the following year, for mignonnette trees are not made in a day. Carefully keep cutting off the side-branches as soon as they appear, leaving only those that are to form the head of the tree, and by the third spring it will have bark on its tree, and become a complete shrub. It may now be suffered to blossom, and its flowers, which will be exquisitely sweet, will continue to be produced every summer in succession for several years.

The kind to try is a distinct variety from the common spreading one. The botanical name is *Reseda arborea*, a half-hardy perennial, and usually attains 1½ foot in height. The seed can be procured from most nurserymen. It should be raised on a slight hot-bed in the early spring. The young plants must be potted off singly, and, as they attain maturity, kept staked, and the lower shoots constantly to be rubbed off.

#### STATISTICS.

**NEWSPAPER AND MAGAZINE STATISTICS.**—"There are now published in the United Kingdom 1,250 newspapers, distributed as follows—England, 919; Wales, 37; Scotland, 140; Ireland, 140; British Isles, 14. Of these there are—46 daily papers published in England; one ditto Wales; nine ditto Scotland; 14 ditto Ireland; one ditto British Isles. The magazines now in course of publication, including the quarterly reviews, number 537, of which 196 are of a decidedly religious character."

**IMPROVEMENTS IN THE ISLAND OF LEWIS.**—Since Sir James Matheson became proprietor of the Seaforth estates in Lewis, about twenty years ago, he has spent, it is said, upwards of 10,000*l.* on education alone. He has, besides, expended on roads, 20,000*l.*; bridges, 6,000*l.*; brickworks, 6,000*l.*; patent slip, 7,000*l.*; steamers' quay, 500*l.*; fish-curing stores, 1,000*l.*; draining, trenching, farm offices, &c., 50,000*l.*; meal during the destitution years, partly repaid by labour, 25,000*l.*; timber, 10,000*l.*; grain and seed to tenants, 6,000*l.*; steamers for opening up communication, 30,000*l.*; emigration, 11,000*l.*; Lewis or Lewis Castle and grounds, 100,000*l.*; arrears due by tenants abated 100,000*l.*; peat-works, for distilling oils, &c., from peat, 15,000*l.*;—making altogether an expenditure of 307,500*l.* on his estate (the purchase price of which was 190,000*l.*), all in the short space of twenty years. This isle of the Hebrides abounds in Druidical edifices and ruined fortresses. Stornoway is (or was) its only town.

**GOLD-MINING AT MELBOURNE.**—A summary of gold-mining statistics for the month of October, compiled from the report of the mining surveyors, has just been issued by the Mining department. From it we find that the total population of the gold-fields during that month was 229,870, of whom 94,479 are represented as being actually engaged in mining. Of these 54,678 Europeans and 23,620 Chinese are classed as alluvial miners, and 16,041 Europeans and 140 Chinese as quartz-refiners. The total area of ground actually mined upon was 762 square miles, and the approximate value of all the mining plant in the

several mining districts is set down at £1,408,994. This is distributed amongst the several gold-fields as follows:—Ararat, £102,500; Castlemaine, £262,688; Maryborough, £202,416; Sandhurst, £252,000; Beechworth, £178,330; and Ballarat, £471,060. The population is divided amongst the several gold-fields in the following manner:—Ararat, 14,231, of whom 5,758 are miners; Castlemaine, 46,567, of whom 15,811 are miners; Maryborough, 45,272, of whom 22,572 are miners; Sandhurst, 28,107, of whom 12,371 are miners; Beechworth, 38,510, of whom 20,990 are miners; and Ballarat, 57,120, of whom 16,977 are miners.

### FACETIE.

**JUST WHAT WAS WANTED.**—"I am astonished, my dear young lady, at your sentiments. You make me start." "Well, sir, I have been wanting you to start for the last hour."

**THE TONGUE DISCOVERS THE STATE OF THE MIND** no less than that of the body: in either case before the philosopher or the physician can judge, the patient must open his mouth.

**LOOSE THOUGHTS.**—Mrs. Macaulay having published her "Loose Thoughts," Mr. Sheridan was asked whether he did not think it a strange title for a lady to choose. "By no means," replied he; "the sooner a woman gets rid of such thoughts the better."

**ONE OF SIR BOYLE ROCHE'S CHILDREN** asking him, one day, who was the father of George the Third, replied, "My darling, it was Frederick, Prince of Wales, who would have been George the Third, if he had lived."

**IN HEALTH AND "SPIRITS."**—A friend from the country called upon an old acquaintance in town, who was a confirmed anti-tetotaller, and on inquiring after his friend's health, was informed that he was in his usual health and spirits.

**SO ABRIMINABLY VULGAR.**—*Young Tommy:* I say, aunt, why don't you leave off your hoops? all the gals are doing it. They're out of fashion now, you know. *Miss Priscilla* (who is a little out of flesh): Thomas, I would scorn to adopt such an odious fashion, so abominably vulgar.

### A TOUGH STORY.

**STEPHENSON,** a country shopkeeper, was one day trying to sell Joe a pair of pegged boots. The old man gave the article offered a fair examination, and decided not to purchase.

"Nice boots," said Stephenson.

"Yes, very nice boots," said old Joe, "but I can't afford 'em."

"Why, they are as cheap as any that they make," said Stephenson; "only ten shillings."

"Yes, only I don't keep any hired man," returned Joe.

"Hired man! what do you want of a hired man?" asked Stephenson.

"Well, I should want a hired man if I bought them boots," said Joe, his eye twisting up with even a more comical leer than usual; "the last pair of boots I had pretty near ruined me."

"How was that?" asked Stephenson.

"Why," said Joe, "all the time I wore them boots, I had to take two men along with me with hammers, one on each side, to nail on the soles every time I lifted my feet."

The shopkeeper made no more efforts to sell boots to Joe.

**WATCHING HIM.**—Old Judge F— had the reputation of being a hard man to work for, as he spent nearly all of his time in travelling around to see that his men kept at work. One of his men managed for some time to do nothing when the judge was not around, but to commence as soon as he desisted his coming. One day, the judge stole a march upon him, and found him lying at full length under a tree fast asleep. A few hearty kicks brought him to his feet, when the judge said: "It takes me at least half of the time to watch you." "Well, old fellow," replied the man, "I'll be blowed if it don't take me all of the time to watch you."

### GEN. GRANT IN A HORSE TRADE.

A few congressmen on a train recently, entered into conversation about the merits of different generals in their army, in the course of which one of them told the following story about Gen. Grant:

"I knew Ulysses Grant when he was a little boy. We used to go to school together, near Georgetown, Brown county, Ohio. The boys used to plague him dreadfully about a horse trade he once made. When he was about twelve years old, his father sent him a few miles into the country to buy a horse from a man named Ralston. The old man told Ulysses to offer Ralston fifty dollars at first; if he wouldn't take that, to offer fifty-five dollars, and to go as high as sixty

dollars if no less would make the purchase. The embryotic major-general started off with these instructions fully impressed upon his mind. He called upon Mr. Ralston, and told him he wished to buy the horse.

"How much did your father tell you to give for him?" was a very natural inquiry from the owner of the steed.

"Why," said Ulysses, "he told me to offer you fifty dollars, and if that wouldn't do, to give you fifty-five dollars, and if you wouldn't take less than sixty dollars, to give you that."

Of course sixty dollars was the lowest figure, and on payment of that amount, the animal became the property of the young Napoleon."

### A NEW KIND OF INCUMBRANCE.

A queer little scene came off the other day before Alderman Beiler. A Mr. Henry Jones called on the justice for the purpose of entering bail for a friend charged with misdemeanour. The following dialogue ensued:

"Got any real estate, Mr. Jones?"

"Yes, sir, two lots."

"What are they worth?"

"Fifteen hundred."

"Are they encumbered?"

"Yes, sir."

"To how great an extent?"

"Two thousand."

"How can that be? How can lots worth but fifteen hundred be encumbered to the extent of two thousand? Who holds the mortgage?"

"What mortgage?"

"Why, the mortgage for the two thousand."

"Who said anything about a mortgage for two thousand?"

"Why, you did."

"Me? Never. I never gave a mortgage in my life!"

"How can you say that? Did you not just now swear that the encumbrance on your lots amounted to that sum?"

"Of course I did, and say so yet."

"And yet you have given no mortgage?"

"No, sir, no."

"How then is the property encumbered?"

"How? Why, by a three-story brick house, put up last year by Dick Dobson."

A grin all round. Justice Beiler smiled at the man's simplicity, and took the bail as a matter of course. If we mistake not, this is the first case on record where a three-story brick house has been considered an encumbrance.

**A "BALD" JOKE.**—Bald-headed men take a joke more easily, because they are not at the trouble of "getting it through their hair."

**WHEN DOES A HORSE STAND ON SIX LEGS?** When he stands on his fore legs and his two hind legs also.

**CHARITY.**—Spring is the most charitable of the seasons, for she clothes millions of naked limbs. It is her mission to re-leave.

**WHAT'S IN A NAME?**—The Portuguese Government has built a gunboat, which has one gun! It is called the *Terror of the Seas*!

### SCENE AT THE RUSSIAN BALL.

**Young Lady:** Why is the bear the symbol of Russia?

**Muscovite** (in heart-broken English): Ah! made-moiselle, ze Russians, you mus know, are ze most affecshun peepsils of ze world entire. So ze bear, vich is the most loving of brutes, for dat he hugs and hugs, is dare fitting zimbles?

**A WITTY ARCHBISHOP.**—"What is the difference," asked Archbishop Whately of a young clergyman he was examining, "between a form and a ceremony? The meaning seems nearly the same; yet there is a very nice distinction." Various answers were given. "Well," said the questioner, "it lies in this: you sit upon a form, but you stand upon ceremony."—"Morrow's Library" is the Mudie of Dublin; and the Rev. Mr. Day, a popular preacher. "How inconsistent," said the archbishop, "is the piety of certain ladies here. They go to Day for a sermon and to Morrow for a novel!"—"At a dinner-party he called out suddenly to the host, "Mr. —!" There was silence.

"Mr. —, what is the proper female companion of this John Dory?" After the usual number of guesses an answer came, "Anne Chovy."—"Doctor Gregg:—The new bishop and he at dinner. Archbishop:—"Come, though you are John Cork, you mustn't stop the bottle here." The answer was not inapt: "I see your lordship is determined to draw me out."—"On Doctor K—'s promotion to the bishopric of Down, an appointment in some quarters unpopular:—"The Irish Government will not be able to stand many more such Knocks Down as this!"—"At a lord lieutenant's banquet a grace was given of unusual length. "My lord," said the arch-

bishop, "did you ever hear the story of Lord Mulgrave's chaplain?" "No," said the lord lieutenant. "A young chaplain had preached a sermon of great length. 'Sir,' said Lord Mulgrave, bowing to him, 'there were some things in your sermon of to-day I never heard before.' 'Oh, my lord,' said the flattered chaplain, 'it is a common text, and I could not have hoped to have said anything new on the subject.' 'I heard the clock strike twice,' said Lord Mulgrave.—"At some religious ceremony at which he was to officiate in the country, a young curate who attended him grew very nervous as to their being very late. "My good young friend," said the archbishop, "I can only say to you what the criminal going to be hanged said to those around, who were hurrying him, 'Let us take our time; they can't begin without us.'"

**CHARLES KINGSLEY** remarks that a gamekeeper is only a poacher turned outside in, while a poacher is a keeper turned inside out.

**MR. SALA** says that he recently met Mr. George Francis Train at Philadelphia; and that Train has made a large sum of money at gold speculations, and is coming to England. Bad news this.

### SOME HIDEOUS PLAYS ON NAMES.

What lady is good to eat? Sal Ladd.

What lady is good to eat with her? Olive Oil.

What lady is made to carry burdens? Ella Fant.

What lady preaches in the pulpit? Minnie Stir.

What lady has to fight the Indians? Emma Grant.

What lady helps her? Minnie Rife.

What lady does everybody desire? Ann U. Ity.

What lady is acquainted with surgery? Ann Atomy.

What lady lived in Noah's time? Ann T. Diluvian.

What lady is fond of debate? Polly Tishun.

What lady votes? Della Gate.

What lady paints portraits? Minnie A. Choir.

What lady paints comic ones? Carrie K. Choir.

What lady is fond of giving? Jennie Bossity.

What lady is much talked of now? Amalia Relation.

What lady is used to war? Milly Tairy.

What lady is lively and gay? Annie Mation.

What ladies are voracious? Annie Condor and Allie Gaiter.

A YOUNG lady in Richmond, writing to her friends in London, says that the gaieties of society in that town consist chiefly of what are called "starvation parties," at which people meet at each other's houses, and have music and dancing, but nothing to eat or drink. She avers that they have a good deal of fun, and no supper.

A GREAT BABY.—Barnes was found lying on the sidewalk with a bottle of departed spirits in his hands. He was dead-drunk. "What is the matter with Barnes?" asked one who knew him. "Is there no way of curing him of this miserable habit?" "Oh, no," said another. "You see he lost his mother when a mere baby; he was brought up on the bottle, and has never been weaned."

A WIT AT HIS CENSUS RETURN.—An eccentric genius in Inverness, who lives in a house which he calls a castle, gave the following answers to the queries in his census paper. Under the heading "Domestic servants, lodgers and visitors," he wrote:

"Plenty of mice, and lots of rats,

"A nice young dog, and two young cats."

Under the head of "Age" was written:

"I will not swear that I am fifty,

Though growing old and also thrifty."

His castle he describes as consisting of "one room, one window, one door and 39 airholes." Happy man! He is evidently a philosopher as well as a wit.

### GENEROUSITY.

A little boy had a colt and a dog, and his generosity was often tried by visitors asking him (just to see what he would say) to give them one or both of his pets. One day, he told a gentleman present that he might have his colt, reserving the dog, much to the surprise of his mother, who asked:

"Why, Jackey, why didn't you give him the dog?"

"Say nothing, mother; when he goes to get the colt, I'll set the dog on him."

**WHY THE WAR GOES ON.**—The soldiers at Helena, in Arkansas, used to amuse the inhabitants of that place, on their first arrival, by telling them yarns, of which the following is a sample: "Some time ago Jeff Davis got tired of the war, and invited President Lincoln to meet him on neutral ground to discuss terms of peace. They met accordingly, and after a talk concluded to settle the war by dividing the territory and stopping the fighting. The North took the Northern States, and the South the Gulf and seaboard Southern States. Lincoln took Texas and Missouri, and Davis, Kentucky and Tennessee; so that all were parcelled off excepting Arkansas. Lincoln didn't want it—Jeff wouldn't have it. Neither



would consent to take it, and on that they split; and the war has been going on ever since."

**CRICKETING AND FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.**—We hear that a distinguished member of the Cricketing Eleven of All England is going to be married. It is said that the object of his affections is a Beautiful Catch.—*Punch.*

#### TIT FOR TAT;

Or, Rap for Tap from the Emperor Nap.

[THE Emperor Napoleon is reported to have said to the group of Marshals and Generals with whom he was conversing at a late ball at the Tuilleries, "It appears that they have begun to exchange cannon-shots in the North. Let them go on, gentleman—let them go on. It is no affair of ours; our policy should be non-intervention."]

#### Emperor Nap

Is a shrewd sort of chap  
Under his Government France ought to feel her ease;  
And he's the other day  
To some Marshals did say  
At a ball which was recently held at the Tuilleries,  
"Non-intervention!

That's our intention—

Don't heed a damp what the papers may mention!"

Little Earl John

Threw cold water on—

(In impertinence Johnny too often a dealer is)—

The plan which our Nap

Had happened to map

For a Congress of Nations to meet at the Tuilleries.

"Non-intervention

Now's our intention:

My Congress you snubbed, and I'll snub your Con-

vention!"

While Germans and Danes

Are knocking out brains,

Our Nap, who in national rows the best peeler is,

Stands quietly by,

Remarking so sly

To the swells at the ball, which he gave at the

Tuilleries,

"Non-intervention!

That's our intention.

I don't fancy England will like our abstention!"

—*Comic News.*

#### GENEROSITY UNPARALLELED.

**Country Parson's Wife:** "Oh, Cleaver! (indignantly) what a quantity of bone there was in that last piece of meat we had of you!"

**Cleaver:** "Was there, mum? I couldn't help that, you know, mum; but, howsoever, the very fust fat bollock I do kill without any bone, I'll let you have one joint for nothing."—*Punch.*

**COOPERING IT UP.**—After all the mischief we have been guilty of at Kagosima, we had better take a hint from the Yankees, and wind up our Japanese affairs by re-Pun-ration.—*Comic News.*

#### UNPARLIAMENTARY INTELLIGENCE.

Two Cabmen drinking beer together at the bar of the Spotted Dog, one of them made a questionable statement relative to a circumstance which had occurred the week before. Whereupon the other said, "That's unhistorical." His companion promptly retorted, "You're another!"—*Punch.*

#### THE POETRY OF RAILWAYS.

Railway Companies are anything but poetical, and yet what a picturesque notion of London must be conveyed to the thoroughly provincial mind by the announcement of a line to run right through "Holborn Valley." We must write the words once again, for we seem to inhale a breath of fresh country air, and are inclined to babble of green fields, murmuring brooks, and shady nooks, as we write down—Holborn Valley. It reminds us of the time when that much maligned monarch, Richard the Third, inquired of the Bishop: "My Lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn, I saw good strawberries in your garden there."—*Punch.*

**A FLYING MAN.**—We see in a contemporary's columns that the directors of the Crystal Palace are in negotiation with a gentleman who is to fly up and down the nave of the Sydenham building. The directors are literally "fly" to every novelty in acrobatic, though this performance, we presume, they will speak of as a scientific experiment, and by no means a tumbling feat, though in all probability it will prove so. This modern Icarus intends flying upon the fish principle, and does not build his apparatus after the model of a bird's wings. All's fish that comes to the Crystal Palace net, and it is wonderful how ready folks are to abuse the poor Ashton-park people when a foolhardy performer falls a victim to the popular craving for sensation, and how blind they are to the dangers of Mr. Blondin's tight-rope feats, and to the motives which prompt the directors of the Crystal Palace to engage anything attractive from a

music-hall mountebank upwards. Tumbling and tight-rope dancing and comic singing are capital things in their place, but it jars somewhat upon one's sense of the "fitness of things" when one comes out of the cool classic shade of the Roman court, and is saluted with the rollicking choruses of Paddy somebody, or beholds some rash acrobat risking his neck for the amusement of a select half-a-crown audience.—*Comic News.*

**PAPER CURRENCY.**—Bodges says the paper on which they print Bank-notes is so thin that he thinks they are quite right to call it issue paper.—*Comic News.*

**A NOMINAL CHARGE.**—A paper called *Le Gratis* has appeared in Paris. It costs forty francs a year. Everything's dear in France, it seems. You can't get even gratis for nothing.—*Fun.*

**A PAIR OF MAYORS.**—The dispute about precedence between Edinburgh and Dublin has been referred to the Judicial Committee, of the Privy Council. Here's a pretty to-do about two animals! Can't the Lord Chamberlain settle the question by promising to drive the two mayors as a pair in future.—*Fun.*

**A DANISH DRAMA.**—Already has the Pavilion Theatre produced a drama entitled "The War with the Danes." This is sharp work, but it is easily accounted for by the fact of the scenery (according to the advertisement) being painted by Mr. C. Quick. Not only see quick, we should think, but paint quick, and write quick, and how will the drama end?—*Comic News.*

**A HINT FOR THE G. P. O.**—This is going a-head, indeed, with postage! "A proposal has been made to extend the present penny postage system to parcels." If to parcels, why not to persons? What a delicious way of travelling for fidgety and forgetful people! And, then, think of the immense economy of travelling half over the world at twopence an ounce. Or you might, if literary, travel at book-post rates, in a parcel with open ends. The notion, if it never gets as far as Queen's heads, at least bears the stamp of originality.—*Comic News.*

#### SEVEN TIMES TWO.

You bells in the steeple, ring, ring out your changes,  
How many soever they be.  
And let the brown meadow-lark's note as he ranges  
Come over, come over to me.

Yet bird's clearest carol by fall or by swelling  
No magical sense conveys,  
And bells have forgotten their old art of telling  
The fortune of future days.

'Turn again, turn again,' once they rang cheerily,  
While a boy listened alone;  
Made his heart yearn again, musing so wearily  
All by himself on a stone.

Poor bells! I forgive you; your good days are over,  
And mine, they are yet to be;  
No listening, no longing shall aught, aught discover:  
You leave the story to me.

The foxglove shoots out of the green matted heath,  
Preparing her hoods of snow;  
She was idle, and slept till the sunshiny weather:  
O, children take long to grow.

I wish, and I wish that the spring would go faster,  
Nor long summer bide so late;  
And I could grow on like the foxglove and aster,  
For some things are ill to wait.

I wait for the day when dear hearts shall discover,  
While dear hands are laid on my head;  
'The child is a woman, the book may close over,  
For all the lessons are said.'

I wait for my story—the birds cannot sing it,  
Not one, as he sits on the tree;  
The bells cannot ring it, but long years, O bring it!  
Such as I wish it to be.

JEAN INGELW.

#### GEMS.

**GREAT AND SMALL.**—What will paralyse small minds may incite larger ones, as the breath which extinguishes the candle will kindle and strengthen the flame upon the hearth-stone.

**A WORD FOR OLD MAIDS.**—These single women, whom it is the cant of society to ridicule, may have often postponed their own settlement in life from the highest motives; filial devotion has, perhaps, engrossed them so entirely in early life, that no selfish object diverted them from its holy duties. It was sufficient to satisfy affection and to supersede hope; for the devoted, generous child, from the intensity of her love has felt that the future must ever be blank, when the interest that engrosses the present is withdrawn by

death, and this dreary prospect adds another motive to her tenderness. Unselfish as woman is, under all circumstances, she is here more regardless of herself than in any other position. In married life she yields to her husband, who is her support and companion till death; to her children she looks for care and affection in age, but no consideration of future happiness or present pleasure encourages the patient daughter, as she watches day and night by the invalid mother, or the decrepit father; here is the purest love, unsullied by one sensual thought as its origin or its object; no instinct prompts it, no animal impulse strengthens it; the holiest feeling that fills the human heart, it yields only in purity to the love of God.—*Viscountess Combermere's "Our Peculiarities."*

**NEVER GO BACK—NEVER.**—What you attempt do it with all your strength. Determination is omnipotent. If the prospect be somewhat darkened, put the fire of resolution to your soul, and kindle a flame that nothing but the strong arm of death can extinguish.

**THE DYING NEVER WEEP.**—The reason why the dying never weep is because the manufacturers of life have stopped for ever: the human system has run down for ever; every gland of the system has ceased its functions. In almost all diseases the liver is the first manufactory that stops work; one by one others follow, and all the fountains of life are at length dried up; there is no secretion anywhere. So the eye in death weeps not; not that all affection is dead to the heart, but because there is not a tear-drop in it, any more than there is moisture on the lip.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

**IRISH TOBACCO.**—It is stated that the Government contemplates the removal of the prohibitory tax on Irish planted tobacco.

The Great Eastern has at length changed hands, having been purchased by a new company for £25,000, which, together with some liabilities, makes the price about £80,000. This new company intend to run the ship on the Australian line.

**TIMBER.**—The consumption of timber at Cornwall approaches 100,000 loads a year, and involves an expenditure for Norway timber alone of nearly £200,000. Large quantities of American timber are also used, in which it is estimated there is an annual expenditure of £40,000.

**BLACK SNOW.**—Black snow fell in Parkersdorf, in Austria, the other day. The snow contained an animalculum, perhaps, but the people were superstitious, and thought it represented the dead from Italy and Schleswig, clearly having no very cheerful view of the issue of political matters.

**MEMORIAL OF THE PRINCE CONSORT AT ETON.**—A movement has been set on foot for the purpose of raising a subscription to defray the cost of an appropriately designed stained-glass window, which it is intended to place in the church of St. John, Eton, as a memorial of the late Prince Consort, who laid the foundation-stone of this building. The memorial will probably be placed in the east window of the church.

#### RULES FOR HOME EDUCATION.

The following rules are worthy of being printed in letters of gold, and placed in a conspicuous place in every household:

1. From your children's earliest infancy, inculcate the necessity of instant obedience.
2. Unite firmness with gentleness. Let your children always understand you mean what you say.
3. Never promise them unless you are quite sure you can give them what you say.
4. If you tell a little child to do something, show him how to do it, and see that it is done.
5. Always punish your children for wilfully disobeying you, but never punish them in anger.
6. Never let them perceive that they vex you or make you lose your command.
7. If they give way to petulance or ill-temper, wait till they are calm, and then gently reason with them on the impropriety of their conduct.
8. Remember, a little present punishment, when the occasion arises, is much more effectual than the threatening of a greater punishment should the fault be renewed.
9. Never give your children anything because they cry for it.
10. On no account allow them to do at one time what you have forbidden, under the same circumstances, at another.
11. Teach them that the only way to appear good is to be good.
12. Accustom them to make their little recitals with perfect truth.
13. Never allow of tale-bearing.
14. Teach them self-denial, not self-indulgence, of an angry and resentful spirit.

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## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CANDIED PEEL.—Consult Weatherley's "Whole Art of Confectionery," which can be obtained of any bookseller for 2s. 6d.

WHISKERLESS.—We have given several recipes for promoting the growth of the hair, whiskers, and moustaches. Look over your back numbers of THE READER.

R. H.—The usual age for apprenticeship is 14; but there is nothing but custom to regulate the matter. In the case, however, of City apprentices, a lad cannot be bound to a trade under the age of thirteen.

SINCERITY.—We have ascertained that the new moon occurred on November 17th, 1833, at two minutes after eight o'clock in the morning. On the absolute correctness of this you may fully rely.

EMILY, who is "sweet seventeen" and "fancy free," wishes to open a correspondence with some Celebs in search of a wife. She is 5 ft. 5 in. in height, has brown hair, blue eyes, and good temper; and would do her best to make her future lord and master happy.

ROBERT SERLE.—Indian ink is principally manufactured in China, where it is used for writing. In Europe it is chiefly used for the lines and shadows of drawings. From the experiments of Dr. Lewis, it appears to be a compound of fine lamp-black and animal glue.

D. R.—We cannot advise in the matter to which you refer.

ALBERT.—The small coinage of England, from the earliest times, was of silver.

S. PURDIE.—Tea was not at all common even in the beginning of the last century. Pepys, in his "Diary," 1660, mentions his sending for a cup of tea, "as a China drink I had not before tasted."

XENOPHON.—You may invent them for yourself, for symbols of quantity are entirely arbitrary, although the letters of the alphabet may be said to be exclusively adopted by mathematicians.

M. N.—The name of Lord Palmerston is Temple, and he takes his title from a place in the county of Dublin. He succeeded his father as third Viscount in 1802, and married in 1839 a daughter of the first Viscount Melbourne. She was the widow of Peter Leopold, fifth Earl Cowper. He is now in his 80th year.

C. B. R.—In the order of precedence the King of the Belgians hitherto took place immediately after the Prince of Wales. The order was—1. The Sovereign. 2. Prince of Wales. 3. Leopold, King of the Belgians.

JUVENIA.—The profession of medicine is, in itself, honourable, but in ancient Rome it was by no means in honour. Every senator and rich Roman had his family physician, among his own bondsmen, and none but slaves practised the art until Augustus made Antonius Musa a freeman. In Greece it was different.

E. PEEL.—The ensign is the national flag which is carried by a ship. The English ensign is a red, white, or blue flag, having the Union in the upper corner next the mast. When the ensign is hoisted with the upper corner downwards, it is the signal of distress.

A YOUTH.—It is used both in painting and sculpture, and in those instances where a circle, either plain or radiated, is seen surrounding the head of a saint or the Saviour, it is called a glory.

A HOUSEKEEPER.—Furniture paste may be made from light coal naphtha or benzole by the following process:—One part of wax and one of resin is to be dissolved in two parts of hydrocarbon, with the aid of heat. When entirely dissolved, the whole is to be allowed to cool, and is then fit for use.

AGNES wishes to know how a needle is made; but when we tell her that it would occupy nearly the whole of this page, to do justice to a description of the process, she will excuse us from entering into it. Let it here suffice that every sewing-needle, however inconsiderable in its size, passes through the hands of 130 different operatives before it is ready for sale.

R. A.—Properly made soap should dissolve completely in pure water. If a film or oily matter is seen to float on the surface, it is a proof that the fat has not been soaponified. Another test is that the fatty or oily acid separated by decomposing the aqueous solution of the soap by hydrochloric acid, should be entirely soluble in alcohol.

YOUNG PURCELL.—As in oratory there is a principal subject whereon the speaker constantly dwells, and to which, after diverging from it, he always returns; so in music, there is one sound in which the piece begins and ends, which regulates the rest, and to which regard must be had in all the other sounds of the piece. This sound is called the key, and the principal note the *key-note* or *tonic*.

COLOURED FIRE.—Mix common salt with spirits of wine in a platinum or metallic cup; set the cup on a wire frame over a spirit lamp, which should be enclosed on each side. When the cup becomes heated, the spirit will burn with a strong yellow flame. The following salts, if powdered fine and used instead of common salt, will give different colours: Salt of strontian, red; muriate of potash, pale violet; muriate

of lime, brick red; muriate of strontian, bright crimson; muriate of lithia, red; muriate of baryta, pale apple green; muriate of copper, bluish green; borax, green. For purple, dissolve chloride of lithium in spirits of wine. Be very careful in your experiments.

G. F.—There are, no doubt, some exceptions; but an old proverb tells us to trust the first thought of a woman, not the second. Montaigne likewise observes that any truth which may be obtained at one bound woman will reach, but that which needs patient climbing is the prize of man.

JESSIE.—If he loves you he will soon show it, if not particularly in his speech, he will in his demeanour. Watch him narrowly, and if love exists, it will inevitably disclose itself.

G. LILLY says: "I have such a bad temper that it is twenty times as easy to put out the moral trifles. Can you give me a remedy for this very great evil?"—When you are tempted to throw a stone in your anger, try if you can pick it up without bending your body, and by the time you have finished your effort to accomplish this feat, we will guarantee that your fit has left you.

MARY BRYANT asks, what is the difference between a coquette and a sincere woman, for she herself cannot see it.—The great difference is this, that while the former courts every man, every man courts the latter.

JANPAK.—Like many more, you seem to have too mean an opinion of yourself. Always remember that men are, generally speaking, capable of greater things than they perform. Walpole says that they are sent into the world with a bill of credit, and seldom draw to their full extent.

M. A.—The entire poem is too long for our limited space. We avail ourselves of the first five stanzas—although they are, perhaps, pitched in too minor a key:—

L. A.—The only modern epic poem of Germany is the "Messiah," written by Klopstock.

S. A.—The perfect number in arithmetic is that which is equal to the sum of all its divisors. Thus 6 is a perfect number, for its divisors are 1, 2, and 3.

R. C.—Midships is the middle of the ship with reference to length or breadth.

R. S. O.—It is a mistake, for the missals in use in different churches are not identical in all respects; but the most important part of them is common to all.

## HUMAN FRIENDSHIPS.

False as the meteor glare, that, shining far,  
Deceives the wanderer with its treacherous seeming,  
Oh! e'en as false all human friendships are!  
Changing and vain, and evermore deceiving.

Build not on kindness, that will change to scorn;  
Build not on promises, remembered never;  
Or length of time, for e'en from memory torn,  
All the "fond record" soon will pass for ever.

Rest not on benefits conferred—for well  
Ingratitude thy faithful self will pay,  
And the avowed eye too surely tell  
All former feeling long hath pass'd away.

Think not, tho' fond caresses have been thine,  
And words of love, thy heart hath never forgot,  
That friendship's sun long over thee will shine  
With bright unvarying gleam—believe it not!

Oh, no! believe it not!—as soon suppose  
Yon sunlit clouds their shadowy forms retain;  
Or that thou wilt not fade, sweet fragile rose—  
Trust not, and heart—not be deceived again.

PUBLICOLA.—The "Knight of the Shire" is the designation given to the representative in Parliament of English counties at large, as distinguished from such cities and towns as are counties of themselves (which are seldom, if ever, called shires); and the representatives of which, as well as the members for other cities and towns, are called citizens or burgesses.

ANDREW MARVELL.—Most of the stories respecting the extraordinary qualities of the upas tree are fabulous. There is nothing whatever deleterious in its atmosphere; no birds drop down dead when they fly over it, neither is its poison employed in the execution of criminals. The truth is that it is a tree with poisonous secretions, and nothing more. It is very nearly related to the fig, some of the species of which are themselves well known to be deadly poisons.

J. STANLEY BRUCE.—The term "navvy" is a corruption of the word navigator. This latter term was originally applied, not very inappropriately, to the labourers who were employed in the excavation of the canals, and when this mode of conveyance came to be superseded by railways, the labourers engaged in making them, were still, oddly and inconsistently enough, called navigators, or navvies. One of the earliest railway "navvies" was the late Sir Edward Banks, who worked on the Merstham railway, in Surrey, and subsequently rose to be the builder of Waterloo, Southwark, and London bridges, being knighted on the completion of the latter great work.

LOTTY AND POLLY.—1. All the descendants of the Prince of Wales have prior rights of inheritance; there being no "salique" law in this country to prevent females in direct line from succeeding to the throne. 2. The latter is aspirated in some of the sweetest words in the language; as, for instance, home, husband, happiness, heaven; an example of the misuse of the accent may be given in the rustic mode of spelling the words "Hoo green," thus—there's a haitch, two hoes, gee, har, two hoes, and a hen.

G. O.—When wood is subjected to destructive distillation, there is formed along with the tar, acetic acid and other products, a highly volatile and inflammable liquid which, when purified by distillation off quicklime, is called spirit or alcohol of wood or pyroxylic spirit.

GERTRUDE OF WYOMING.—We think with you, and would be happy if all the fair wearers of muslin and crinoline were of your age and opinion. But it is otherwise. As to what is the nature of the general objection we are not aware, but in impenetrating cloths with certain saline substances it assumes a kind of glaze which may be unpleasant, but which, however, prevents it from burning with flame, by protecting it from the necessary access of air. Borax, alum and phosphate of soda are the most effectual salts for this purpose; and by properly applying them with starch, if to muslin dresses, curtains or bed furniture, or with size to paper-

hangings and scenery, these several articles may be rendered incapable of burning with flame, and thus serious accidents by fire prevented. Even wood may be rendered comparatively incombustible by soaking it in solutions of the above salts.

R. A.—The mastodon is extinct. It was allied to the elephant species, and is so called from the conical projections upon the surfaces of the molar teeth.

D. R.—Mead is made by dissolving one part of honey in three of boiling water, flavouring it with spices, and adding a portion of ground malt and a piece of toast dipped in yeast, and allowing the whole to ferment. The Scandinavian mead is flavoured with primrose blossoms. It formed the ancient and for centuries the favourite beverage of the northern nations. Oslan frequently mentions it.

D. R. O.—Heat, light, electricity and magnetism are called imperponderable substances, as they are supposed to depend upon very subtle forms of matter of inappreciable weight.

J. S.—It is, strictly speaking, a dairy-house. In ancient architecture it was a place in the Roman herb-market, indicated by a column called the Lactaria Columna, where foundlings were fed and nourished.

R. O.—The "Great Mogul" is not a fiction. It was a name given to the chief of the empire so called, founded in Hindostan by Baber in the fifteenth century, and was known in Europe. The last person to whom the title of right belonged was Shah Allum; and the Mogul Empire having terminated at his death in 1805, his vast possessions fell chiefly into the hands of the East India Company.

MEMOIRS.—The second of our fair readers who vindicates Platonic affection, with special reference to the associations in that direction of "Orpheus," (with whom she will be happy to correspond.) We cannot regret the editorial remark appended to the note of "Orpheus," since it has brought us such a piquant epistle as "Memnosyne's"; still we don't forget what Byron has written apropos of Plato's "phantasies," and we dare say Memnosyne knows quite well the French proverb "*L'amour (Platonisme) est l'amour sans sens*," (Platonism is love—all but his wings).

KERKES sighs to be the conqueror of some fair one's heart. He is twenty-one, in height 5 ft. 9 in., with fine dark wavy hair, whiskers, and moustache; has blue eyes and fair complexion; is of a very amiable, lively disposition, and fond of home; has a salary of £150 per annum, and good expectations of an increase shortly; for all which reasons he would be most happy to exchange hearts and *carries-de-visite* with any one of our young lady readers.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.—"Edith Murray" does "not see why a Platonic friendship should not exist," and will be happy to correspond on that basis with "Orpheus;" whose note, we may remark, has evidently struck a sympathetic chord in the heart of Edith—"M. G." is desirous of corresponding with either "Charles E. Stanley," "Heartsease," or "George Egerton" of Crews. "M. G." is about 5 ft. 8 in. in height, has dark hair and eyes; is twenty-three years of age, of domestic habits, and affectionate disposition—"Nelly R.," whose only dower is a loving heart, would like to correspond with "Albertus." She is of medium height, has dark blue eyes and brown hair—"Wallflower" tenders herself as a kind and loving wife to the disconsolate "George Egerton" of Crews. "Wallflower" is just twenty, has light brown hair, blue eyes, good teeth, and is 5 ft. 4 in. in height—"Maria D." is willing to bestow a kind and loving heart on "Heartsease." She is twenty-three years of age, thoroughly domesticated, and is 5 ft. 6 in. in height; has black wavy hair, a good set of teeth, with dark brown eyes—"W. H. Veale," who is twenty, is charmed with the description of "Eva Vernon," and would be pleased to correspond. He possesses all the stipulated qualities, and would like to exchange *cartes-de-visite*—Two sisters, "May" and "Fanny," think they would be capable of making "John" and "Albertus" happy. "May" is twenty-two, of medium height, has brown hair and blue eyes, and is very amiable and affectionate. "Fanny" is eighteen, tall, has fair complexion, brown hair, dark blue eyes, and most loving disposition. They have no fortune, but are fully domesticated; and would be pleased to exchange *cartes-de-visite*—"M. G." thinks she could make "C. B." a good wife; she is 5 ft. 6 in. in height; has light blue eyes and dark hair, is eighteen years of age, very domesticated, and respectably connected—"Nelly Weston" repeats to "A Young Man in the Country," with whom she would like to correspond, that she is nineteen years of age, and 5 ft. 1 in. in height; has dark brown hair and blue eyes, a very fair complexion, and a heart brimming over with love; "Nelly" is thoroughly "accomplished in the sewing machine;" and would like to exchange *cartes-de-visite*—"W. J." desires to possess herself of the hand and heart of "Wilfred Wallace." She is nineteen years of age, of the middle height, dark, and generally considered good-looking; is well-educated, thoroughly domesticated, and thinks she would make a loving, good-tempered wife—"Alice" desires to hear again from "J. W."—"Emily J. R." desires to appropriate the affections of "George Egerton" of Crews, if he really can dispense with great personal beauty. She is of medium height, just twenty, of very domesticated habits, sound education, can play tolerably well, has never been engaged, possesses a large, loving heart, and robust constitution (brown hair and eyes, and good teeth)—"Emilie Belmont" would be glad to correspond with "Charles E. Stanley." She is of medium height, aged twenty, possesses almost every quality likely to render a man happy; is considered passable, and of a very cheerful disposition.

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